

Dementia

Rudy

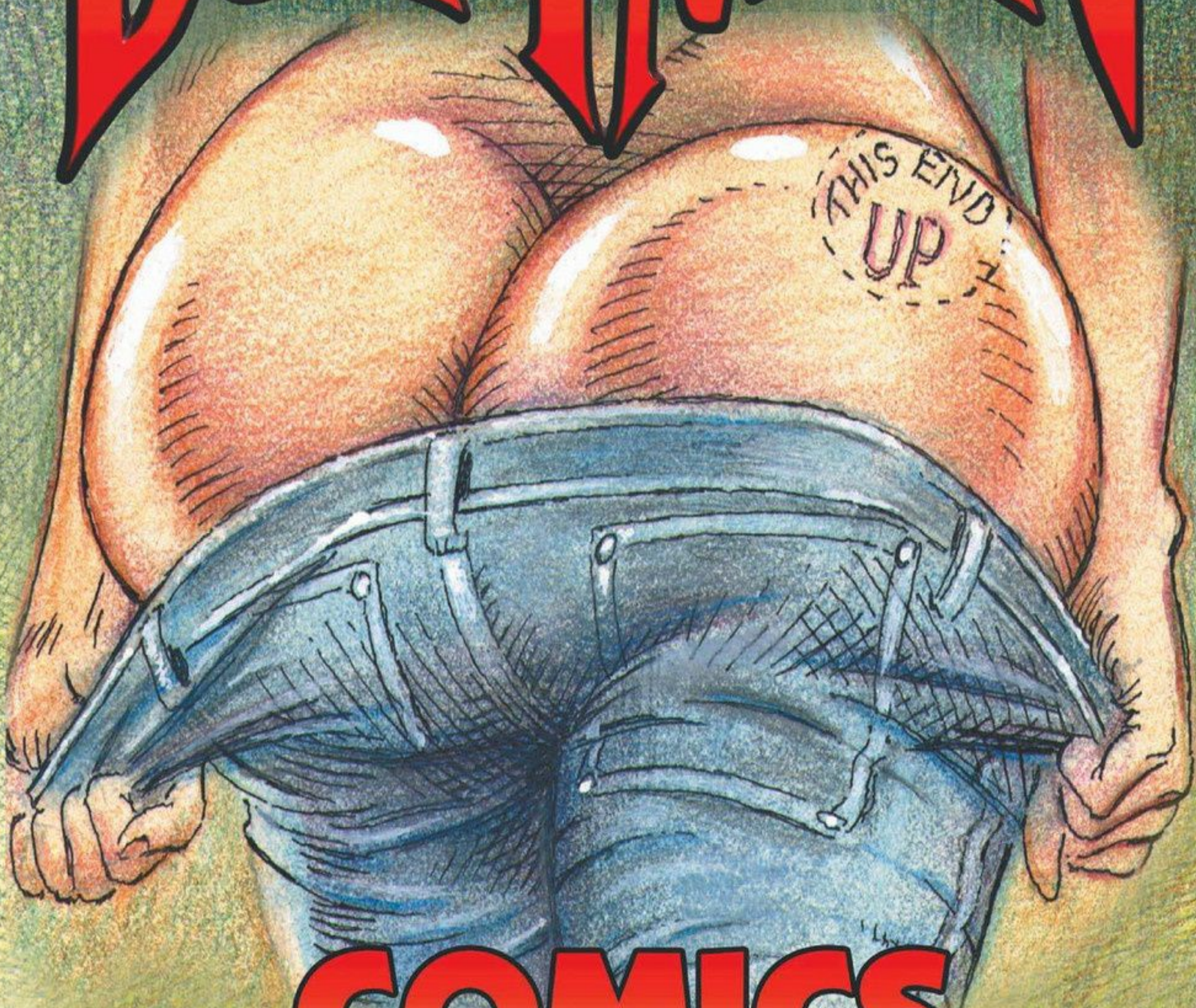
Garv

John Howard

\$14.⁹⁵

John Stagliano's

BUTTMAN



COMICS

Ray Pelc

Goldie

Art Wetherell

BUTTMAN

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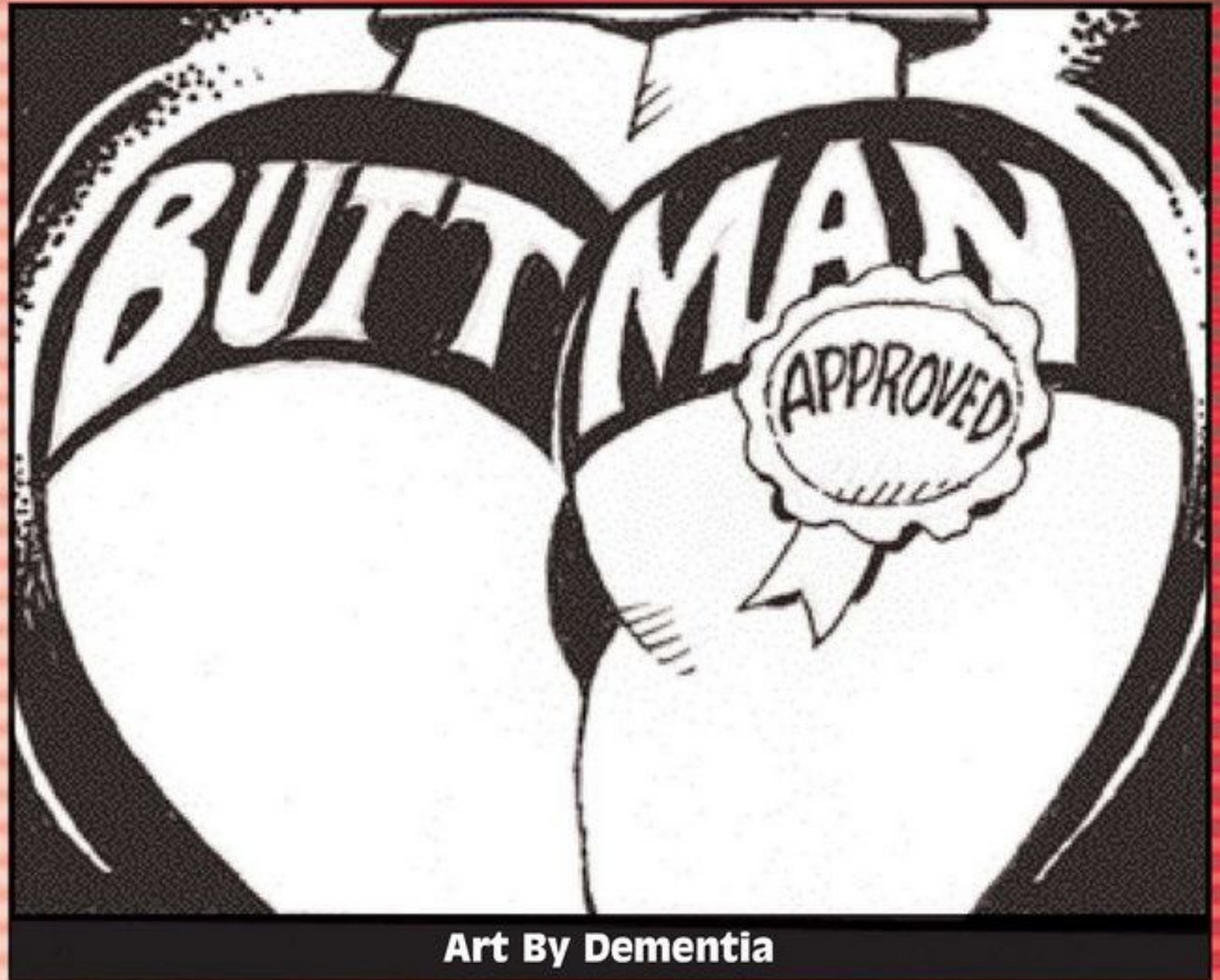
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Art By Dementia

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TO HEAR
FROM YOU!**

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FROM THE CRACK

I've always loved to look at sexy comics. A good comic artist, to me, is one who is clearly presenting to you his vision of his ideal woman, of his dream girl. As a young boy while bored in school, I would often struggle to draw a picture of a naked woman. I was terrible, but I do so remember that crazy desire to "create" a woman in my own idealized image. When I started this magazine, I had the wonderful opportunity to contact some of the comic artists who had the skill and vision to create a woman that really got me going. When it comes to nasty hardcore porn, extreme sex and perversion, my favorite is John Howard. I love his *Horny Biker Sluts* series. His women are powerful, dirty, sexy sluts, with big tits and asses, tattoos, piercings and gaping assholes, who are not shy about anything: pissing, fisting, enemas, and bottles and baseball bats up the ass.

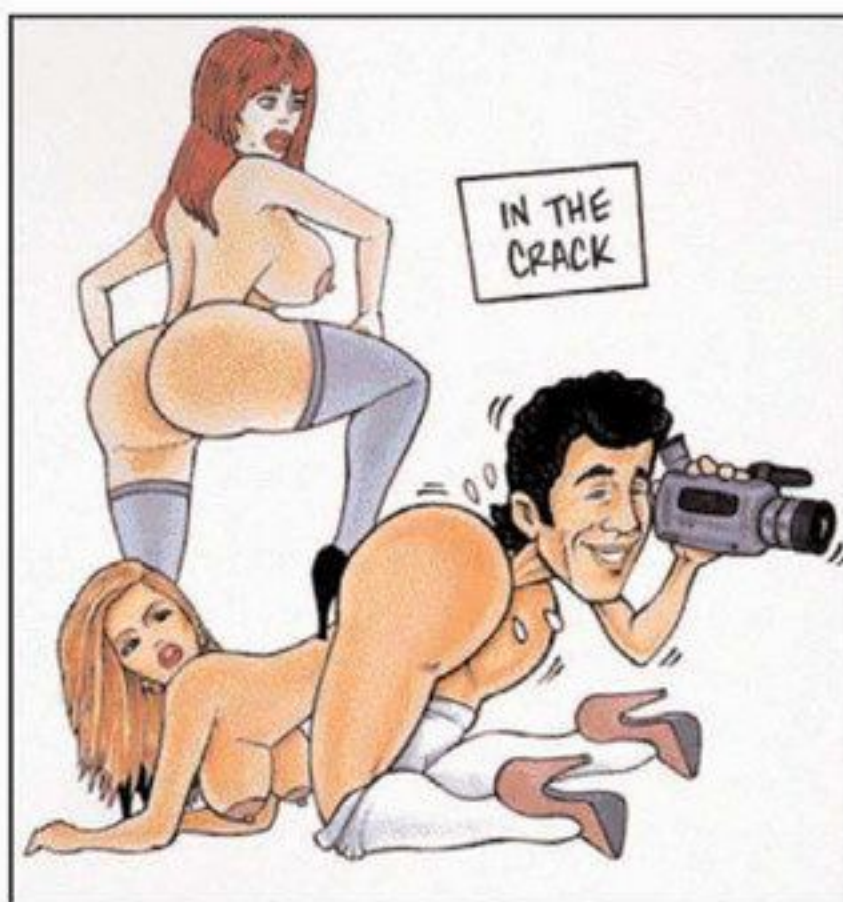
I've had a few pages of his art in almost every issue of this magazine. He's even drawn stuff explicitly trying to get into my mind as Buttman.

The same is true with another dear perverted soul, Dementia. I've had the pleasure of asking this creative genius to fulfill bizarre erotic fantasies of mine. His favorite girl, Buffy, is a big-titted, round-assed wonder of sexual enthusiasm. Dementia loves to put Buffy and her friends in bizarre bondage predicaments.

And there's Rudy. We've all had the pleasure to see him improve as an erotic artist with each subsequent issue of **Buttman Magazine**.

Long before I started **Buttman Magazine**, my favorite artists that I had seen in the major men's magazines were Bill Ward, of course, and Art Wetherell. Bill Ward, a legend of erotic art, had a nice run in *Club* magazine back in the early eighties. Through his many comic books and illustrations, his voluptuous, sophisticated babes have been the wet dreams of men from the 1940s to the 1990s. Art, on the other hand, only came to my attention from the stuff he did for *Club Confidential* magazine in the early to mid-'90s.

Mr. Wetherell has this incredible concept of what the most awesome pair of tits in the world would look like. And what incredible nipples he draws, too! He bangs out drawing after drawing that always seems to capture great erotic angles and action of voluptuous women with fabulous long legs and beautiful hips and butts. Also,



Original art sent to John from a fan



More great original art from one of John's fans

he draws a very erotic and sensual asshole! Art has a huge "vocabulary" of sexual poses for the female body. In making my videos, I deal in these "poses" as well, but I work with real women. Art has the pleasure of working with his dream girls!

Come to think of it, perhaps one of the things that differentiates me from other video porn producers is my interest in sexy female poses and movement. More and more, I've come to always conceive of the scenes I direct with the idea of trying to get great sexy poses and movement from a girl. I think that my success has not been so much from doing strong or weird sexual psychologies, like other directors recently, but it has been from my visuals.

Before I shoot my video, I take still photos of the girl or girls in the scene. This gives me a chance to get to know a girl visually before I turn the video camera on. I get to see what kinds of things she can do that really turn me on. This is one of the reasons why I like to work with girls who have done stripping. Girls who work in strip clubs learn how to work their body in so many wonderful sexy ways (this is why I love to shoot *Nudes 'a Poppin'!*). I've seen many incredibly sexy girls over the years, and their movement and poses are burned into my erotic memory. I bring this knowledge to each scene I create. Of course the first thing I do is try and get the girl to do what she likes to do in terms of sexy poses and stuff. But if the girl is young or new to this kind of thing, I am always ready to suggest stuff. And if I'm working with a very limber beautiful girl, I'll always try to push her to give me something really stretched out and exciting. Every woman is different, and trying to find the best way to make them sexy is my life's obsession. Along with this, I have to find the best camera angle to capture this erotica. After years of jerking off to porno and studying what turns me on, I've got a lot of ideas on how to make a shot just a little bit better so that it will make my dick even harder.

Comic artists have the wonderful ability to create every element of a scene in whatever way they wish, not constrained at all by the problems of building your fantasies in the real world. The potential in this art form is limitless. It's their creativity that truly captures the spirit of **Buttman Magazine**.

John "Buttman" Stagliano

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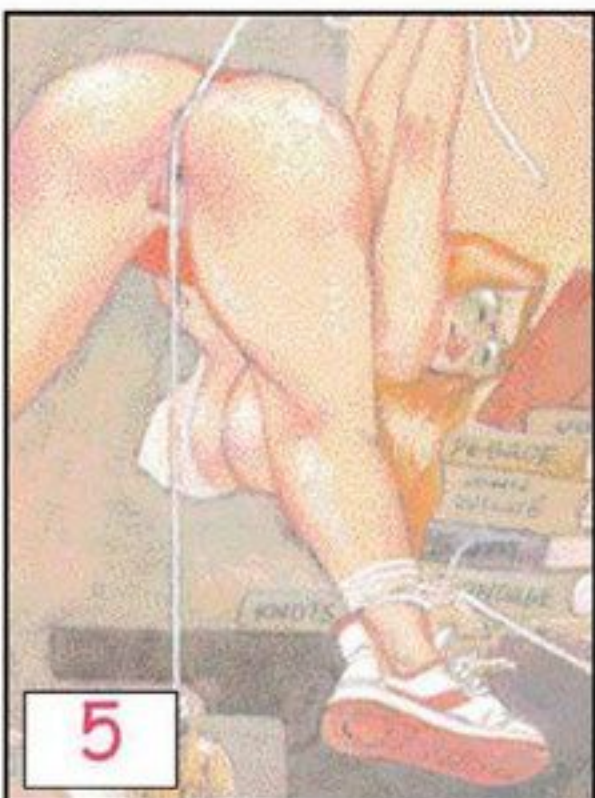
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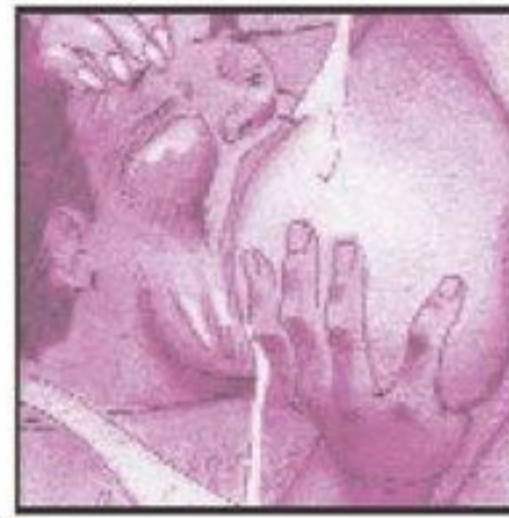
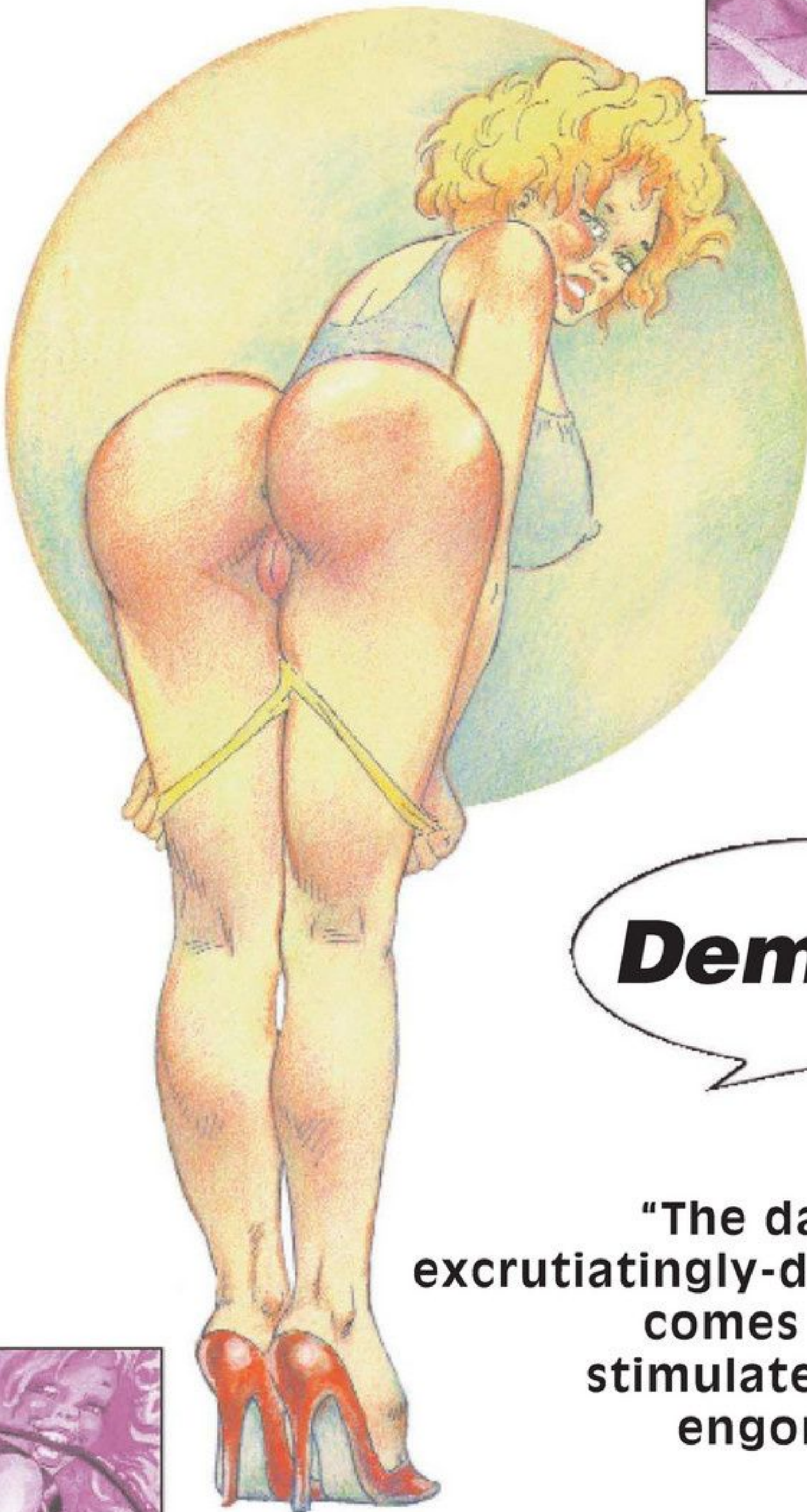
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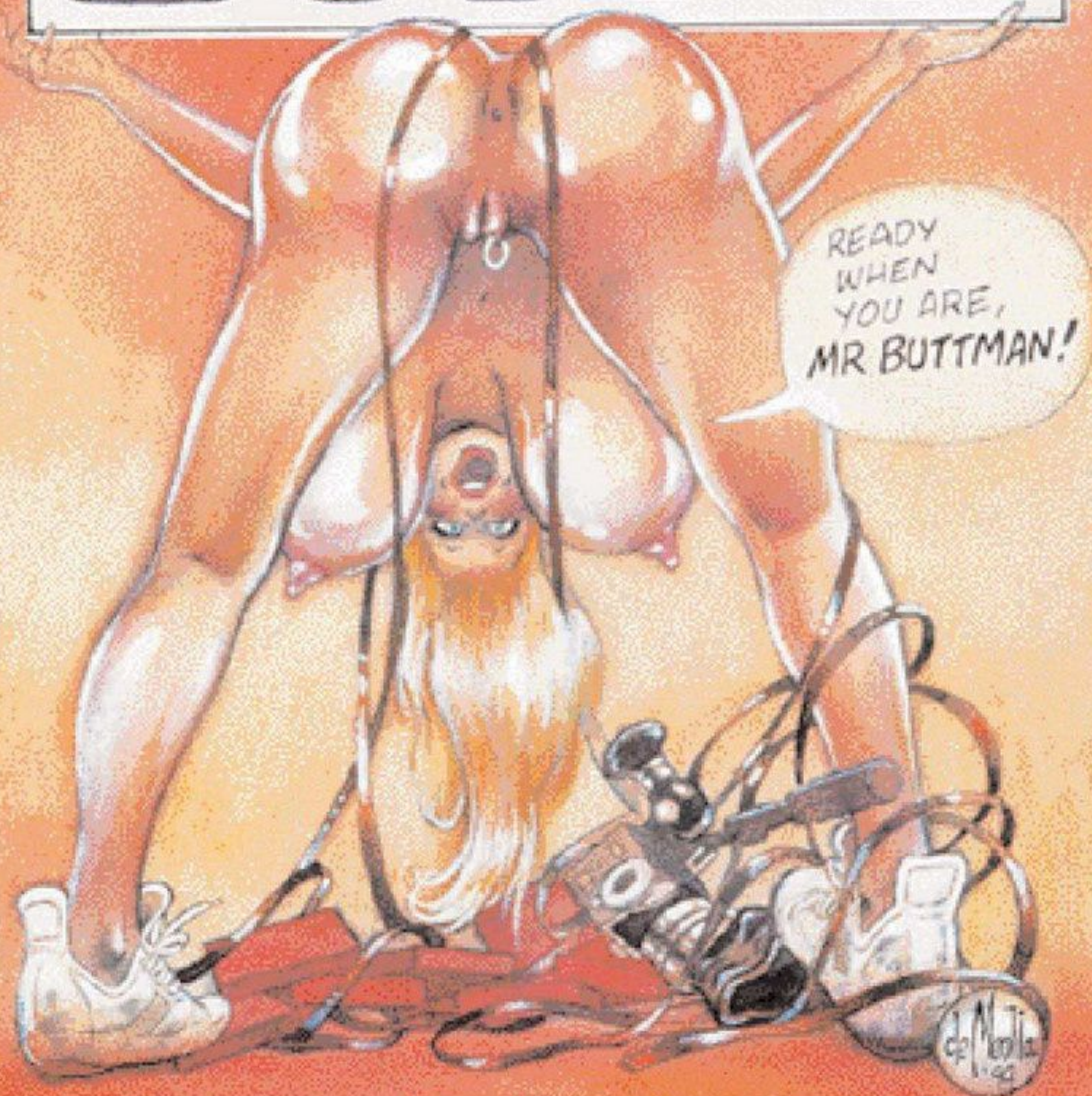


Dementia

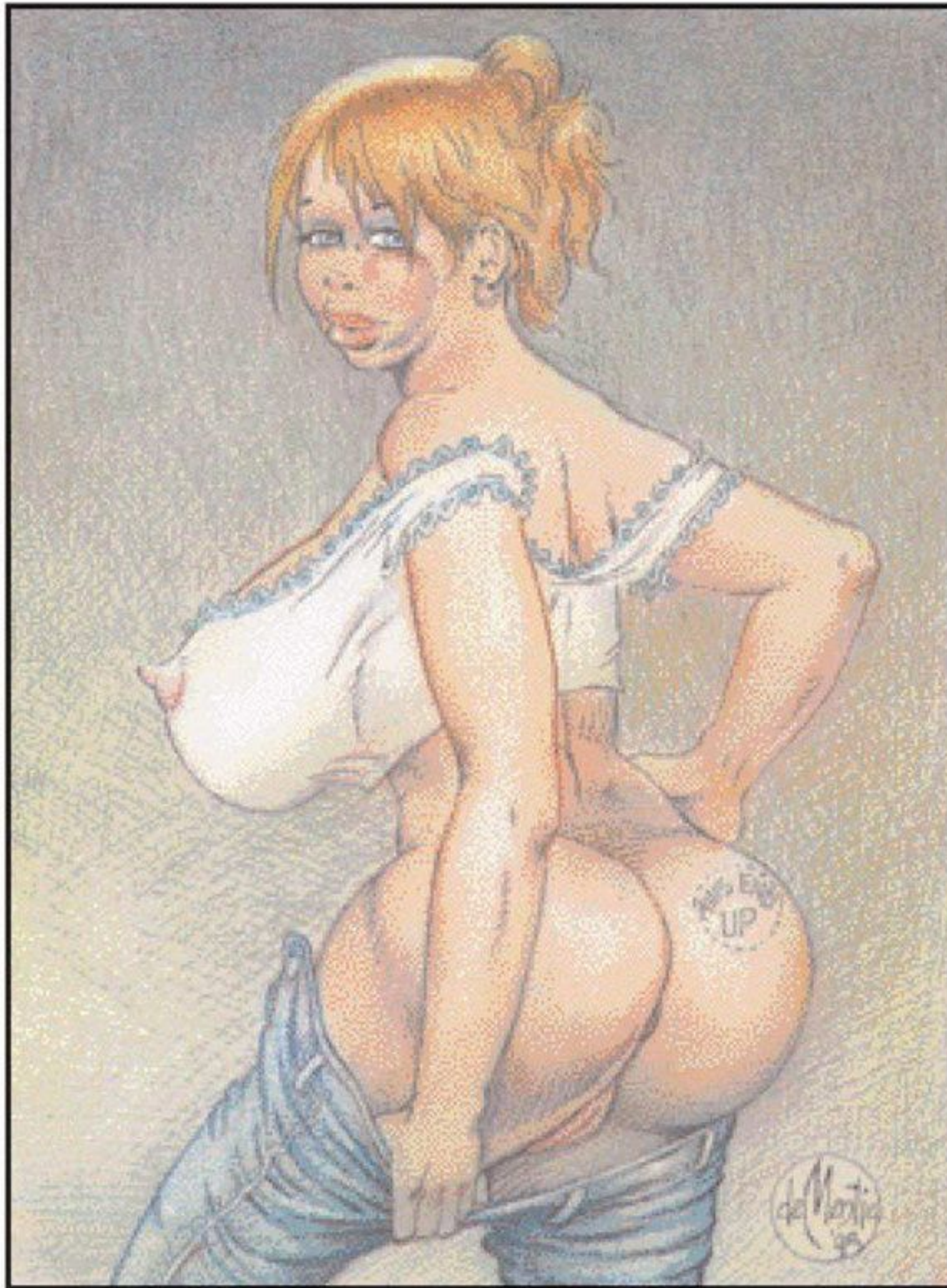
**"The darkly erotic and
excrutiatingly-detailed art that
comes from Dementia
stimulates the mind and
engorges the groin."**

- J.S.

BUTTMAN'S BOSOM BUDDY **BUFFY**



"I was never famous. I was just one of the guys who worked. I think one of my big problems was I just couldn't go along with the crazed madness that these corporate people had. What I loved about comics was, you could get up, have coffee and go in the next room and go to work. That's what I loved most of all, you put the whole fucking thing in an envelope and forget about it. You don't commute anywhere, you don't have to talk to anybody. And security? No. Who thought of security?" – Dementia



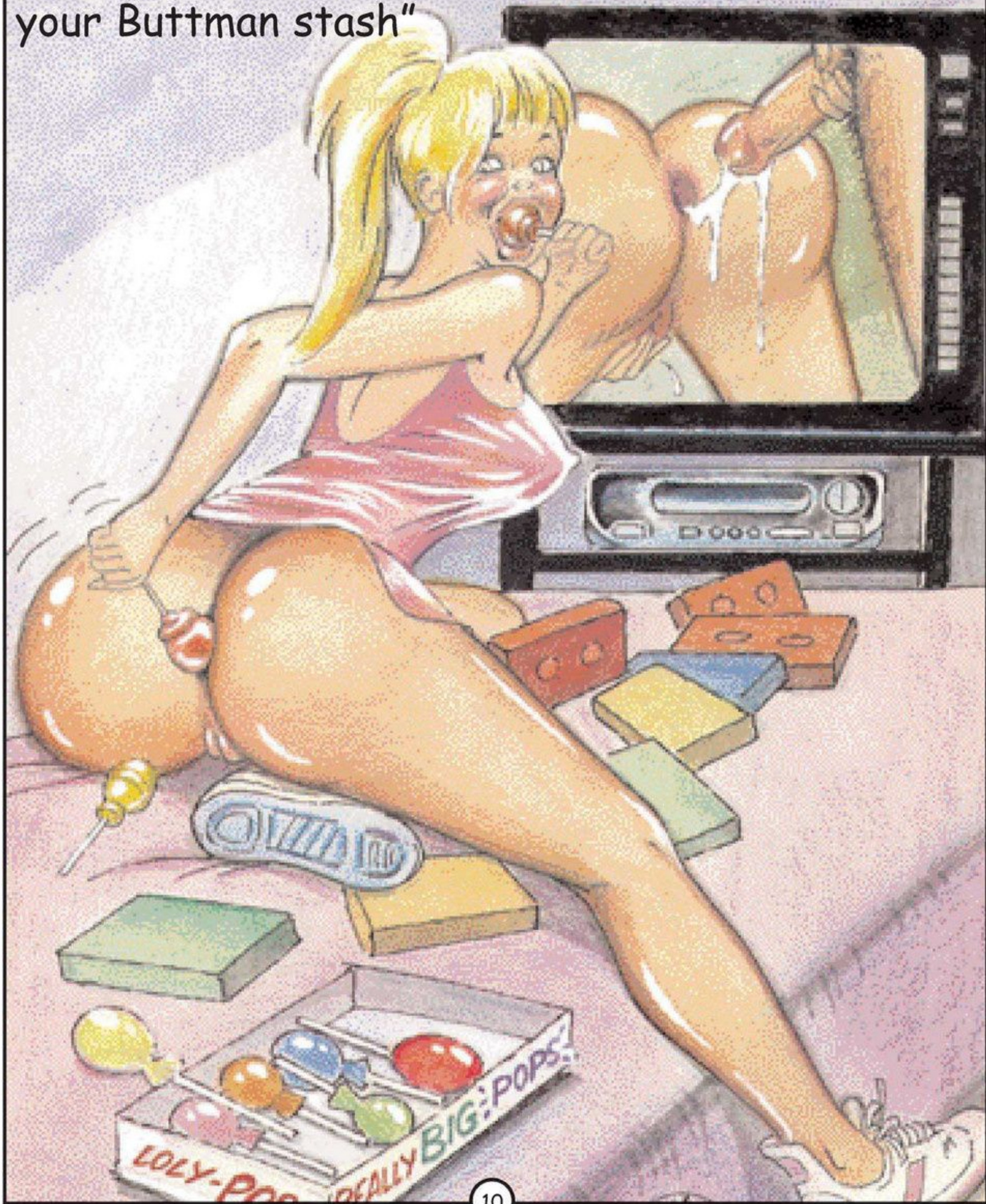
"Then I was in the Service. I did illustrations for the Air Force, just after the so-called Korean conflict, also known as World War 2 1/2. And as we both know, the Korean War never ended. It was a sad thing for someone as naive as myself to realize that I was a part of this thing that was not only misinforming everyone in the U.S., but misinforming the troops, most of all. They were telling guys that were getting their asses mowed off that everything was cool." – Dementia

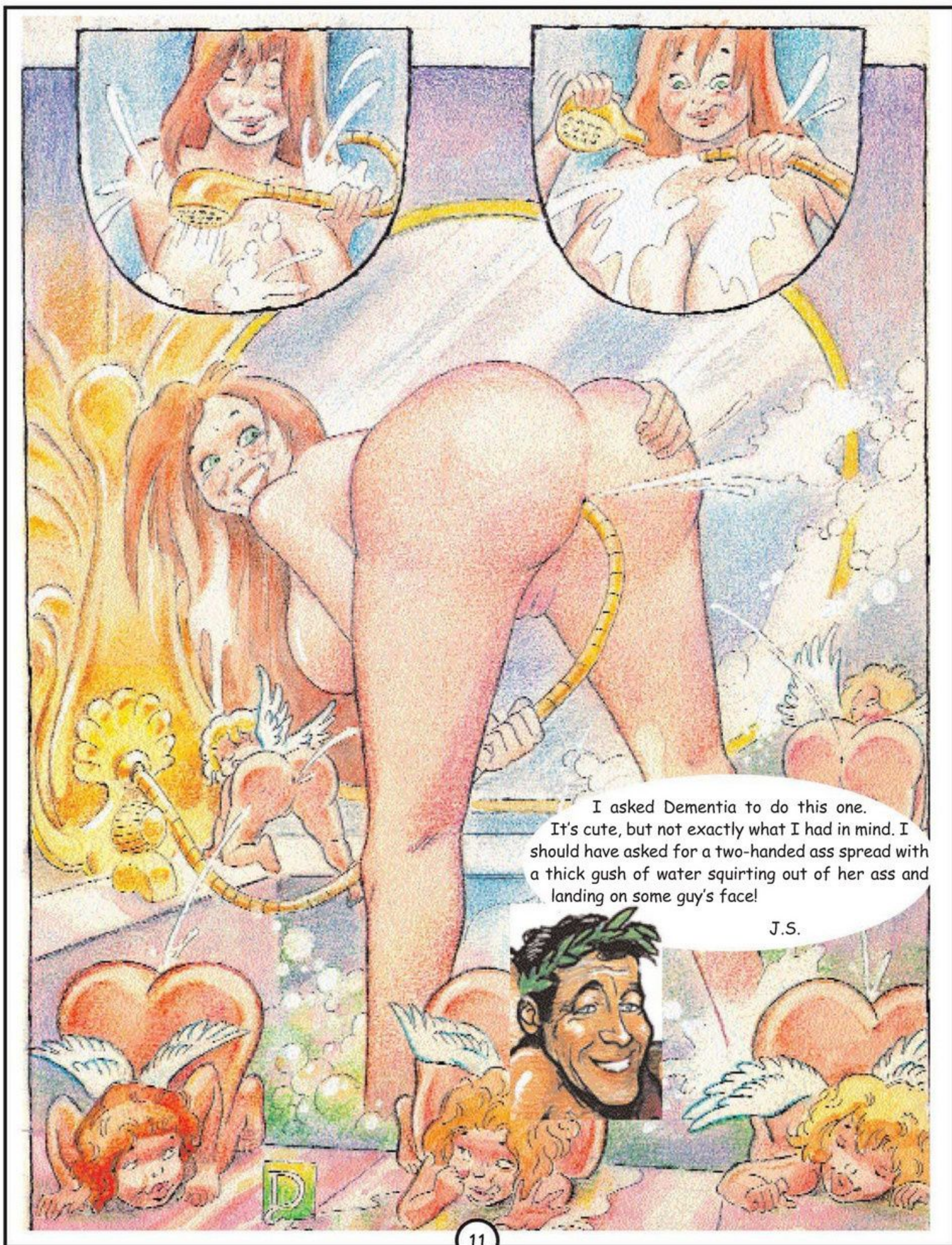


"Some pops are
sweeter than others!"



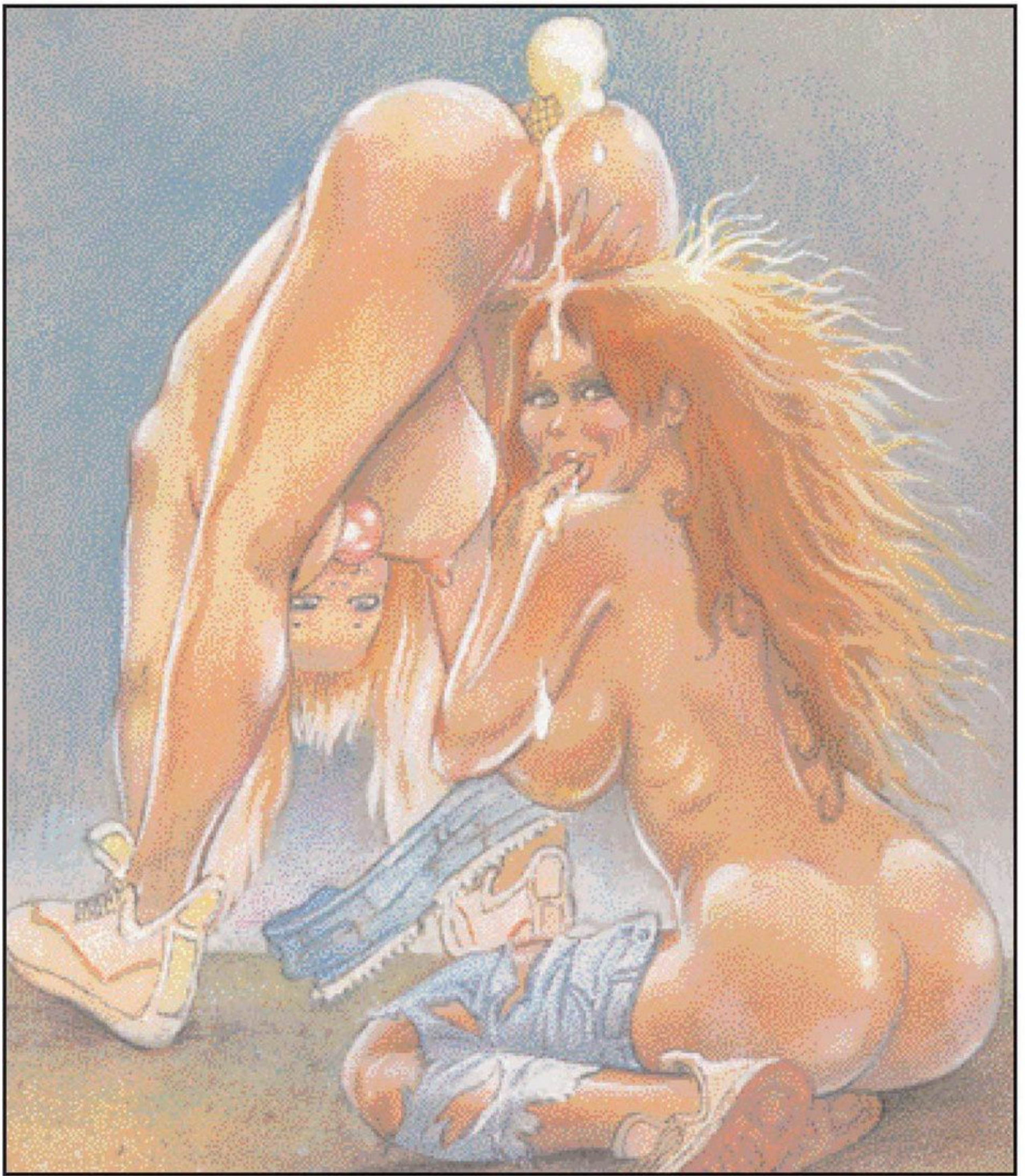
"Lollipop discovers
your Buttman stash"





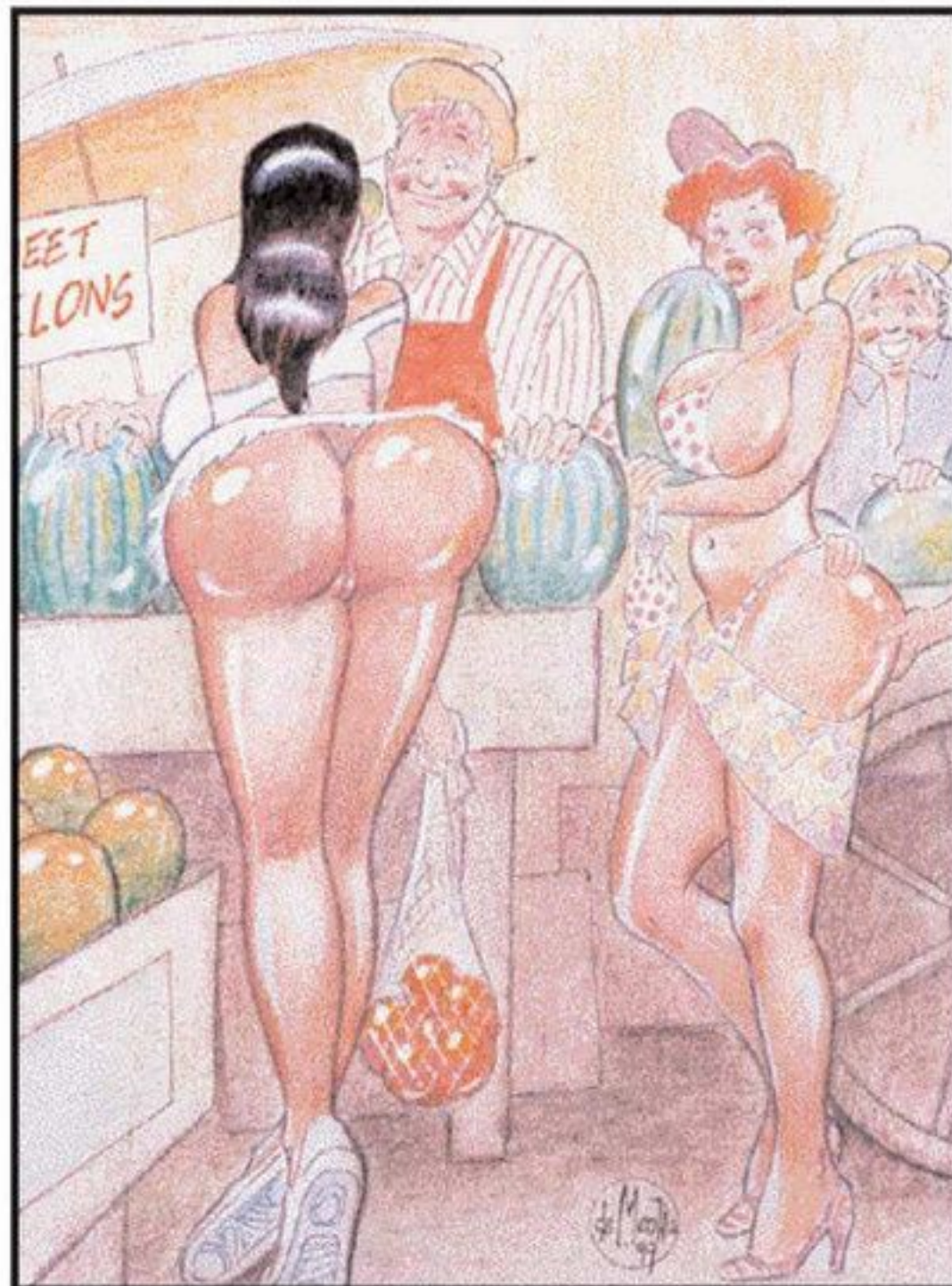
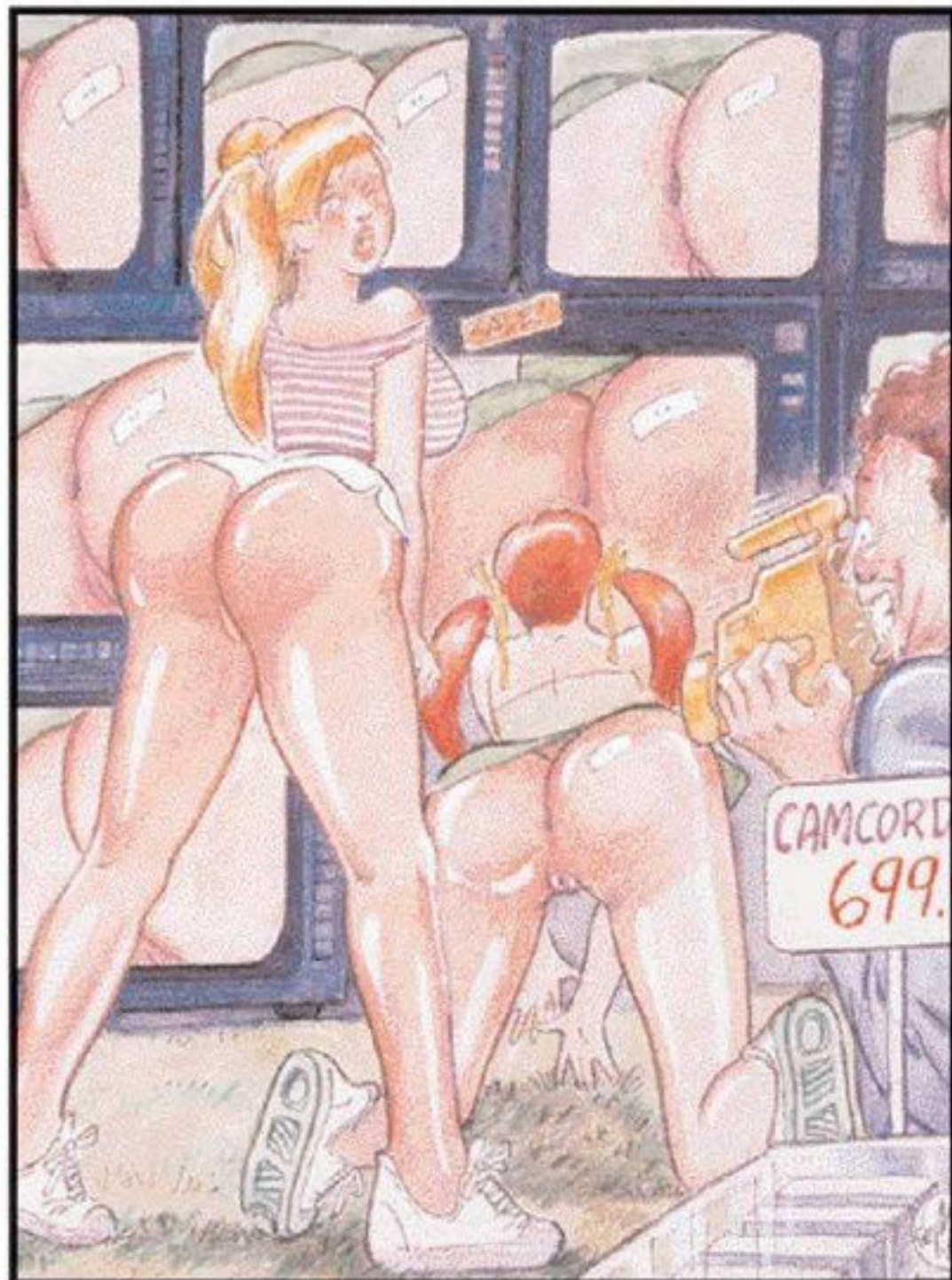
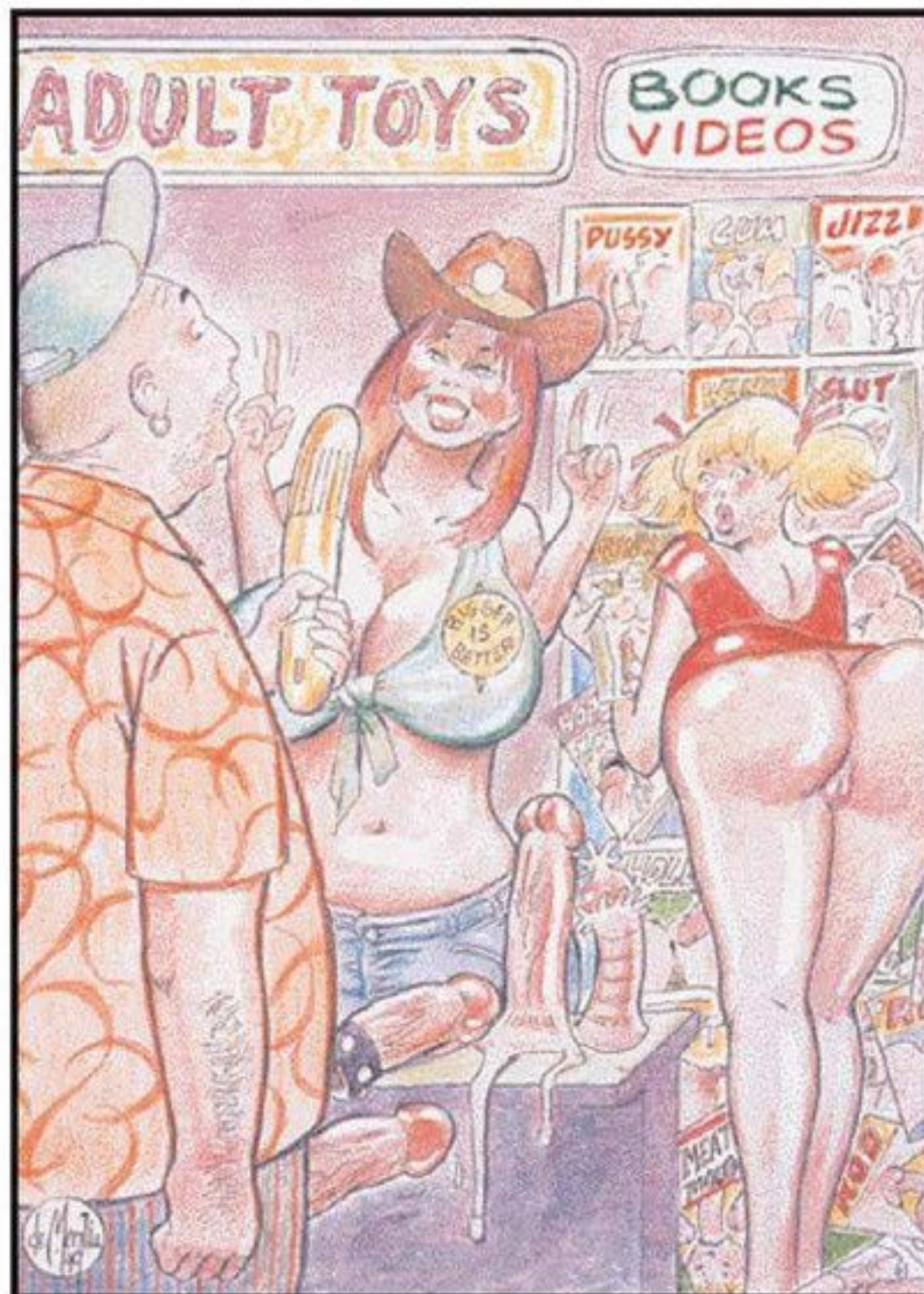
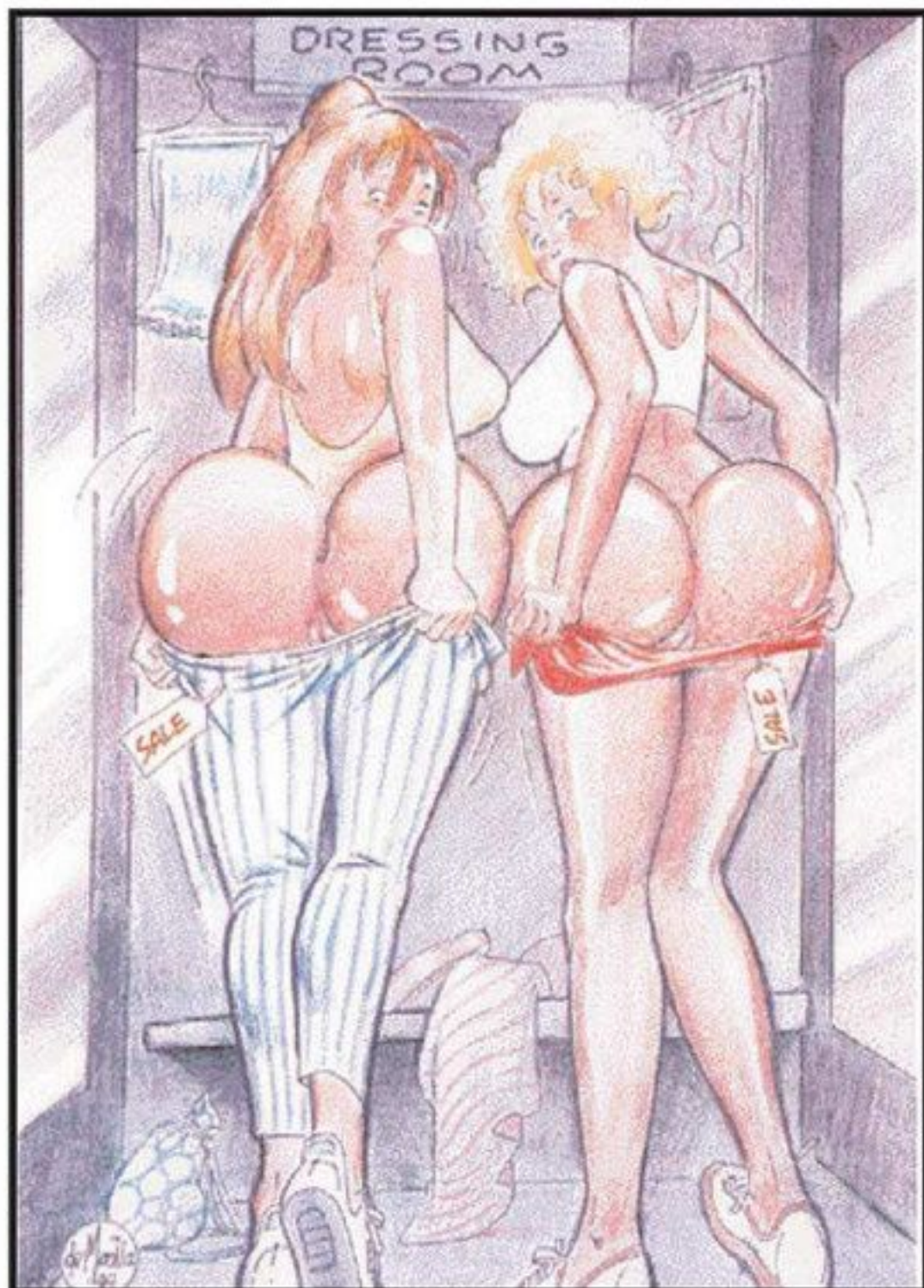
I asked Dementia to do this one.
It's cute, but not exactly what I had in mind. I
should have asked for a two-handed ass spread with
a thick gush of water squirting out of her ass and
landing on some guy's face!

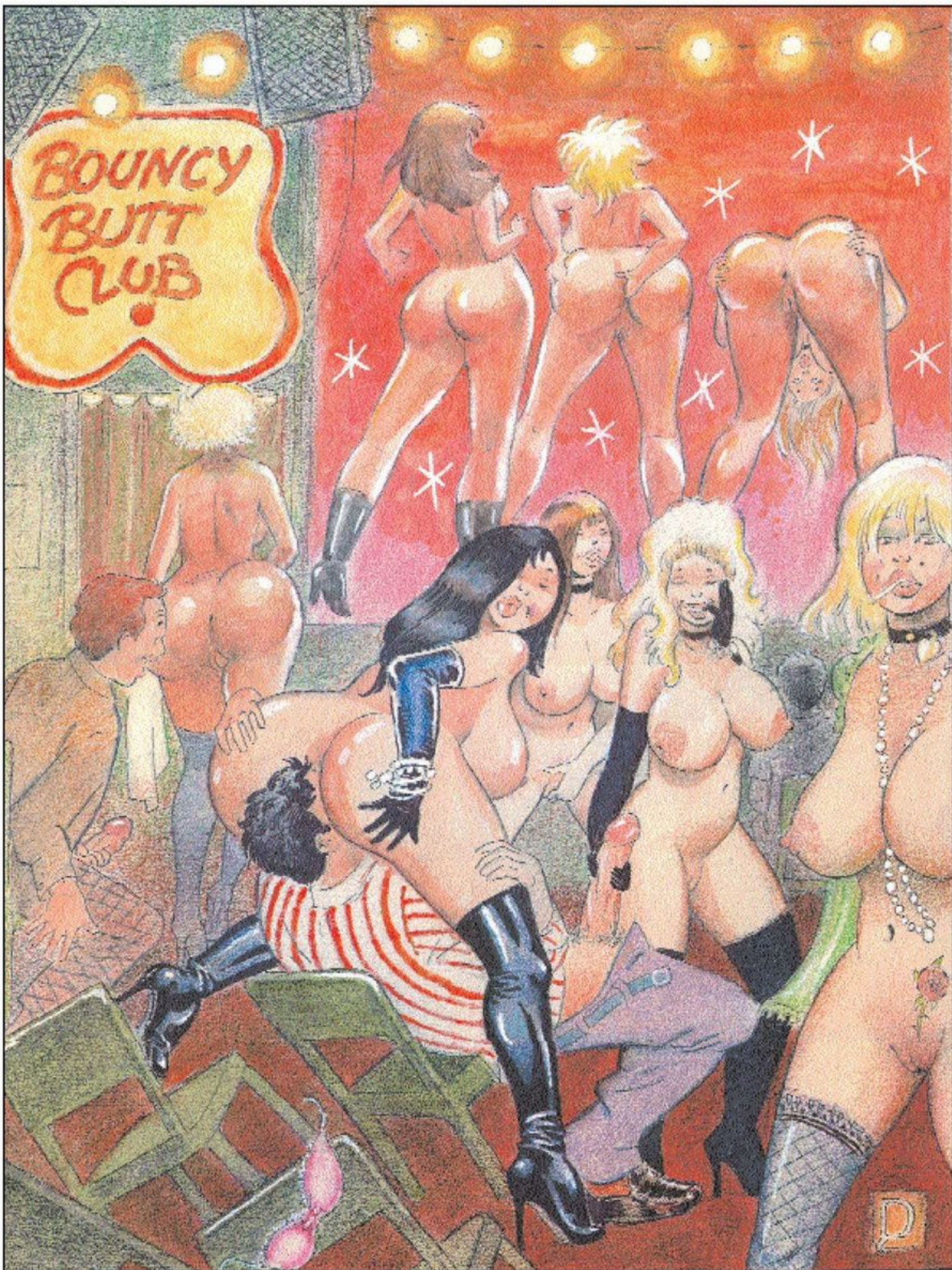
J.S.



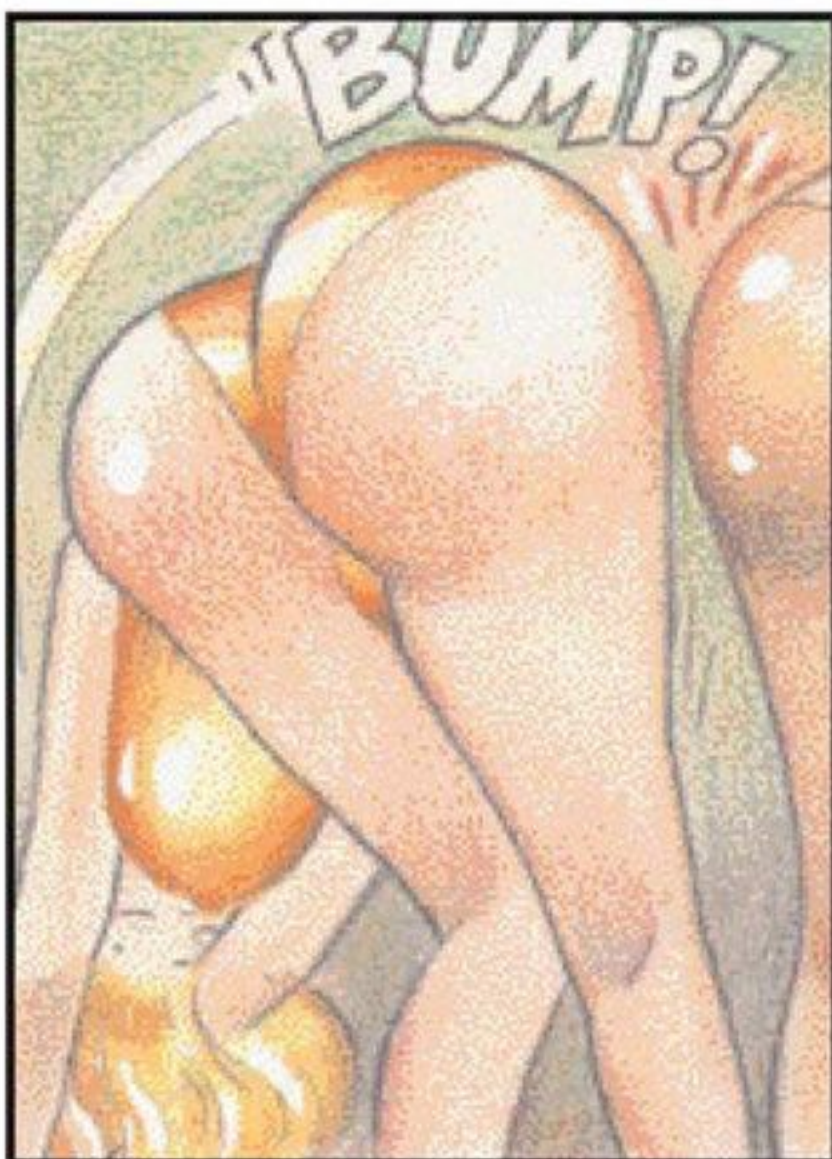
"So I came home and went to the goddamn fancy school, the Boston Museum of Fine Art. That's a biggie. The only other school as prestigious was the Philadelphia School of Arts. Where we learned all about arts and farts, and mainly where we learned that rich girls are just as fun to fuck as poor girls. I was there with four other GI's on the GI bill and they paid for everything except food. I lasted there about a year and a half." – Dementia



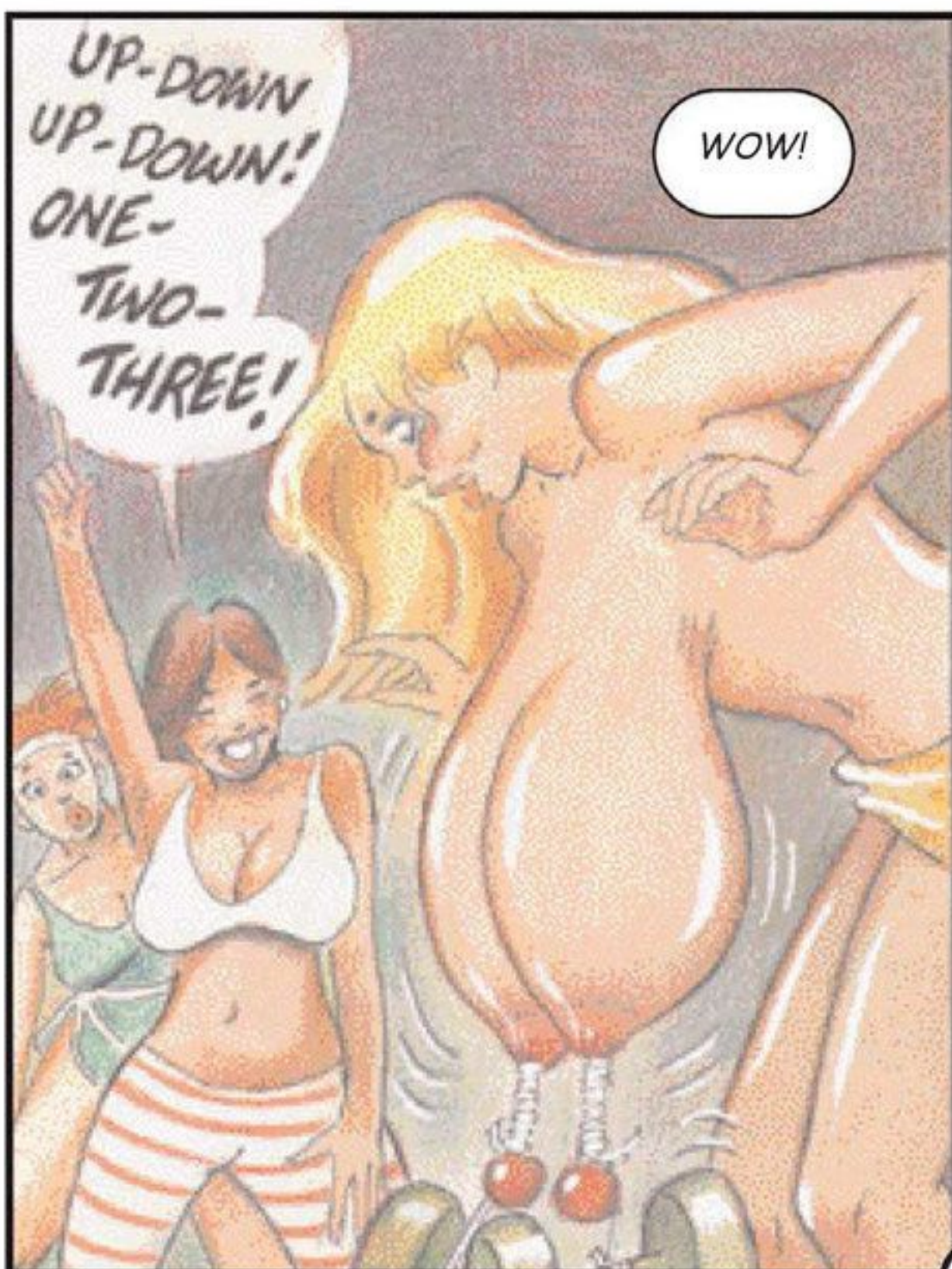


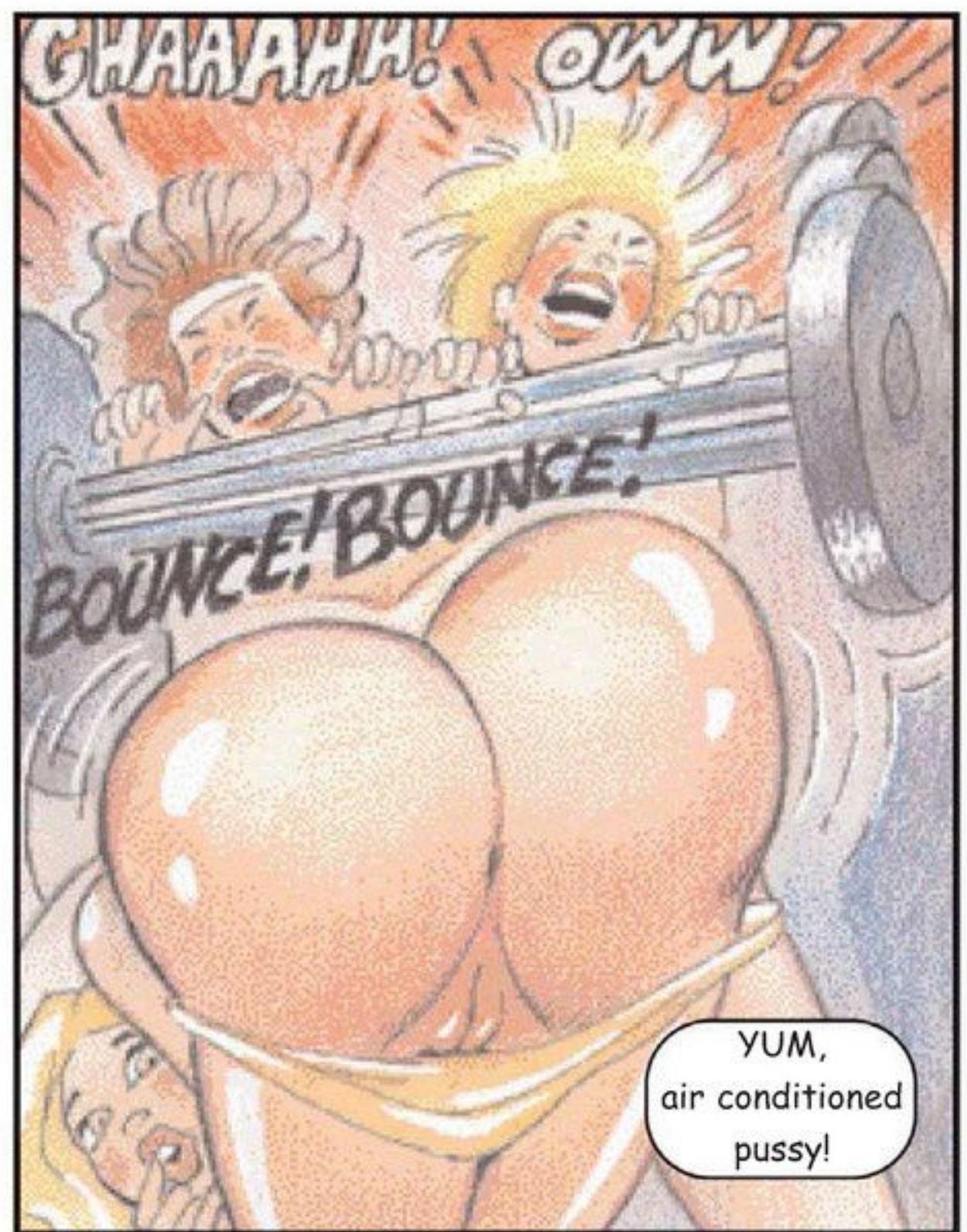
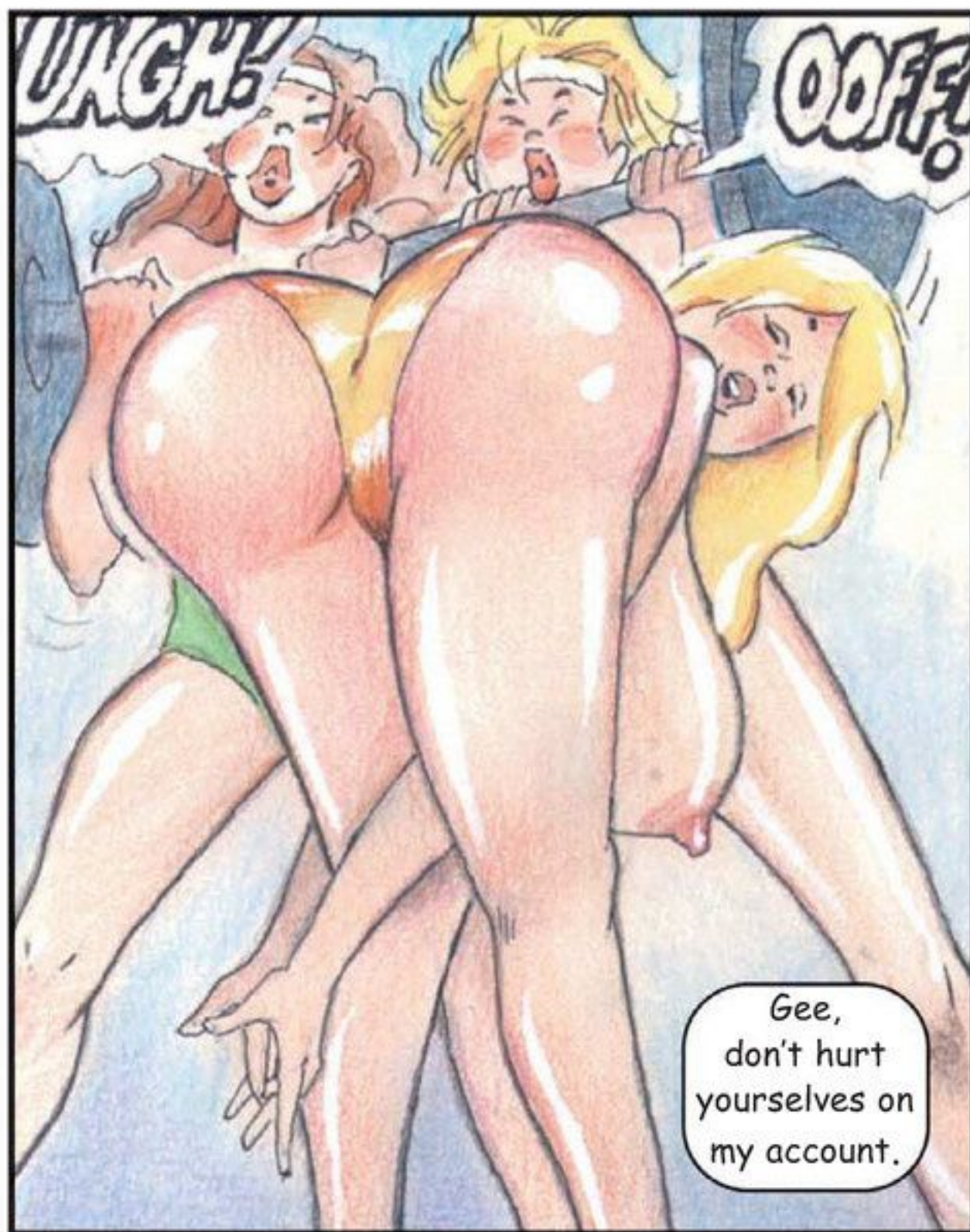


BUTT AEROBICS











Yer bare ass NAKED!
There's a PENALTY for that.

Gee. Most folks
LIKE me this way.



You
want to
exercise my
PUSSY?

But it gets
a workout every
night.

MORE ON
WEEKENDS.



HA!
OH!
YEAH!
AAAH!

OH!
WOW! YEAH!
YES. MORE!
MORE! mmmm.



FANTASTIC!

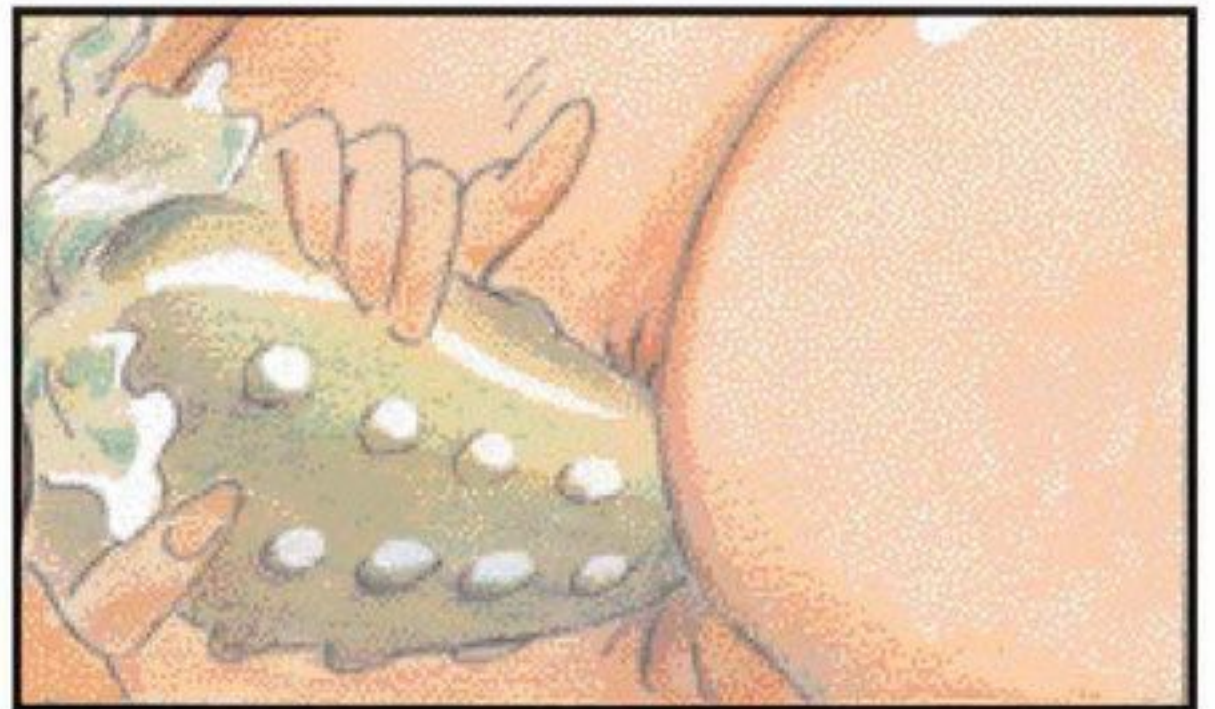
Was
it good
for you?



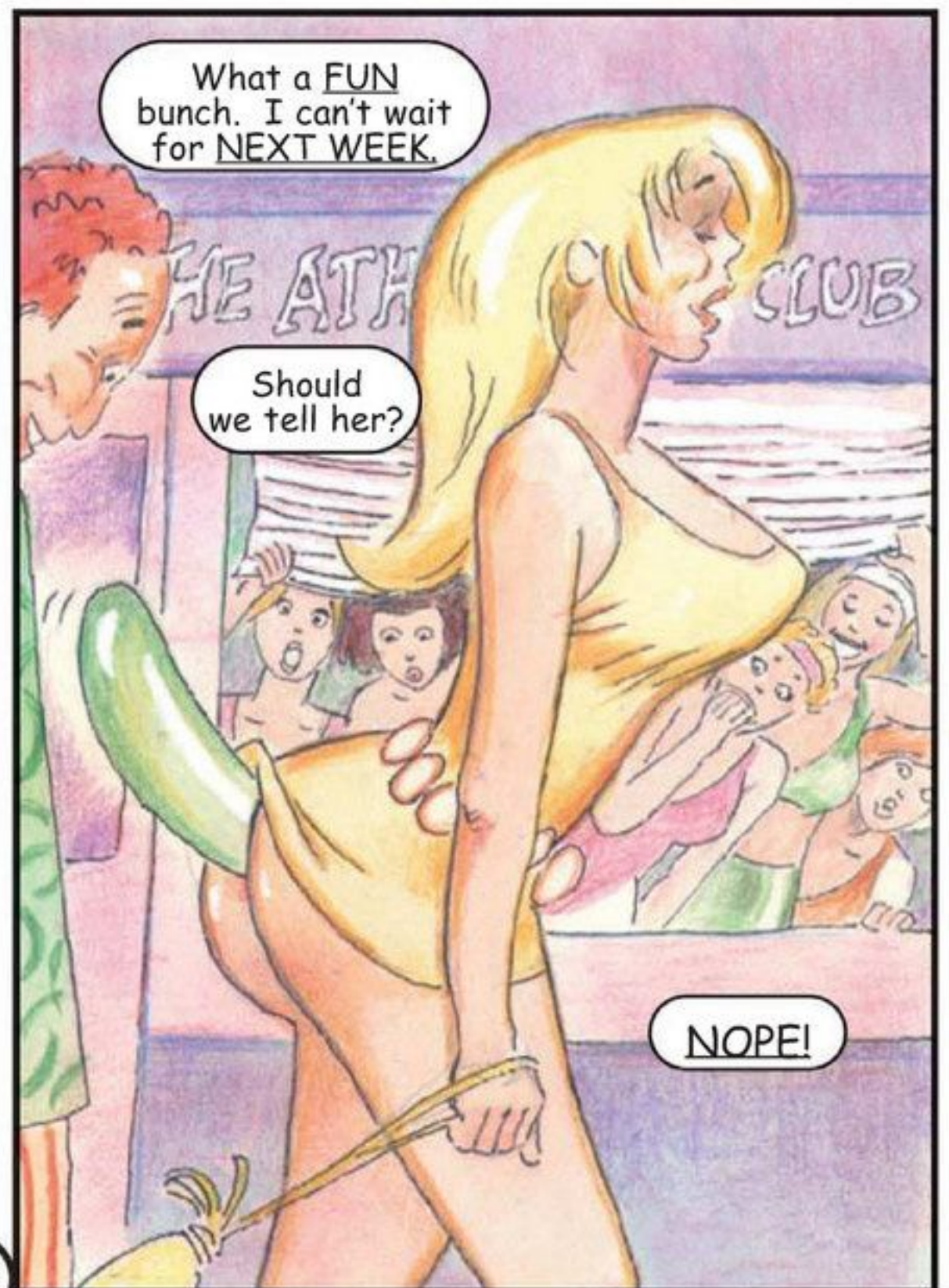
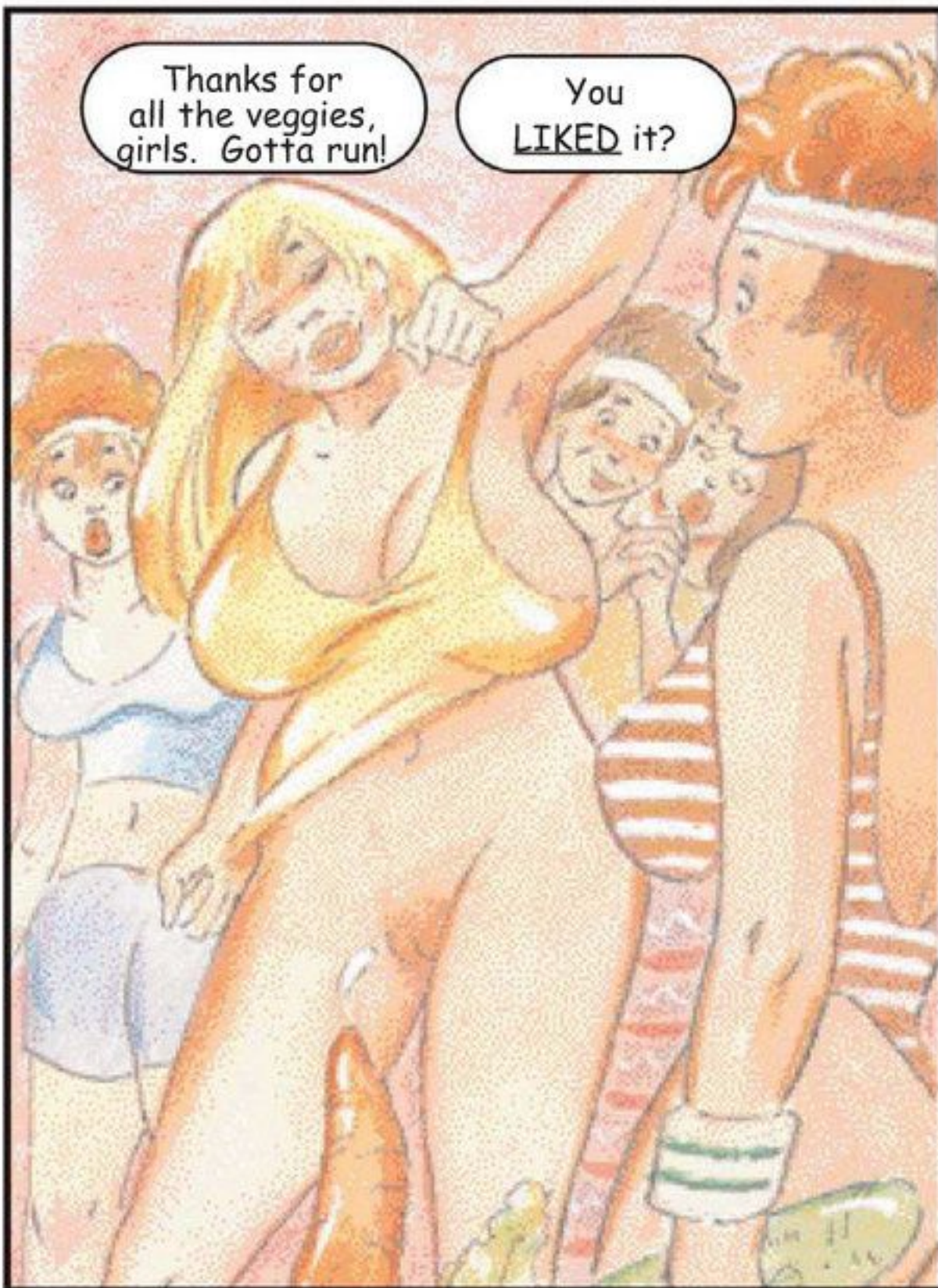
WHEW! That was GREAT! Why am I bending?

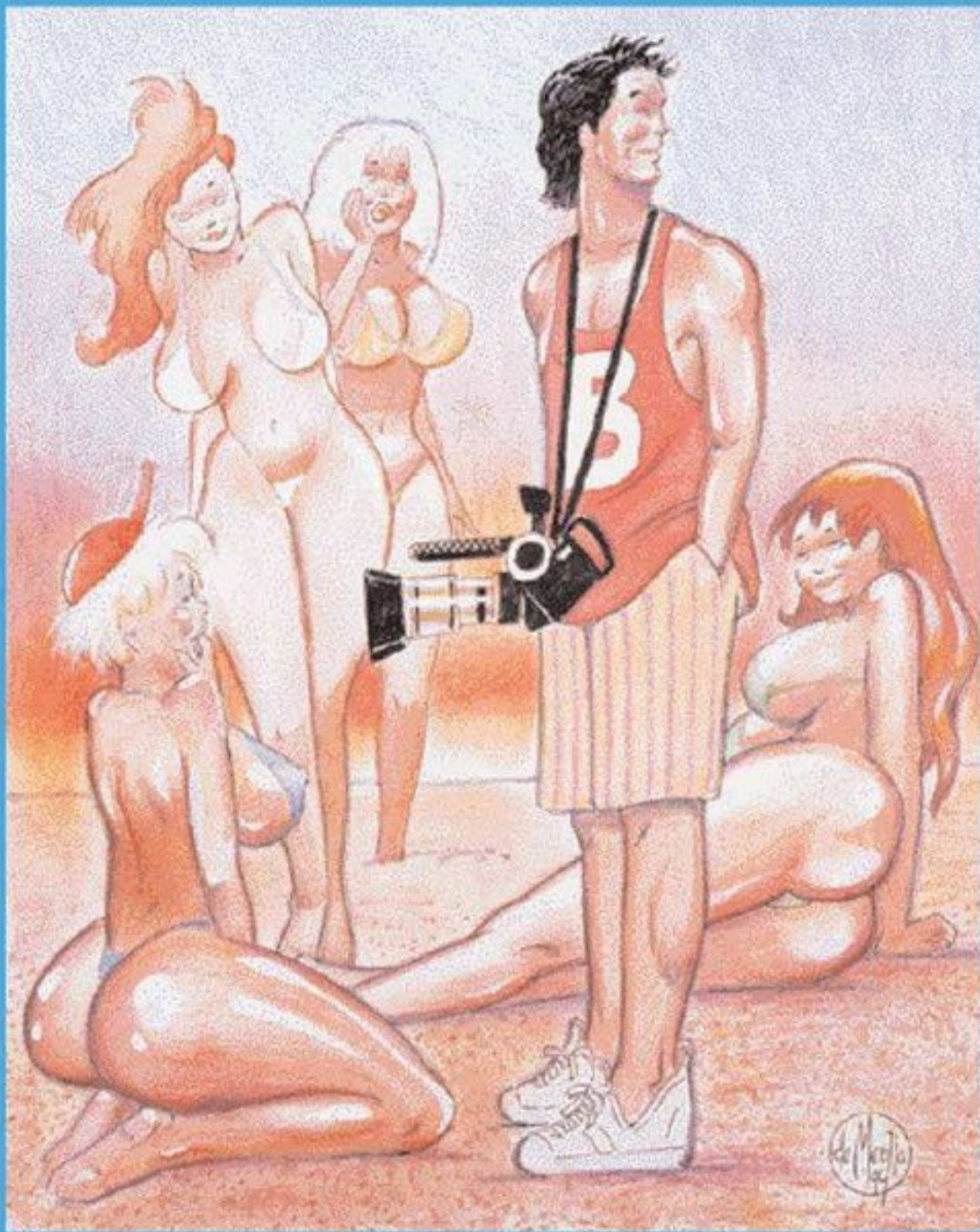
You got another hole needs exercising!

Had yer veggies today?



AAAAHHH! MMMM! AAJJ! GHAAA!





Interview Dementia

by Heidi Pike-Johnson

Heidi Pike-Johnson: Okay, the tape is on. You are being recorded for posterity.

Dementia: Like the bummettes (*he affects a whiny pseudo-bimbo voice*), I don't mind anything.

H.J. Do they mind anything?

D. (*same whiny voice*) Nothing.

H.J. Really?

D. No.

H.J. I mean, wouldn't they mind something? Isn't that one of the ideas of it?

D. Cheerleaders. They hate cheerleaders. Whenever they get hold of a gaggle of cheerleaders, they do vile things to them.

H.J. Like what?

D. Hmmm?

H.J. Like hold them down and make them listen to George Bush, Junior, what?

D. (*back to the whiny voice*) Yeah, like that. They teach them new cheers. I have always had a passion for cheap girls. I don't know why that is. I suppose that could come from my origins in a clinically clean environment.

H.J. Would you say that there is a difference between cheap and expensive, as girls go?

D. I meant cheap in that 1950s sense, that cheap girls wore tight sweaters.

H.J. That Mamie Van Doren kind of cheap.

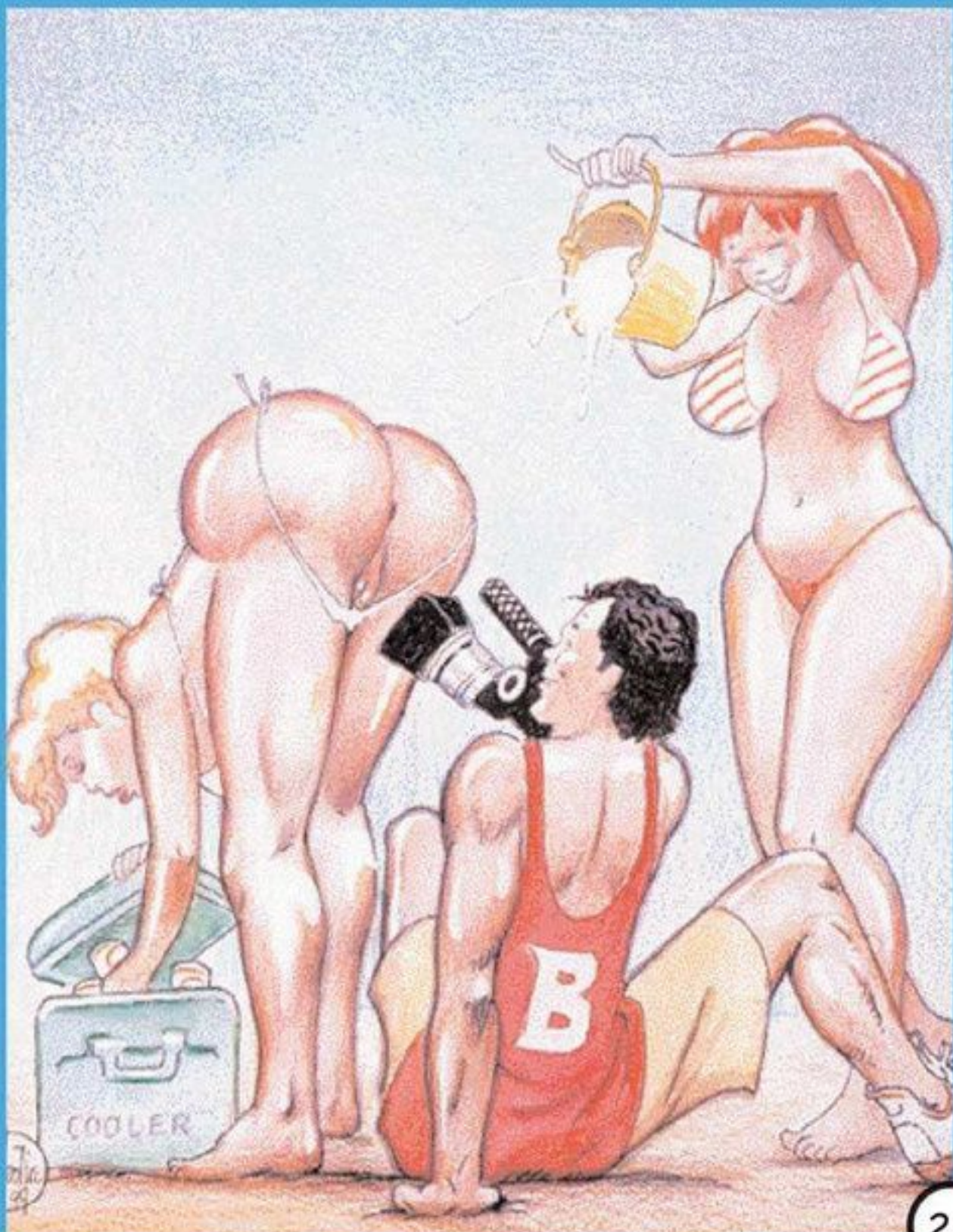
D. And, nice girls wore those jackets with crests on them. Whatever the hell that means! It is an incredibly convoluted tribal society that we live in! People exist as individuals, though. You can find a slut at Radcliffe just like you can on Eighth Avenue.

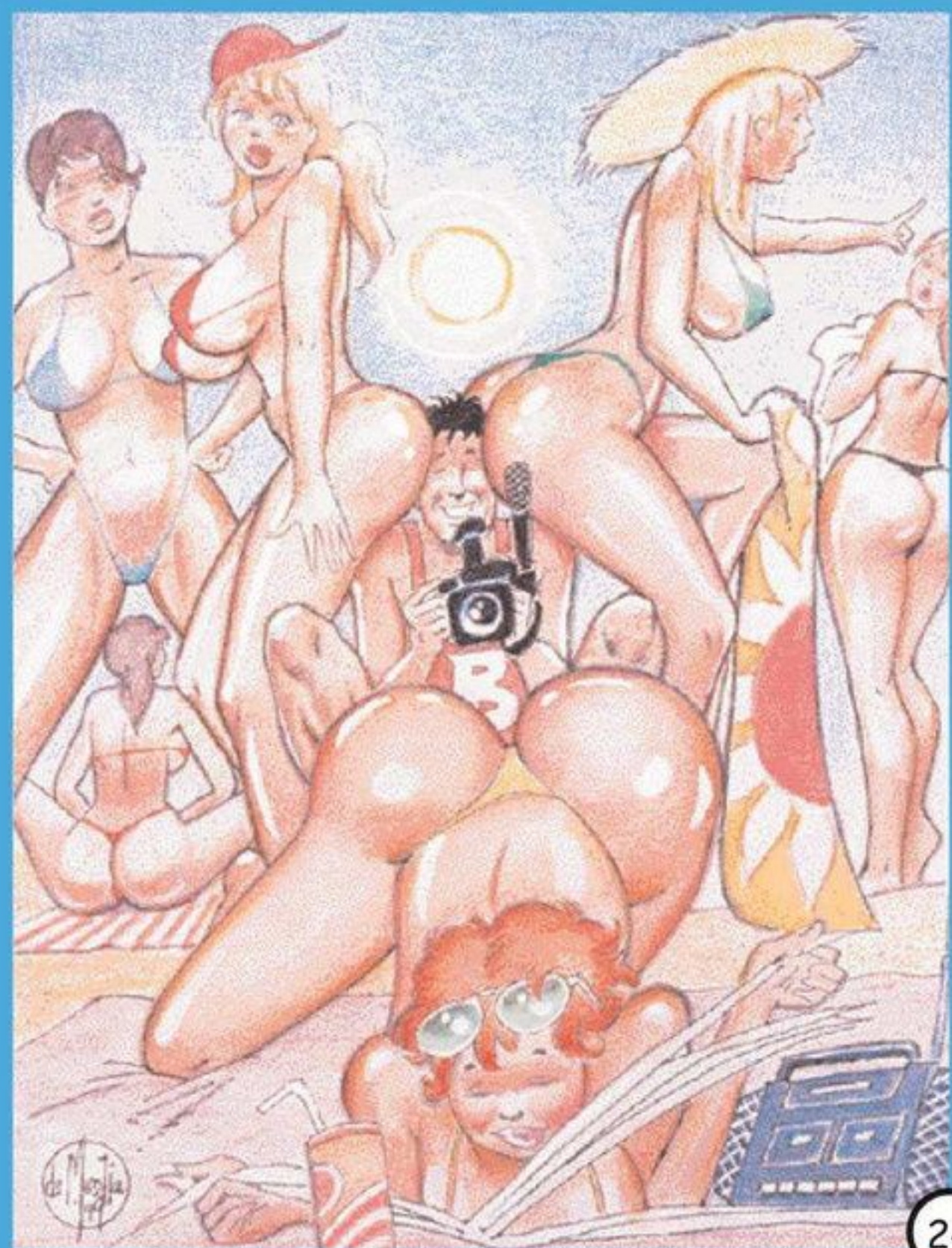
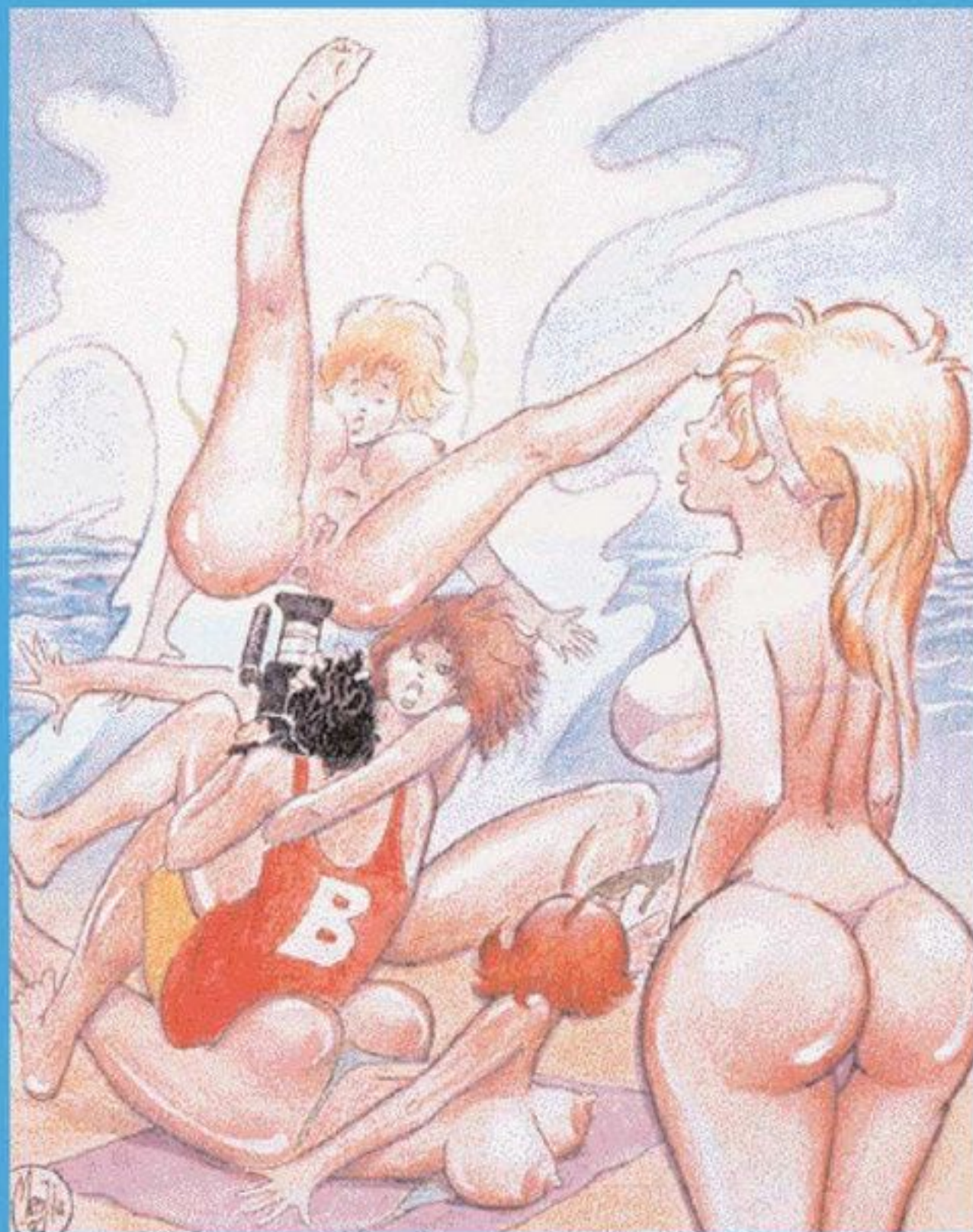
H.J. Are you originally from New England, or are you a transplant?

D. (*the whiny voice returns*) No, I had to grow up here.

H.J. (*laughs*) I'm sorry. I did too.

D. I grew down here.





H.J. Do you think that it has shaped your art?

D. Yes.

H.J. How?

D. I discovered in Providence, Rhode Island, behind Brown University, the home of H.P. Lovecraft [*Lovecraft was an American horror writer who is cited as being one of the pillars of the genre, and has been the inspiration for writers such as Stephen King, Anne Rice and Clive Barker – Editor*]. I used to haunt that place.

H.J. So you went to Miskatonic University then?

D. Yeah. At Arkham. I walked the streets that he walked. You would have thought that I would have learned something.

H.J. Like what?

D. Don't die of poverty! It's not fun. Here was a man who dies leaving manuscripts, full books that never went anywhere, because he refused to typewrite. The computer of his day was the typewriter. He wouldn't do it. For a little time, when he was married to Sonya, she would type these goddamn things for him, and it must have been a bitch of a job because he... are we doing a thing of me, or of Lovecraft?

H.J. I'm interviewing you, and you can talk about whatever you want. I think that Lovecraft is cool.

D. I like it because it is so perverse.

H.J. Okay, let's move on to E.C. Comics. You seem to be very directly inspired by the sense of humor and justice in the books. How much of a fan are you of these books?

D. Oh, it was Camelot. I wanted to do comics because I thought that E.C. would come back. Not by Mr. Gaines [*their former publisher – Ed.*], but by someone else. That was Camelot. That was the best that ever was; ever could be. He paid people rightfully, he did not abuse people, the magazine sold all over the place. Why aren't they still in business? Because one day, he got a call from his attorneys and he had to appear at the Kefauver investigations which you may have read about as a little girl. They were the assholes before McCarthy. You had to go down and explain how you weren't destroying the youth of America by producing books like *The Vault of Horror*, *The Crypt of Terror*; these best-selling books [*E.C. Comics were the top-selling comics of the early 1950s, launching the horror comics genre. Critics had a problem with the gory storylines of these comics, and this snowballed into the books being banned in many American cities. Publisher William Gaines was questioned in Senate hearings which were about the "evils" of comics. By 1955, all of E.C.'s books were banned from distribution and sale in the United States. William Gaines went on to do MAD magazine – Ed.*].

H.J. You really apply that sensibility, that sense of right and wrong to your books.

D. You hit it, Heidi, right. The humor was black humor, not in the sense that we use black humor today. It was just over the top gross.

H.J. Gallows humor.

D. Yeah, wifey sets up a butcher shop and guess who's on sale?

H.J. The husband!

D. You can't do that! Bill Gaines' idea was that "this is America, and I can do anything." Well, he found out different, didn't he? They took his titles away and they destroyed his company. My other favorite books are the Sci-Fi books. The Sci-Fi books were loaded with gorgeous ladies. There was a real double standard there that I know that you personally will appreciate. We land on the Planet X, right? Here comes this guy who is loaded down with gear and supersuits over supersuits and he has all this stuff, right? Here comes little bikini girl!

H.J. Yay!

D. She doesn't need any of that! She's got all she needs.

H.J. Breasts and attitude!

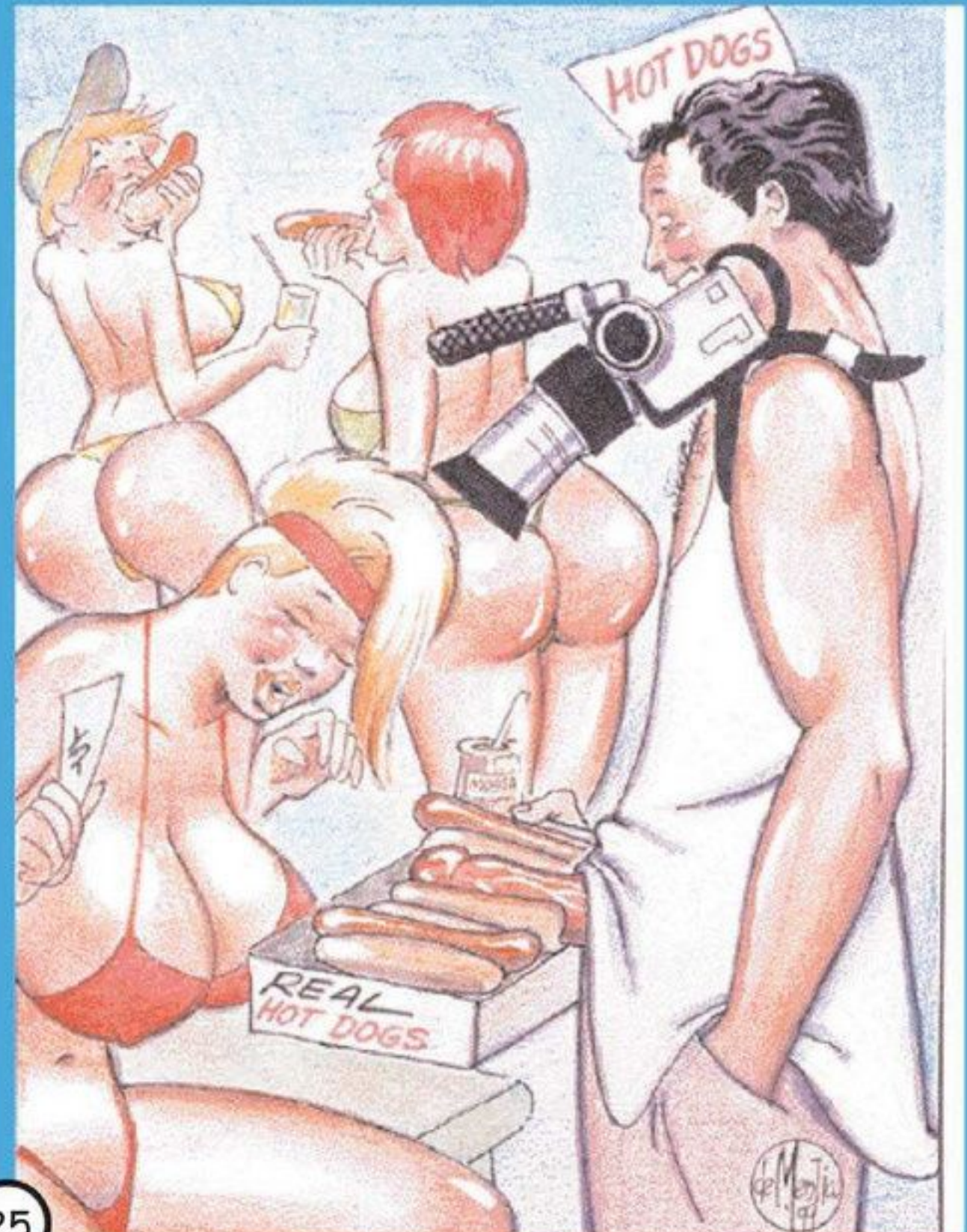
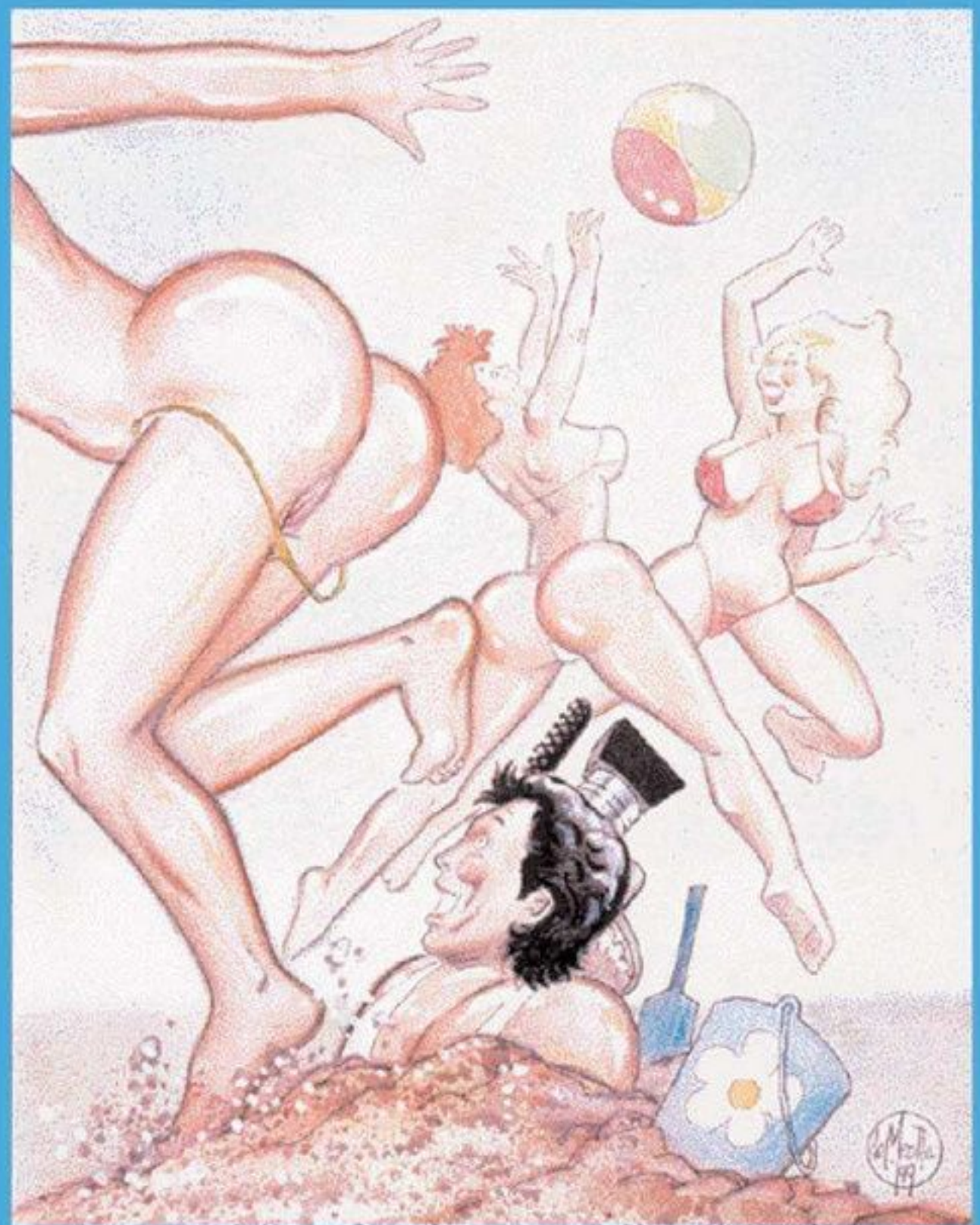
D. As a young male, well, we just hoarded these things and traded them once a week. Girls were not allowed. You girls only had *Little Lulu* comics.

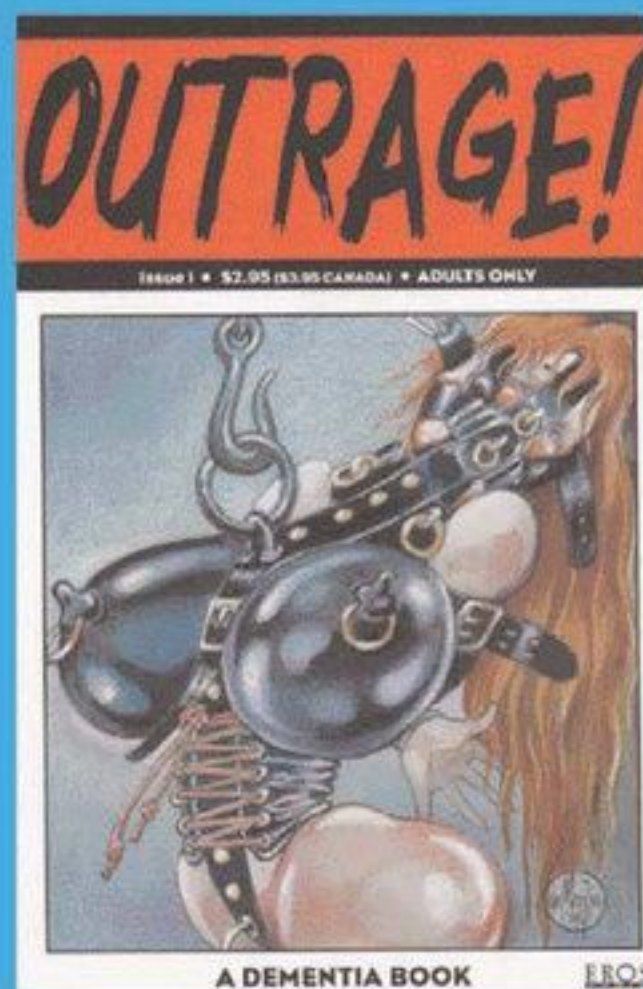
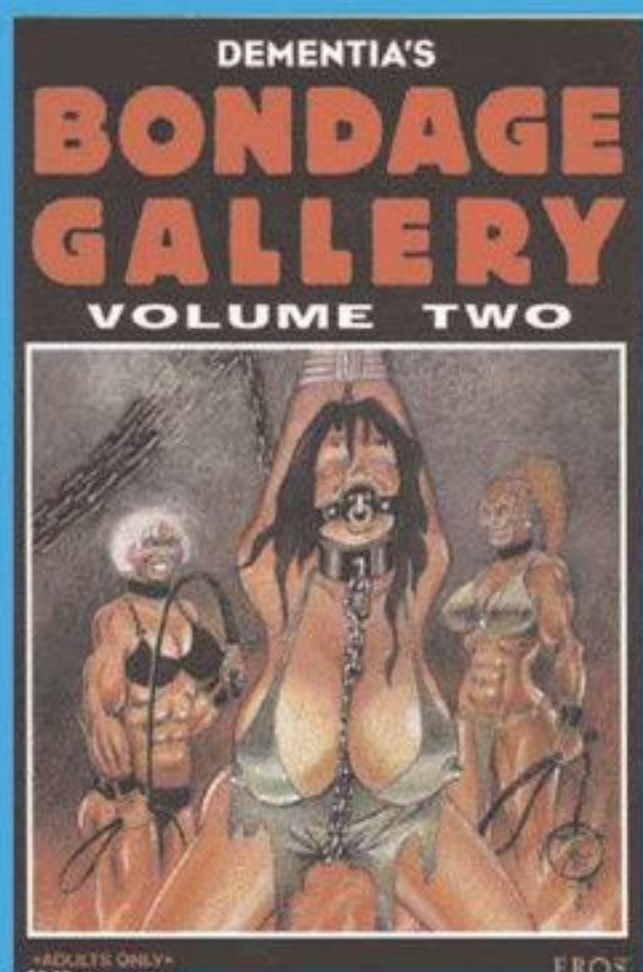
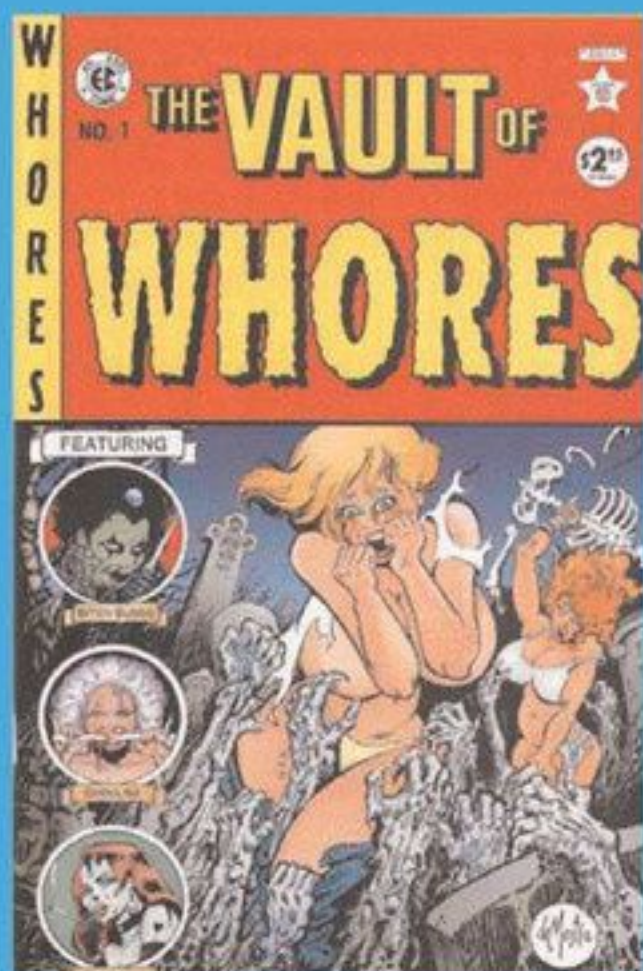
H.J. Yeah, they were really crappy. It's true.

D. One of the great loves of my life, Marie Severin, used to refer to *Casper the Friendly Ghost* comics as "Little Dead Boy" comics! You would appreciate Marie, Heidi [Marie Severin was a colorist for *E.C. Comics* – Ed.]. Imagine being the only female, nineteen years old, and in this field of madmen! Anyway, I got a terrific influence from the Sci-Fi books because you saw what could be, and you even got to see what was wrong with what could be. There was a great redundancy: "And then they landed on the Red Planet, Gog," and directly below was a picture of them landing on the planet Gog. Obviously, you didn't need any fucking captions! Maybe they were trying to teach dumb-heads how to read.

H.J. Tell me about your military experience.

D. I joined the 'Air Farce.' I got a blue suit. That was in 1955 and I stayed in until 1959. I was never a soldier. I knew soldiers. That's why I can tell you that I was never a soldier! Real soldiers are rather dangerous people. Their heads don't work the same ways that other people's do. I like soldiers. In fact, I like anybody who's really good at what they do. That's quite a thing to say, but I have a respect for that. There are too many people who are drifting. So, I went in there and I went through the usual crap, and they made me try to do this, and try to do that, and I made sure that I failed at everything, which wasn't hard. Then they shipped me to Japan, and I got into *Stars And Stripes*. I did a comic strip every single day and I learned that I never wanted to do that again. The comic strip was an imitation of *Steve Canyon*. I owe nothing to *Stars And Stripes*. When I needed stuff from them to get work, they didn't even respond. You could dig the circumstances, though. I lived in an apartment downtown off of the Ginza. I didn't live in any goddamn stinky barracks! I had a private housing allowance. They didn't want us to wear uniforms. There's never a shortage of bullshit, though.





H.J. Did you go to art school?
D. That was later, on the GI Bill.

H.J. How important is education to an artist, in your opinion?

D. It really depends on who you happen to run into. The school that I went to was totally wrong for me. It was for people who never had to earn a living. It proved one thing: rich girls can be just as much fun as poor girls!

H.J. (laughs) Okay, I find it interesting that you have drawn for *Star Trek* comics because I just can't wrap my head around any of your characters fitting in on the Enterprise. I think that the *Star Trek* universe has a horrible, conformist, totalitarian view of the future. What do you think of the *Star Trek* mythology?

D. It's a fascist outfit derived from a very early concept of science. If you look at Alex Ramis' *Flash Gordon* way back in comics, you see all of these people strutting around in Prussian outfits, fighting the yellow menace, aka *Fu Manchu*.

H.J. In *Flash Gordon*, it was Ming the Merciless.

D. Once again, all these guys have all of this strange medieval crap and there's Dale and her veil, her strategically located veil!

H.J. Which managed to stay there at all times.

D. The politics of all of this were, I thought, absolutely out there. Manifest destiny. Don't worry about taking another country. Take their planet! Because we're right, and you're wrong! That was all airhead stuff. They were so beautiful. It wasn't really comics; it was illustrations. Little blocks of Flash striking dramatic poses. The other one was *Buck Rogers*, but that fellow couldn't draw girls.

H.J. *Buck Rogers* was not as cool.

D. He did a lot of rivets. You know, space is a giant boiler.

H.J. What other mainstream comics have you done?

D. *Star Trek* was almost the last of those that I did. They didn't need me. I'm a storyteller mostly. What they wanted was somebody who would trace off of photographs of Mr. Shatner and Mr. Nimoy. That's what they wanted. You tried to do anything else and you got yourself in trouble. You really would have loved being the editor of that thing. The fellow was a good man, and I think he privately nearly went mad trying to work with me and to get the book done. Everything that went in, copies had to be sent to Paramount and stamped.

H.J. Lovely.

D. We did all of the movies as well as the TV series. There were fifty or sixty of them. The movies were the most spectacular because they would never allow you to know what the "big surprise" was. Well, how the hell can I draw it if I don't know what it is? "Leave a space, Tom!" Before I got involved in it, I was a fan of the TV show. They had some interesting plots because occasionally, they had interesting writers. It seemed like after a while, though, that the only purpose was to keep things alive for the mad *Star Trek* following between pictures. The other stuff I did was all pickup work. Someone gets tired of drawing this so you draw that for a while. The one thing that I hated - a terrible word, hate - but I hated muscle guys. Giant man beats the crap out of one guy with twenty-two pages of *Bap! Bop!* It's amazing that these things had huge amounts of dialogue while they are rupturing one another.

H.J. Let's talk about bondage.

D. Okay. Bondage goes way back in comics too.

H.J. What do you think that bondage says about the women who enjoy it?

D. Whoa, boy. Uh, oh (coughs).

H.J. C'mon!

D. Well, I don't know if that was even considered in the work. It was all for these young boys to get off on. But it didn't start with comics. You see, comics derived from... you probably know this, comics derived from the same publishers who put out the pulps. *True Men's Lust* and *Spicy Detective* and *Spicy Western* and, I don't



were guys who specialized in drawing the girls. A lot of these guys are lousy artists. They could do the rockets and they could do the rivets and they could do Joe Schmo the hero, but not make that really sexy gal. I began to collect these. I was doing little copies of these on notebook paper and selling them on the playground. That was the beginning of Dementia's illustrious and lucrative career.

H.J. How much self-censorship do you do in your work?

D. It's like working with two heads, or maybe with your head and a lower portion of your anatomy. You have to watch that lower portion because it has its will. It has to be controlled. Sometimes, you create things that are not sexy; they are not whoopee fun! They are ugly and I've never really liked that stuff. I have done these things, and it's always the next day when you rifle through these things, saying "Oh my god, I wish to hell that I had never done that." Not that often, but every once in a while. There is that other problem when you get blasé about these things. It happens occasionally in the work that I do for Eros, but that would never happen in a Buttman book.

H.J. How much of the bondage that you draw have you actually done?

D. None.

H.J. None? Okay.

D. I'm glad you asked me that. I am a total non-participant in almost anything. I'm a voyeur. I watch videotapes of some of that bondage stuff and some of those I don't like because she isn't having any fun. That's just foreign to me. I have developed this attitude towards the bummettes that live down at the back of Hogan's Alley, and they are (*bummette bimbo psycho voice returns*) "What the hell, I'll try anything once!"

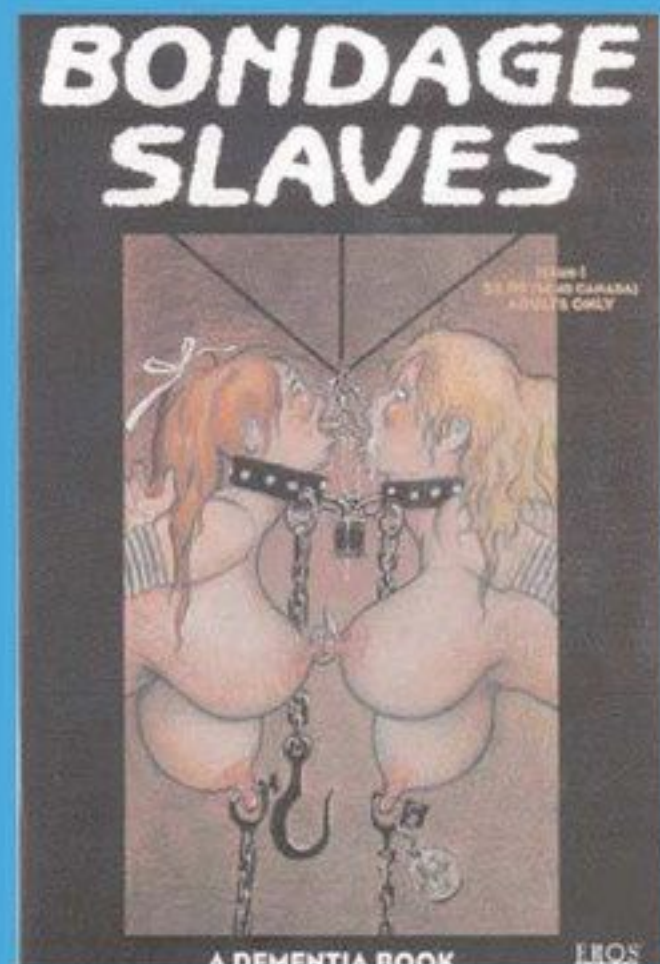
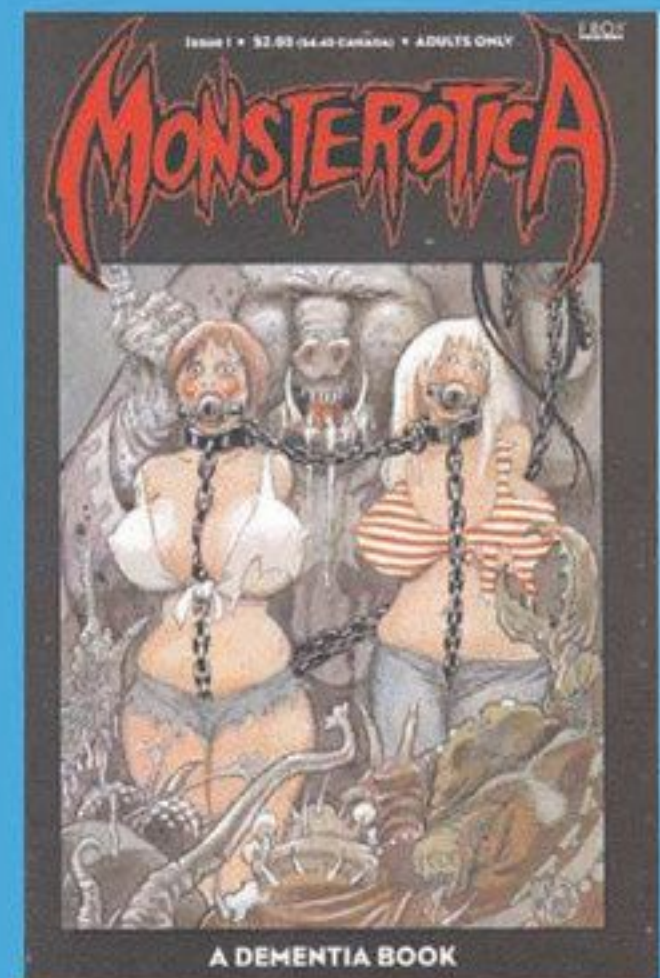
H.J. You have also expressed an enjoyment of Robert Crumb. How similar are your depictions of women, do you think?

D. They're not. I enjoy his attitude. Robert Crumb has done things that I looked at and said

know... *Spicy Urban Blight*. There was always the gal who was tied to the horse. There was always the girl who was tied to the rocket.

H.J. Or the railroad tracks. So, it wasn't about her, really?

D. There was never anything like that inside the books, though. Just on the cover. *Fu Manchu* used to do that on the inside of those books. He would capture the ladies and he would (*ominous voice*) do things to them. See, that was okay as long as it was the evil guy. Your American hero type would come onto the scene at the last minute and rescue Dale. So there we go. Hey, hey, let's hear it for Caucasian people! So comics were going a little crazy as I was coming along. Miles of rope! I even think that there



that I would never draw. Now, I'm drawing it. He's a real character. I think that if I were a female person, I would not care for Crumb very much.

H.J. I like his art, just because of the fact that it's so unreal. I think that some women take it too seriously.

D. He is an extremely accomplished draftsman. Always, his chicks have that rump and those heavy legs and that's wonderful! He says, "I like this, and I don't give a shit if you don't. I am not going to perpetuate this image of women only being the Petty girl or the Varga girl forever and ever. Women come in different shapes. Did you notice?"

H.J. You seem to like a certain shape, which includes very large breasts.

D. Yes! I get all of these letters in crayon that ask me to draw her doing this and that, and ask me not to put those huge boobs on there. I have a little Xerox that I print up and send those people that says "Wrong guy!" Call the guy who does little boobs. Life is too short for this. I don't know exactly why I like large breasts, but I have an idea. No...

I don't. I just know that they have a powerful effect on me. Unfortunately, as you grow older, you have to watch yourself staring at young girls. She's in there with a top that is stretching halfway across the store. "What are you staring at?" "Oh, nothing at all!" I love cheapness. I love cheapness because of that very clinical upbringing. I had two people who did their very best for me, and I love them, but, you understand what I'm saying?

H.J. Yeah, I do. Let's talk about the porn that you watch.

D. I go twenty minutes of one tape, fifteen of the next.

H.J. Is it because you get bored?

D. And I never watch it with the sound on.

H.J. What do you think of John's work?

D. What I like about John's work is that I like the idea of the gals being pursued. That strikes my voyeuristic thing. There's a lot of this and there was some sex that was done covertly outside. They like to say "public," but it isn't "public" because there isn't anybody there except John and his camera! When they go to a nice, clean bedroom, this drives me further with my bummettes. They get rattier! They get dirtier! What was that double thing of his that was out?

H.J. *Buttman Confidential?*

D. Yeah. He was very proud of that, and it didn't work out with some people. The very first part of the movie where he is worshipping ass, I like that. Other people would say that it is very self-indulgent, but no. It's no more self-indulgent than Dementia drawing his own drawings. Other than that, I enjoy Russ Meyer.

H.J. I knew you'd appreciate Russ Meyer. His tease is pretty incredible. Do you watch his stuff now?

D. Yeah, I own a couple of his tapes; some old stuff from when Kitten Natividad was young. Isn't it sad that we have only a relatively short period of time?

H.J. Yeah, it is.

D. Maybe that's why I like the drawings, because they'll never grow old. They will, though. If you look at stuff that was really hot in the twenties, it's not anymore. I guess. One of my

favorite people from the twenties who was really a turn-on was Clara Bow [known as the "It Girl," from her risqué 1927 movie title of the same name. Bow's overtly sexual nature caused quite a stir back in the early part of the 20th century, mostly due to the enduring rumor that she solely took on the entire USC football team at a gangbang, which ultimately ended her movie career – Ed.].

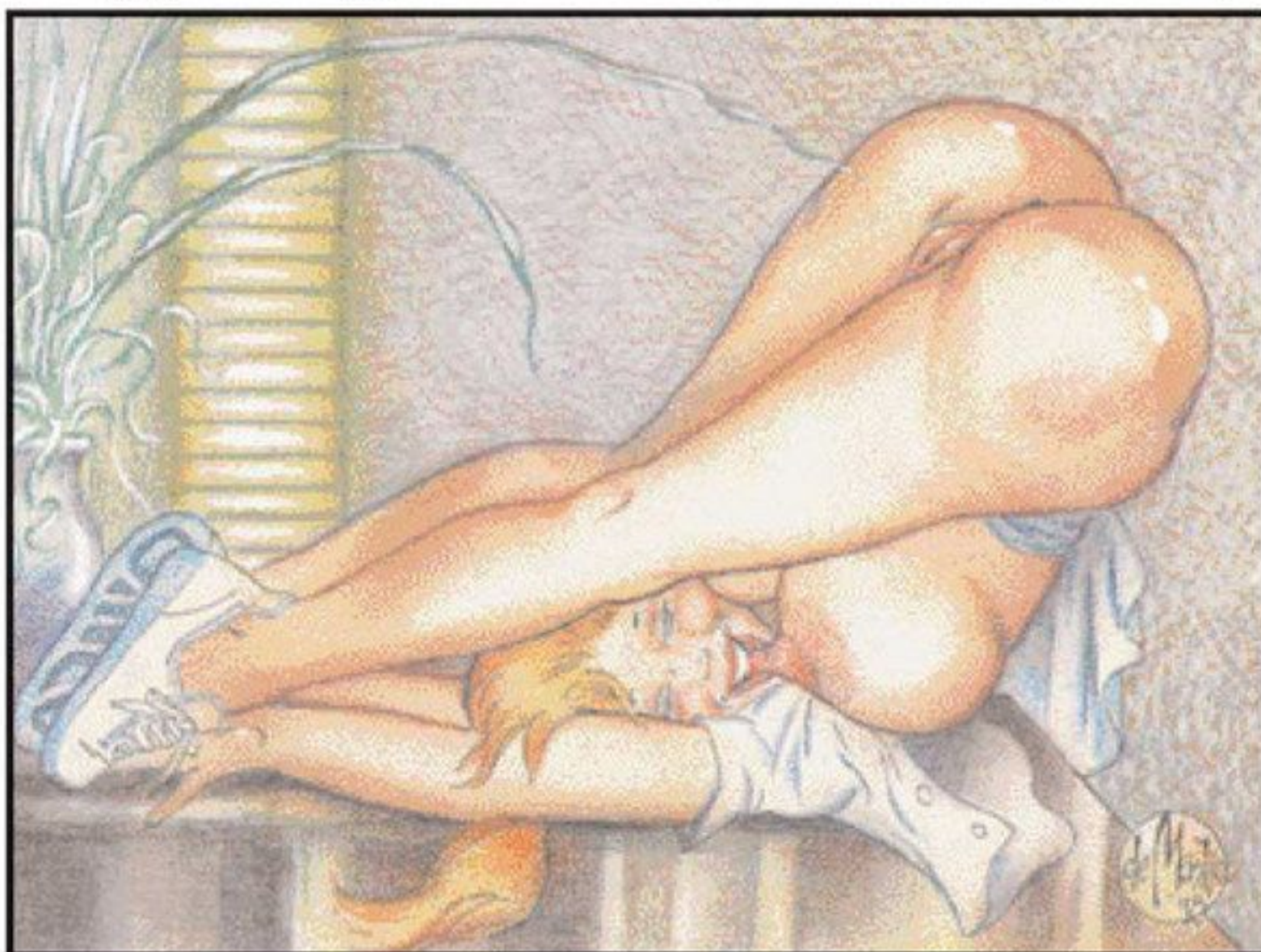
H.J. She was really beautiful.

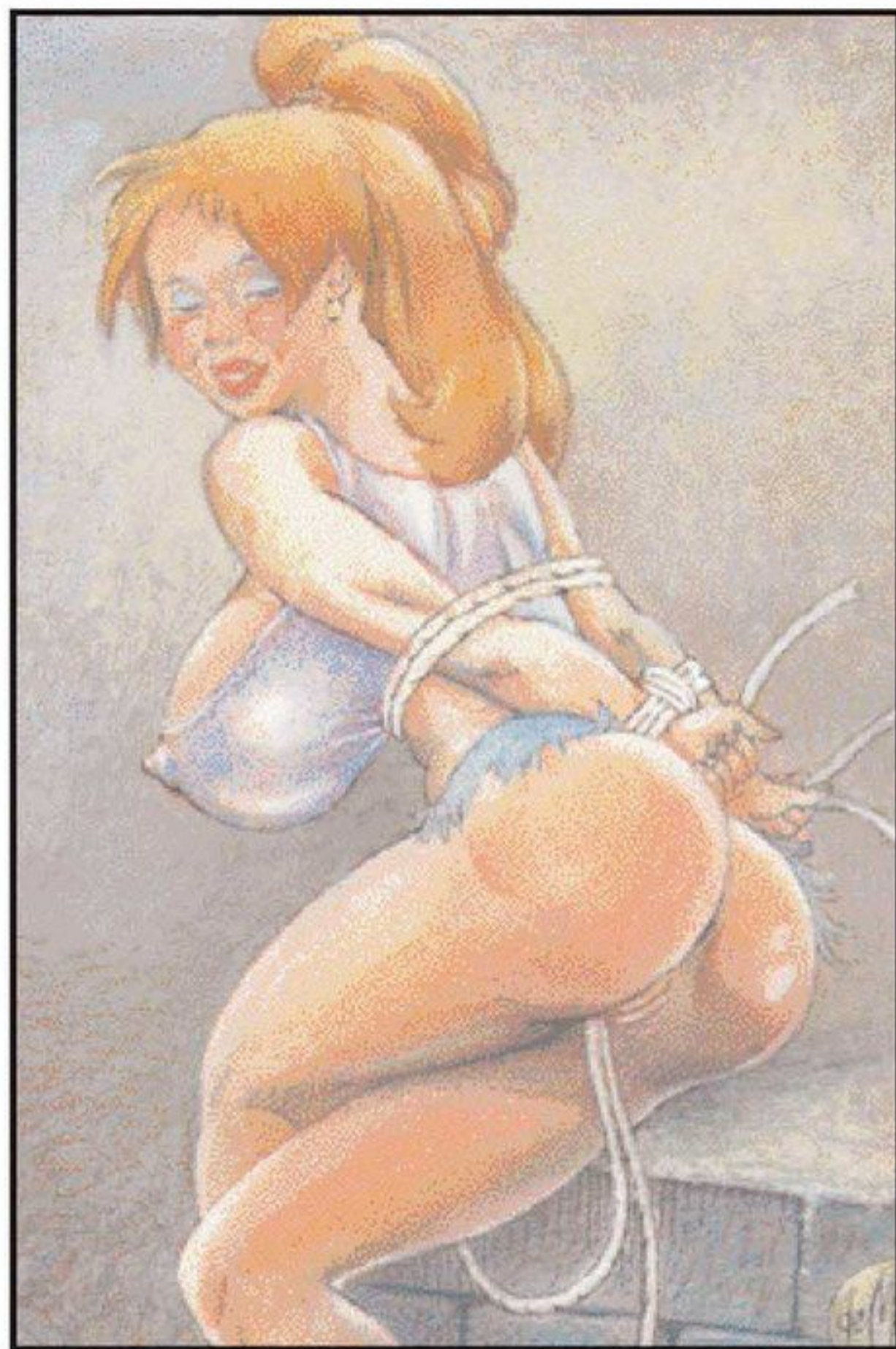
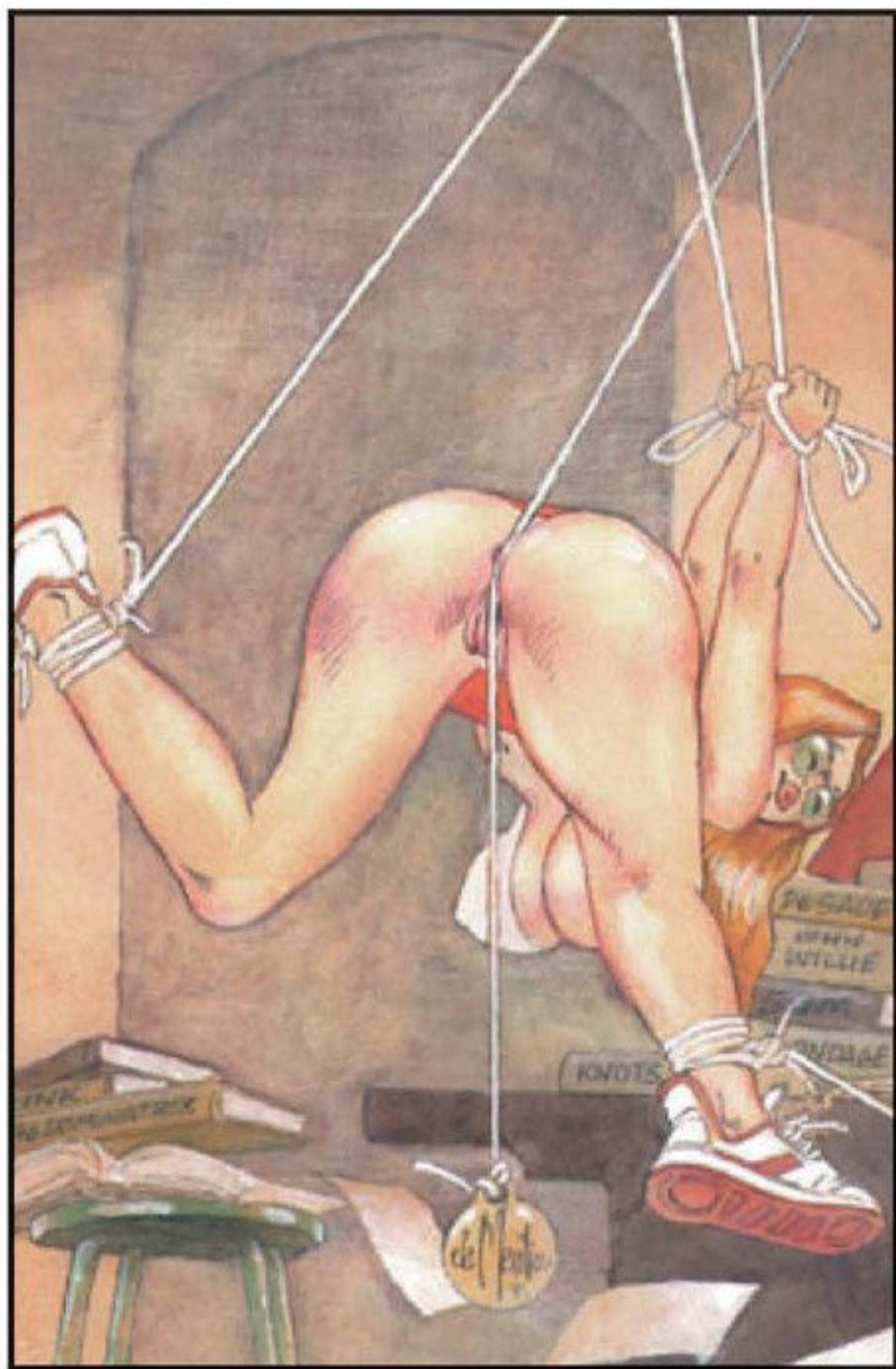
D. Oh, God! She does it for me, man. I'm told that it wasn't all an act, either. I remember

early Eric Stanton stuff that I never saw in the United States. I saw them in Japan and bought them there, these pirated editions of his stuff. I guess he was an influence on me. He was probably the first bondage artist that I ever saw. I was about nineteen when I was looking at "Sweeter Gwen." Now, Bill Ward was a man that I admired for his use of the chorus girl. The drawings were in the men's magazines of the sixties. The chorus girl would be standing there. All of his girls had the legs that went on forever, and torpedo boobs. The way that they were drawn was that they all had these incredibly long lashes. He must have done one of these drawings a day. He had this device in his drawings that the girl was always in the drawing alone. She would be on the phone so he didn't have to draw the guy! She was alone in her boudoir. I enjoyed his work then, and I probably always will.

H.J. How about bondage art?

D. Bill Ward didn't do any of that kind of stuff, and Stanton didn't, either. Stanton would just have the lady sitting on his





face! The artist that I really admire is Olivia. I watched a very badly dubbed video of her working once, and she herself is a turn-on. She's got six watercolors over here and two oil paintings over there and she's preparing a dozen lithographs there in her shop. Now, Olivia doesn't do bondage, as far as I know?

H.J. Some of her Bettie Page stuff suggests it, but not directly.
D. She has a real ability for drawing dangerous females (*psycho bimbo voice*): "I'm going to get you...HAAAA!" These are not the little Petty girls.

H.J. Do you think that your women have that edge to them?
D. Yes, they do. Sometimes, Heidi, if you watch carefully, you'll realize that she has done half those things to herself. She's holding the knot in her teeth. I work so that she is always looking at someone who is out of our view.

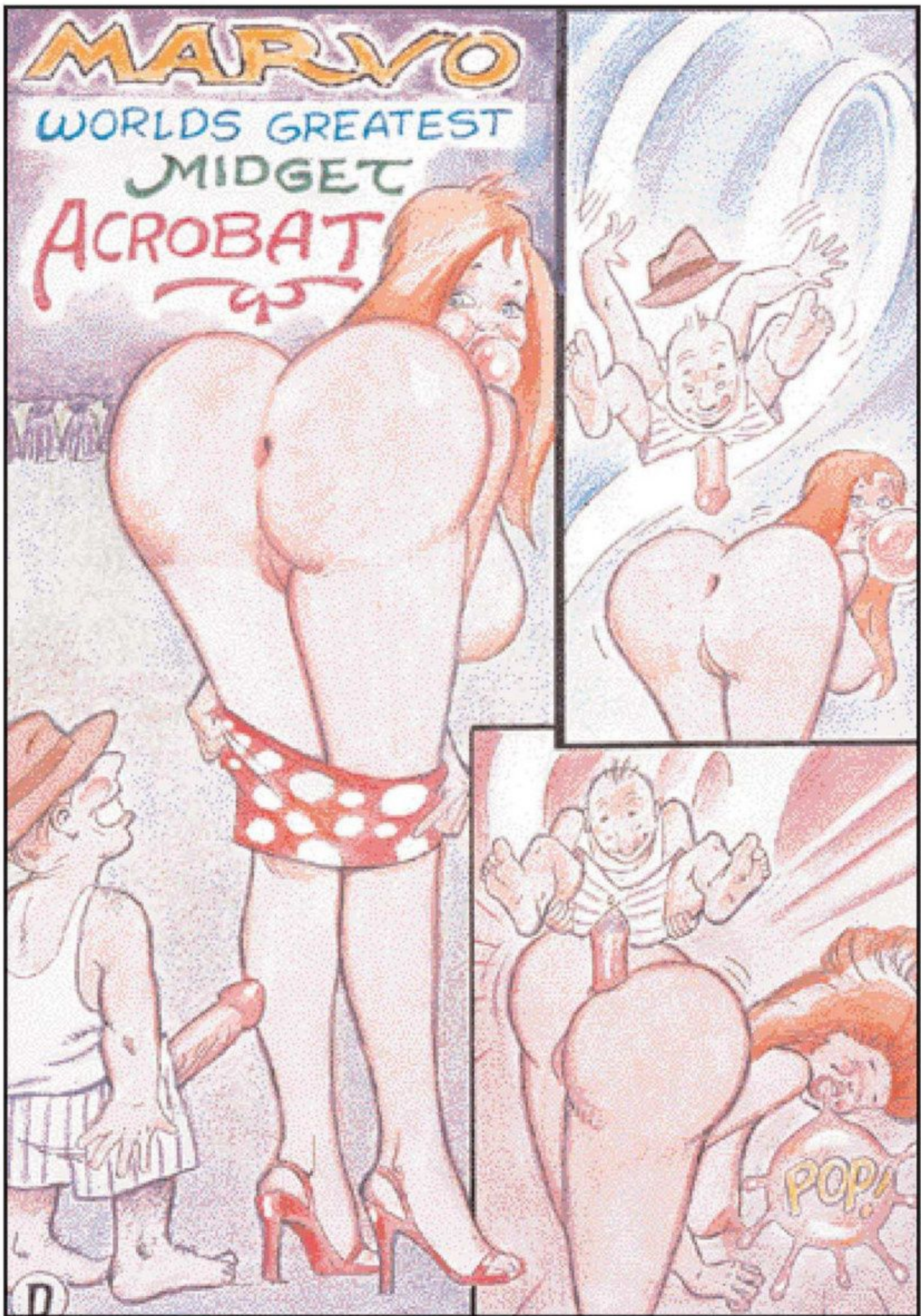
H.J. Who is that person out of view?
T.S. Her girlfriend, I don't know. When you place it all in front of somebody, it's all there. It's sort of a dead-end thing to do that.
H.J. Why do you call yourself Dementia?
T.S. That was taken from the old black-and-white film, *Dementia 13* [a classic 1963 Francis Ford Coppola horror movie

– *Ed.*]. I needed an alter-ego, so I came up with that. There's worse.]

H.J. What are your plans for the future?
D. I don't know. More of this and that. I think that Eros wants to do another of the big hardbound books (*Bondage Obsessions*). You hate to repeat yourself, but you do it anyway and you only know it after the fact. I go back occasionally and I realize, "Oh, Christ! I did this two issues ago!" There has got to be a different way to do things.

H.J. Thank you for your time.
D. No problem, kiddo.

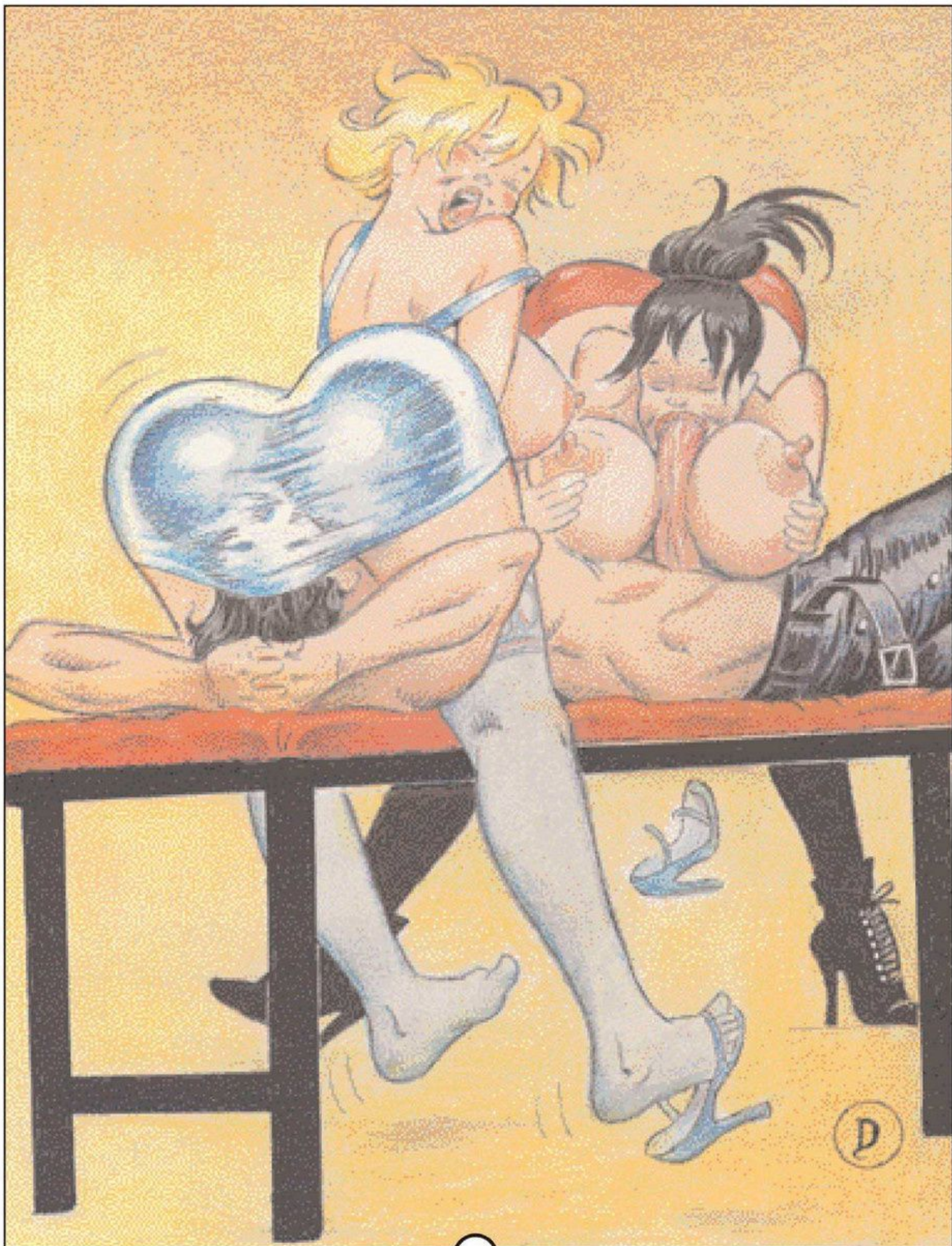


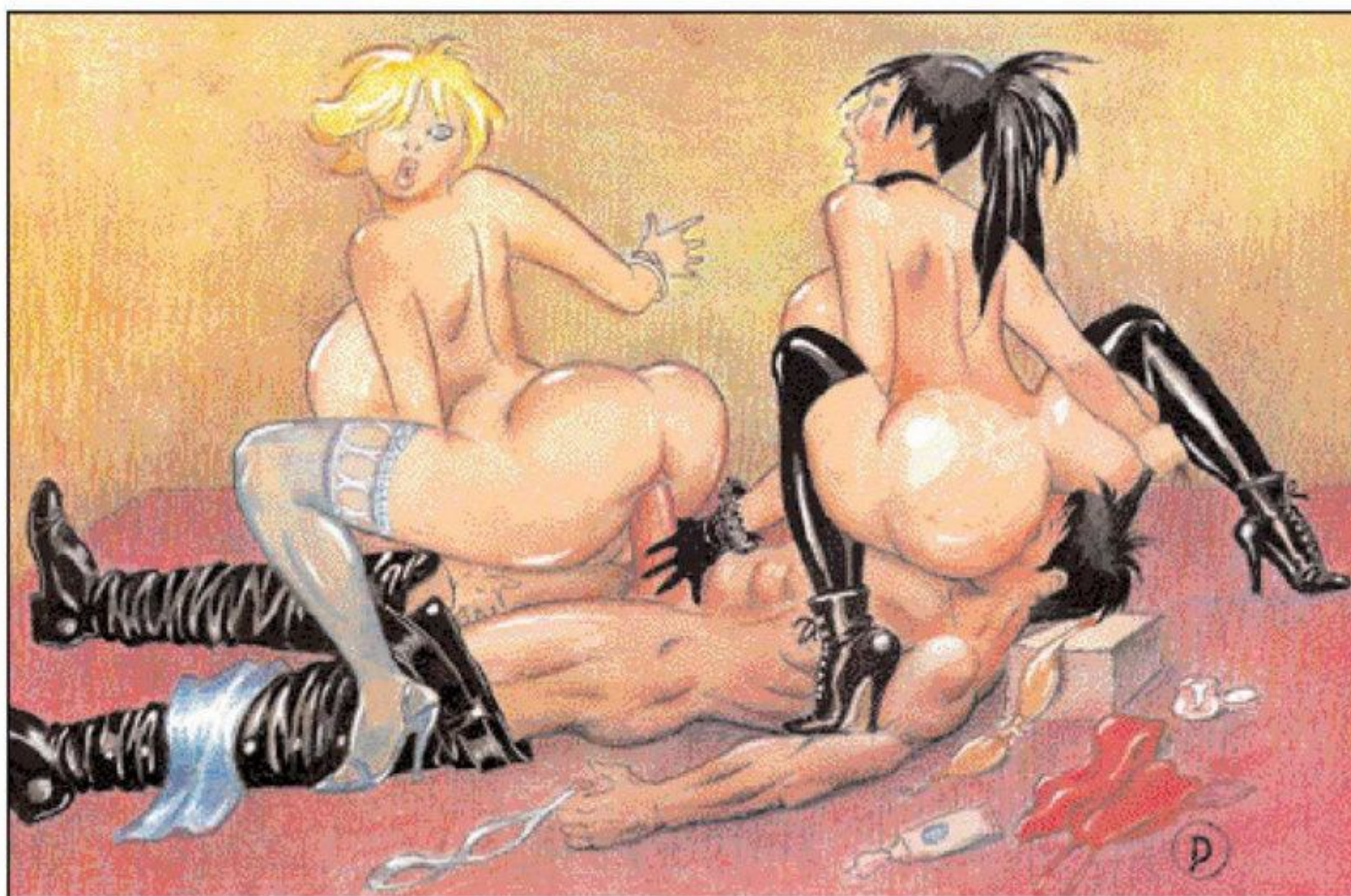


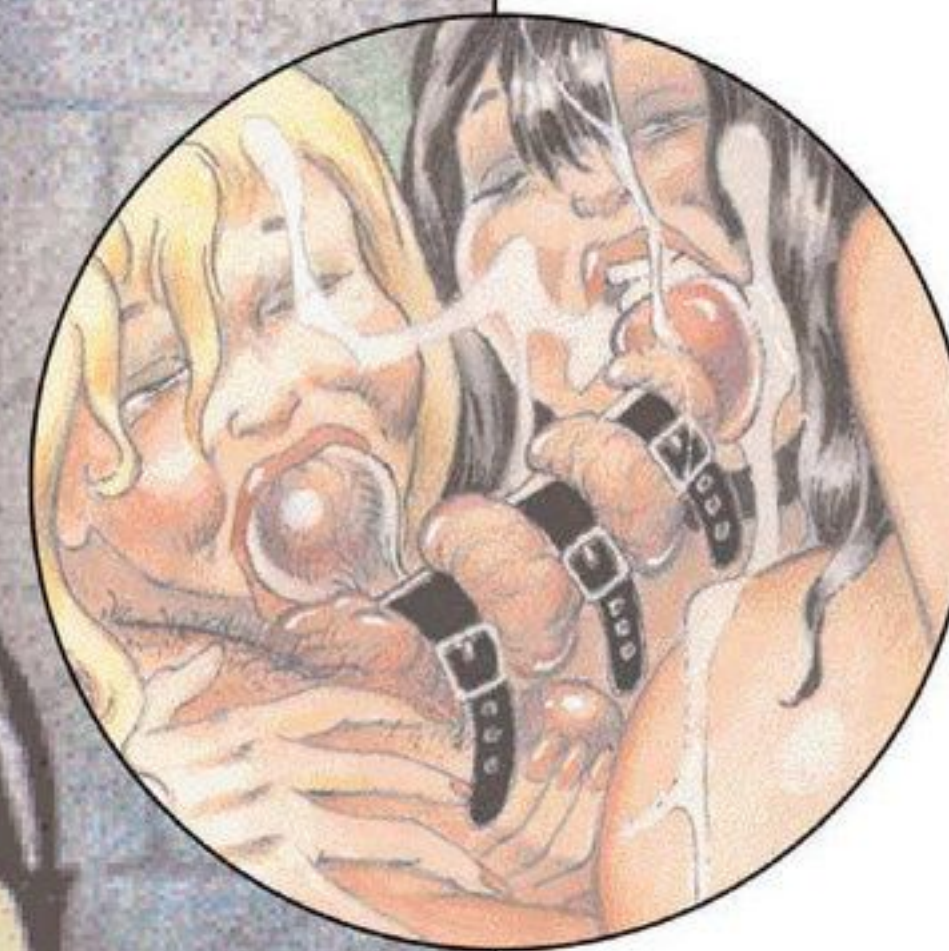
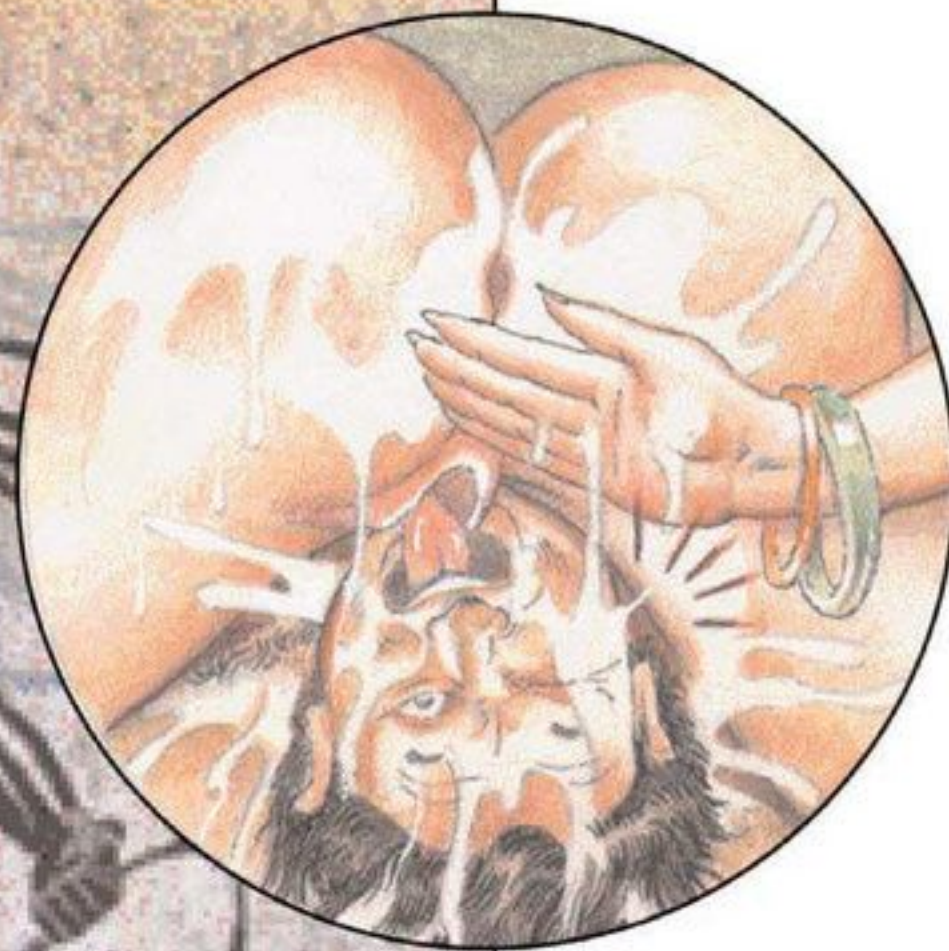


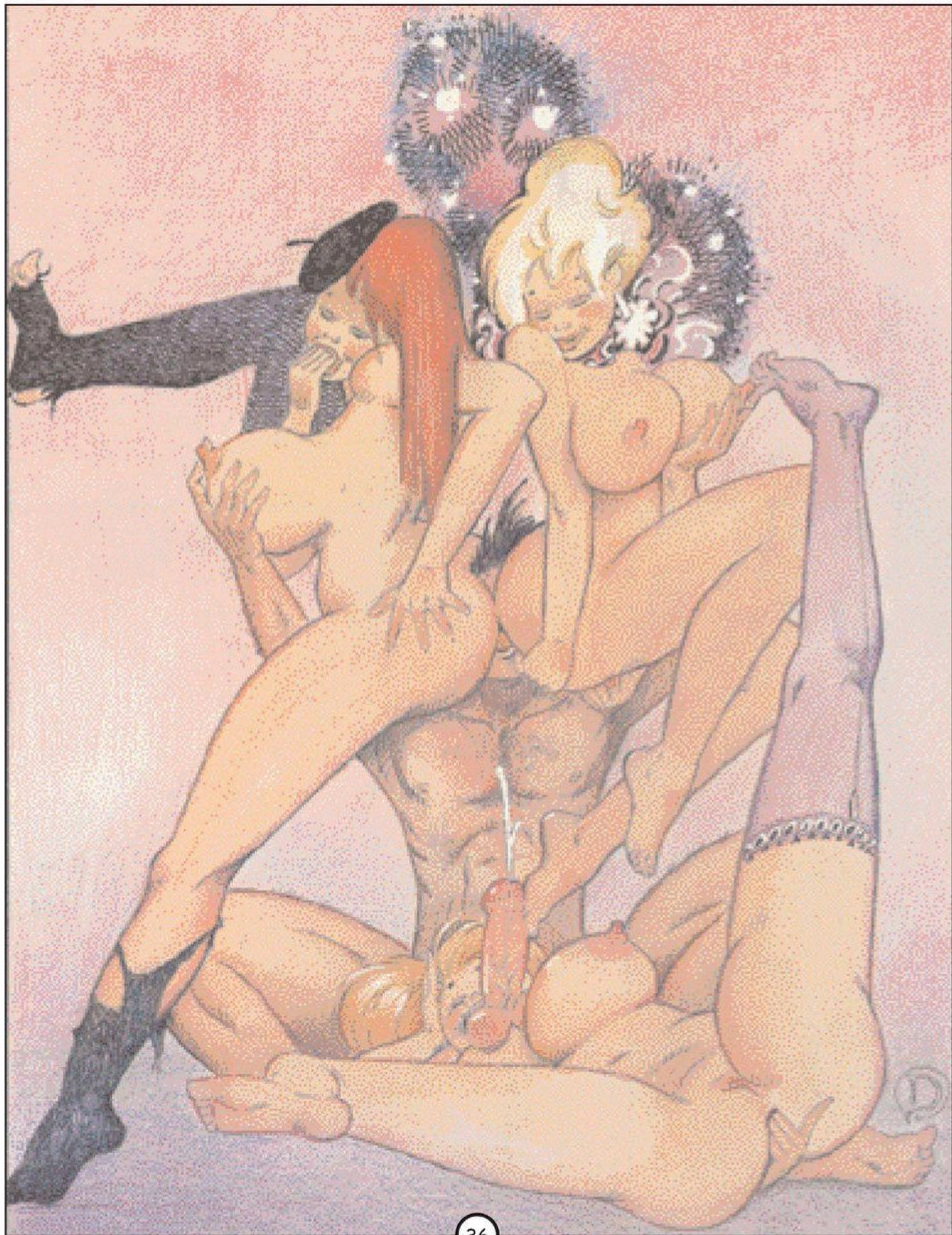
"Tinkle Belle"

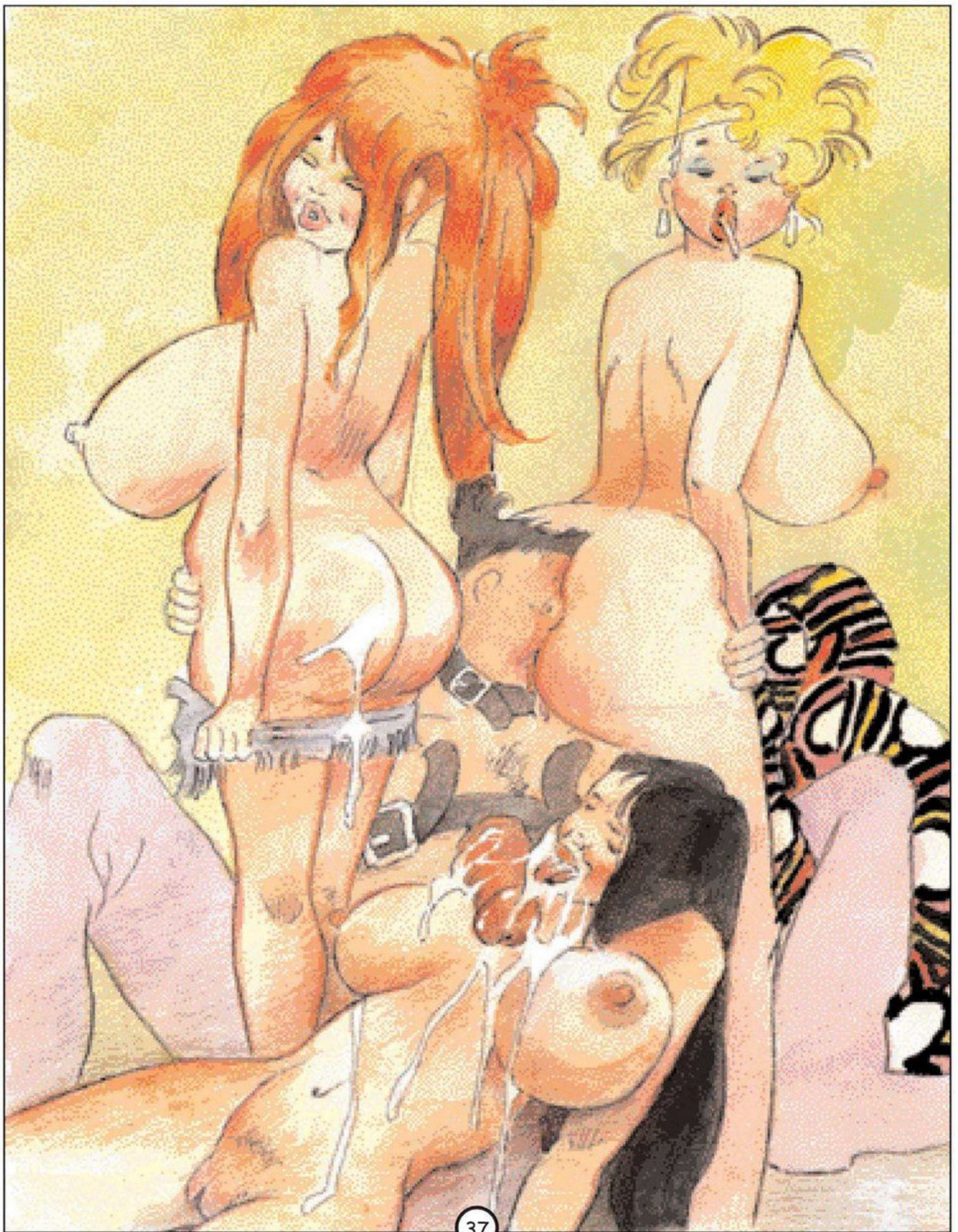






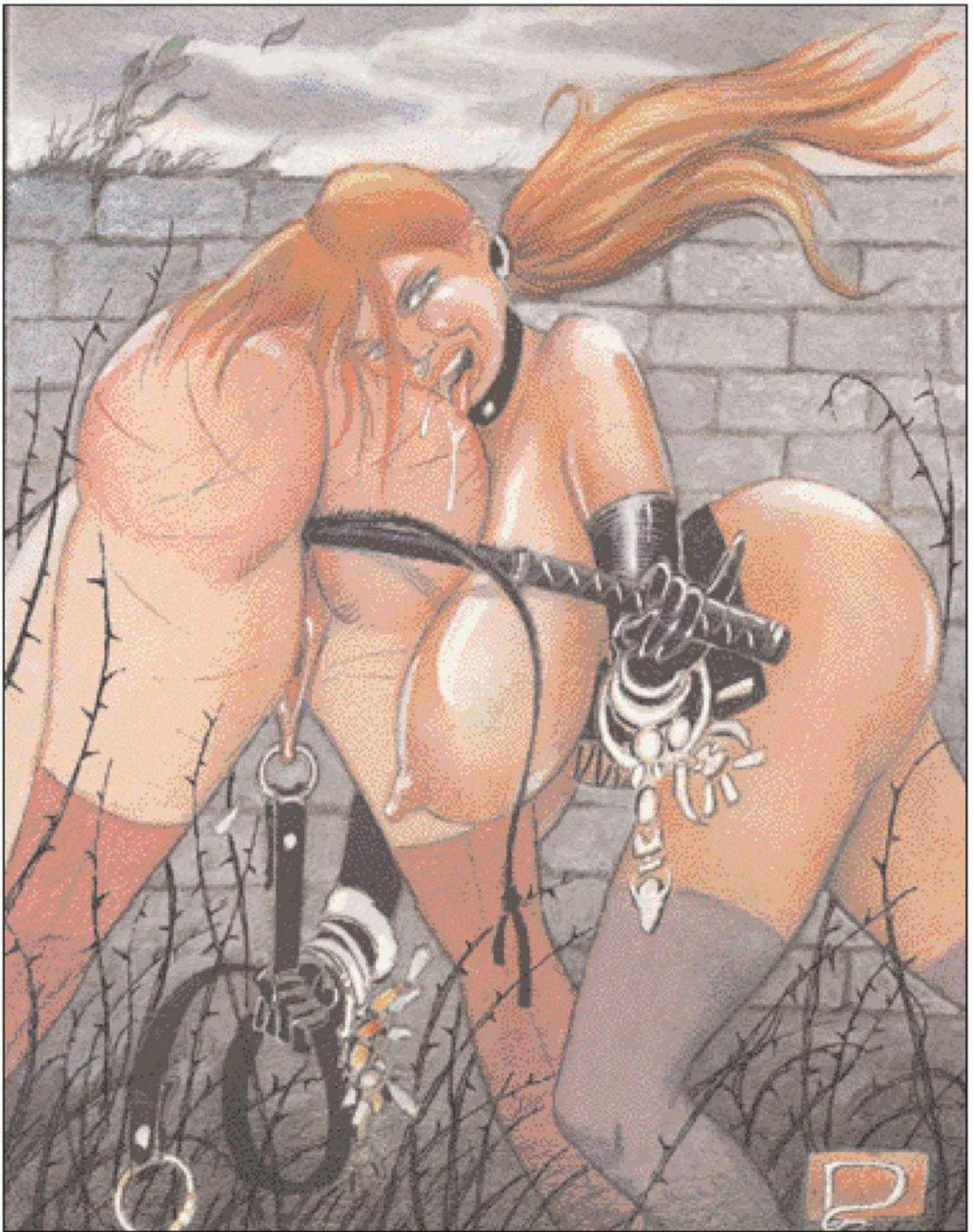












"I love Dementia's softcore stuff, but, if you're so inclined, his hard bondage books are unbelievably intense. His passion and perversion inspire me like great classical art, except he's better, he's stronger, he's A GOD."

—J.S.

by Eli Coppoli

Illustrated by Dementia

The Inquisition of Father Munoz

The screaming had stopped some time before, and now the corpse just hung loosely in its chains and burned. Flesh and fat and bone sizzled and popped in the fire. A smell, not unlike an uncured ham cooking, filled the air.

The crowd had stopped cheering and hooting when the corpse fell silent. Now, they just milled about. Some gossiping, some exchanging wares and a sea of brown wool and burlap. It was not always like this. He had read books of the Romans, of the Greeks. Before the church, there was civilization. But now...

A farmer carrying a broken plow blade on his way to the smithy bumped into him. Father Munoz was jostled from his thoughts. "Beggin' ya pardon, Father." The farmer grinned at him through broken yellow teeth.

"Of course, my son. Bless you." Father Munoz crossed himself and weaved his way through the crowded square toward the huge bronze doors of the convent. A rather somber looking Captain of the Guards stopped him halfway, and handed him the required execution of sentence proclamation. The Captain's chain mail tunic was looking rusty. Burning heretics always made him a little ill and he leaned against the great doors for a moment to ponder his place in the world. His head felt numb.

Inigo Montoya Munoz was born the second son of a rather minor lord in the kingdom of Castille. As the second son, he was sent to Rome to become a priest and to bring religious honor to his family. In Rome, he languished for several years. He wasn't a very good disciple. He cared not for the politics of the Vatican. As a result, he spent most of his time reading. It was in the massive libraries of the Cardinal College that Father Munoz found inspiration. He read Cicero and Caesar. He read the lost books of Aristotle and the poetry of Sappho. In these words, he found himself. Disgusted with his poor political aptitude, the bishop sent him to a tiny town in southern Spain called Alma. There he was to run the local convent and minister to the townspeople.

It was a good life. He really shouldn't complain. He just wished the bishop hadn't insisted on burning heretics on Sunday. It doubled his workload for that day.

Father Munoz, feeling better, made his way through the great doors and into the convent's small chapel. Several of the nuns were seated at the benches praying while novices scrubbed the red tile floors on their knees. Father Munoz opened the door to the confessional with a smile. He loved to hear confessions. Cleansing sin was the best thing about being a priest. He sat on

the small bench in the back of the confessional. In front of him, filling half the wall, was a gold screen through which the confessor would speak. Below the screen was a black velvet curtain that separated the bottom half of the booth. Father Munoz watched through the screen as one of the young novices entered the confessional. He could see it was Sister Helena. She was a pretty young woman. She was perhaps eighteen, with a strong healthy body from much hard work. A wisp of blonde hair peeked out from under her habit. And from the shine of her cheeks he could see she'd been crying.

"Bless me, Father, for I have sinned. It has been one week since my last confession." Helena's voice wavered.

"Proceed," said Father Munoz, loosening the rope that bound his robes.

"I have done a terrible thing, Father. I went with Mother Superior to the Castle of Lord Ortey. We always do, to collect alms for the poor. It was there, I committed a deadly sin." Munoz could see she was shaking. "Continue, my child."

"Mother Superior went in to have an audience with the Lord, and I was left to wait in a little side room. One of the guards, Thomas, waited with me. I liked him, Father. He made me laugh, and when he took down his pants, I didn't know what to do. He told me to put his staff in my mouth. And I did. I liked him, Father... I..." She was now weeping.

"It's all right, my child, please go on." Father Munoz could feel his own staff rising under his robe.

"So, after some time, a great quantity of fluid ushered forth, and I drank of him. I liked it, Father. Oh, how I liked it so... am I damned?" There was more sobbing.

Father Munoz reached through the curtain and took the tortured girl's hand. "No, my child. You are not damned. But this is a very serious sin. There is a special penitence for such sins. Will you do anything?"

The girl's face brightened, and she looked up at Father Munoz through the screen. "Oh, yes, Father. Anything. I'll do anything to be right with God."

Father Munoz instructed the girl to remove her habit and stand naked before him. She was well-nourished. Medium breasts with pale pink nipples gave way to a soft slender waist and large, well-formed hips and thighs. A patch of golden curls rose above her virgin sex. He told her to return to her knees and push her bare bottom through the velvet curtain. The creamy sweet curves of her ass were soft and perfect. He knelt behind her, removing his

robe. He caressed her ass, and slipping a finger into the infinitely tight wetness of her pussy, he heard her sigh. He removed his finger and tasted it. Sweet, like a ripe peach. He silently thanked himself for ordering that the nuns bathe daily. Unlike the stinking townspeople, he knew the value of Roman baths.

He touched her wet lips again, but then stopped himself. I must not have any pregnant nuns, he thought. From a small bag he kept on the belt of his robe, he took a small container of butter. He then spread the cheeks of the young nun, and began rubbing it on her asshole. She giggled and he scolded her, telling her to begin saying Hail Marys. Through the rhythmic chant of penance, Father Munoz stretched and buttered the young girl's butthole. It was pale pink like her nipples, with a light downy fuzz of gold just around the outside. Father Munoz applied more butter, inserting first two fingers, and then three. The young nun wiggled and pushed back at him trying to get his fingers in deeper. Her asshole was now gaping wide open. A wet pink cavern. It beckoned him.

Father Munoz smeared warm butter all over his huge cock. He was quite proud of his cock, which was at least ten inches long, and as thick as an hour's candle. He pressed the head of his dick against her buttered anus, and slipped in. Helena let out a little squeak, but kept saying her Hail Marys. Spreading her big soft cheeks as much as he could, Father Munoz pushed deeper. Finally the whole length of his gigantic cock was buried in her rectum. He began to pump. Slowly at first, but then faster and faster. Helena

was panting between verses of prayer. Hot butter oozed from her asshole as he fucked, and ran down her inner thighs. His balls tightened, and he knew it was time.

"Turn and receive your absolution, my child," whispered Father Munoz as he pulled his dick from the dripping, gaping poop pipe. She turned and put her head through the curtain. She opened her mouth, and looked up at him with joy. He watched cum squirt into her mouth, and then shoved his cock down her throat. As a flood of semen erupted from him, his body shook with the grace of relief. The young nun sucked him greedily, licking the butt-butter from his cock and balls when he was done.

She kissed the head of his cock, stroking his foreskin back and forth with her hand. "Am I forgiven, Father?" she asked, smiling at him innocently.

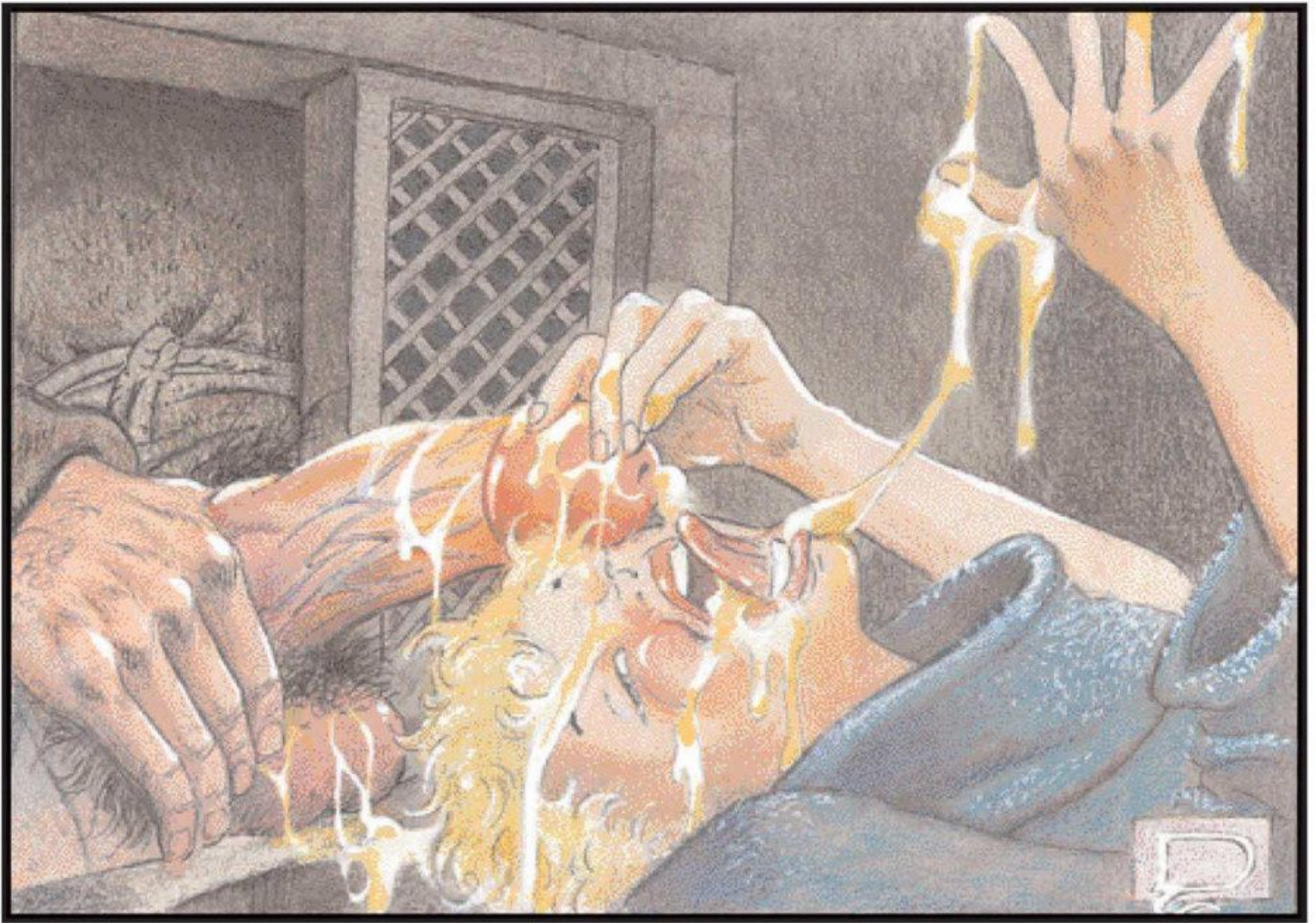
He touched her long golden hair. "Yes, my child. But to prevent such weakness of spirit in the future, you must seek education."

"Education, Father?"

"Yes, my child. You will come to my cell tonight after vespers. I will tutor you. Next time, you will put the Lord before the Dark One's temptations of the flesh."

Father Munoz spent the rest of the day with more conventional confessions. After a modest bowl of soup and bread in the rectory, he retired to his cell. It was a small room, not more than eight feet by ten. In one corner, he had a wool mattress and a small oil reading lamp. Beside the mattress was a small wooden bookshelf





that held the precious volumes he had hand-copied in the Vatican library. In another corner was a small chest bound with bronze and locked with an intricate iron lock he had bought from a Persian trader. Against the wall by the door was a large framed object but its contents were obscured by a veil of burlap.

Father Munoz had brought a bucket of warm water with him from the rectory. He removed his robe, sat on the chest, and with a rag, commenced to bathe. *After all*, he thought, *I am a civilized man.*

Just after he finished his bath, the priest heard a knock. He threw on a nightshirt, and opened the door. It was Sister Helena, but she was not alone. With her was Maria.

Maria was a statuesque Moorish woman of twenty. She had been orphaned in the ongoing war with Spain, and the nuns of Alma had raised her. Like every orphan girl brought to Alma, they had named her Maria. Because she was a Moor, the Bishop had not permitted her to become a nun, so she just worked as the convent's cook and maid to the Mother Superior.

Father Munoz welcomed the women into his room and bolted the door. Helena giggled, and threw herself on the mattress. "Maria is a sinner, too! She sins with me all the time, and she seeks your council, Father."

Maria touched his cheek, and dropped her grey linen robe to the floor. Munoz's jaw dropped. She was dark as midnight. Her face looked sculpted from black marble. Dark eyes and beautiful thick lips graced her profile. Her breasts were small and slightly upturned. As she bent to fold her robe, he saw the most elegantly shaped ass he

had ever seen. It was large and round and firm. She went to him, kissing him deeply.

"I am eager to learn from you, Father," said Maria. "Helena has told me you are skilled in the art of penitence."

Father Munoz reached down to cup the perfect globes of her ass.

"True absolution is complicated, Maria. Are you certain you are prepared to surrender yourself to knowledge?"

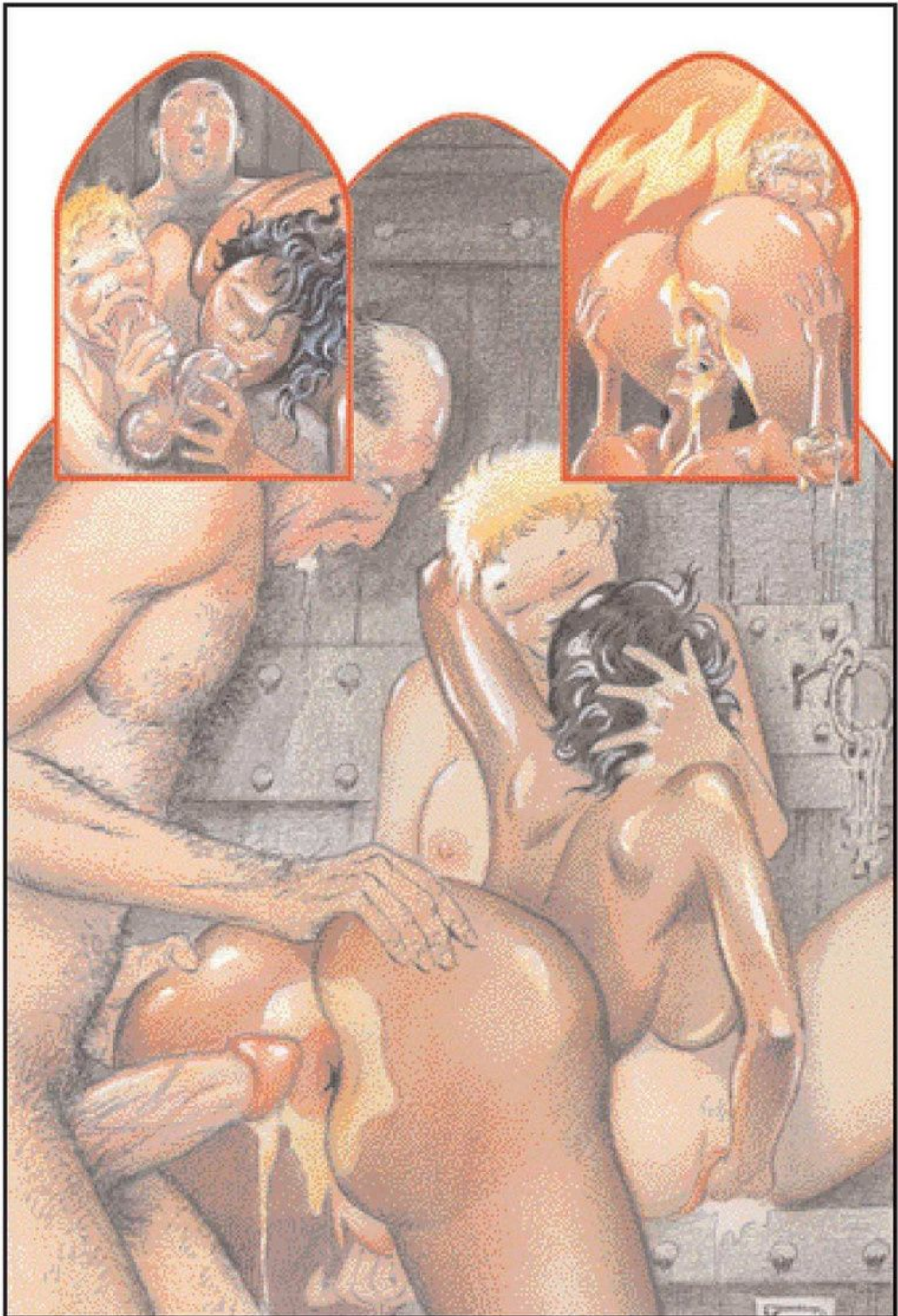
"I already have, Father." She laughed and jumped on Helena, pulling off Helena's robe. The girls began to kiss and caress each other. Father Munoz went to the covered frame by the door, and removed the burlap, revealing a large mirror. Then he went to the chest, and opened the lock with a key from a chain at his neck.

The girls were licking each other, fingers deep in glistening wet pussies. Maria saw her reflection in the mirror as she lapped at Helena's clit and squealed with enthusiasm. Helena pulled her fingers from her friend's cunt and sucked on them.

"I told you she was a sinner, Father." She giggled.

Father Munoz stood in front of them. His erect cock was so hard, he thought he could feel the blood rushing through it. In his hands, he held a large pot of butter and an elaborately carved ivory phallus. The phallus was so intricately carved that even the veins were visible. It was attached to a leather harness with small silk ropes.

Helena reached up, caressing the ivory phallus with one



hand, and Munoz's giant cock with her other.

"Put it on." He handed her the harness. While Helena adjusted the harness, Maria began to suck on Father Munoz's foreskin. She pulled it out from the head of his cock with her lips, and wiggled her tongue underneath. Then, without warning, she swallowed him all the way down. His balls bounced against her chin and he felt his dick scraping the depths of her throat. The contrast between the paleness of his dick and the darkness of her lips overwhelmed him.

The priest parted the dark cheeks of her ass, and began to lick her anus as she sucked him. She was clean and sweet, and her asshole tasted like vanilla and musk. He stretched her open between licks, revealing the pinkness of her rectum.

Father Munoz felt a hand on his ass. Helena had begun to apply butter to his anus. He squirmed, feeling the slippery pressure of her fingers up his butt.

"I'm going to fuck you, Father," Helena whispered. "I'm going to fuck you, just like you fucked me."

Maria was sucking harder now, and she flexed her buttocks, squeezing his tongue as he rimmed her. He could barely stand the ecstasy. He thought of his beloved Romans and their orgies. Helena began pushing the big ivory phallus into his asshole. It burned at first, but then his anus relaxed and he pushed back to meet her thrusts. Maria pulled his cheeks apart, aiding the penetration, his cock still buried in her throat. Father Munoz turned his head, and watched in the mirror while Helena butt-fucked him. Her big ass bounced each time she thrust, and she played with her nipples as she stuffed his rectum. Below he could see Maria, in all her Nubian perfection, still inhaling his gargantuan rod. His ass felt so full.

At last Helena began to tire, so she pulled the ivory phallus from his asshole with a wet pop. Maria stopped sucking, and pulled Helena to her.

"Let me suck it. I want to taste the depths of his ass." And she did, licking and sucking the phallus, till it was so clean it glowed in the light. Then Helena, feeling left out, licked and sucked the melted butter from his gasping buttocks.

Exhausted from all her exertion, Helena lay back on the mattress, the gleaming phallus projecting from her naked pelvis. Maria squatted above her and slowly lowered herself onto the ivory cock. She spread her dark labia, easing the sculpture into the depths of her wet pussy. As she rode up and down, she grunted with pleasure and bent to kiss Helena. The blonde girl responded with desperate intensity, sucking Maria's tongue and biting her lips.

Father Munoz knelt and pushed his cock between them. Kissing gave way to sucking; his balls in Helena's mouth, and his dick deep in Maria's throat.

Maria paused for a moment, reaching for the butter. She took a huge dollop and reached behind her. Munoz could see her working the butter up her ass in the mirror. First one finger, then two, then four. And still she sucked his cock, slurping and swallowing.

Helena had moved from his balls back to his buttocks. She had her tongue at least two inches deep and was wiggling it vigorously. Now, Maria had her entire hand up her asshole. He could see her well-greased anus stretching around her wrist.

"Mmm... I'm ready for you Father. Will you bless my ass now?" She kissed him, pulling her dripping hand from her shit chute. She sucked the butt-butter off one of her fingers, and offered one to him.

"Do you like the taste of my asshole, Father?"

He licked and sucked the finger in response. Musky and sweet. He moved behind her, stretching her cheeks. Her hole gaped wide; a slippery midnight-black ring that opened into a cavern of pink. He saw Helena was licking the rest of the ass-slime from Maria's hand. He pushed in effortlessly.

"Bless you, my child."

The warm wetness of Maria's butt enveloped him, and suddenly she squeezed, gripping him like a fist. Maria had miraculous control over the muscles in her asshole and as he fucked her, she milked his cock. They fucked for hours, always switching positions with him deep in Maria's ass, and Helena fucking her pussy.

Several times, Father Munoz switched to fuck Helena's ass, or pulled out to have one of the girls suck the butt juices off his dick. Finally, he came deep in Maria's slimy rectum. He collapsed in rapture. His last vision as he drifted off to sleep was Maria squatting over Helena's open mouth, her ass spread wide. She was squeezing his cum out of her buttocks and onto the blonde nun's waiting tongue.

Father Munoz woke to the thunder of boots on stairs. He discovered himself in a tangle of blankets and limbs. The girls were stirring, entwined next to him. The boots stopped in front of the door to his cell.

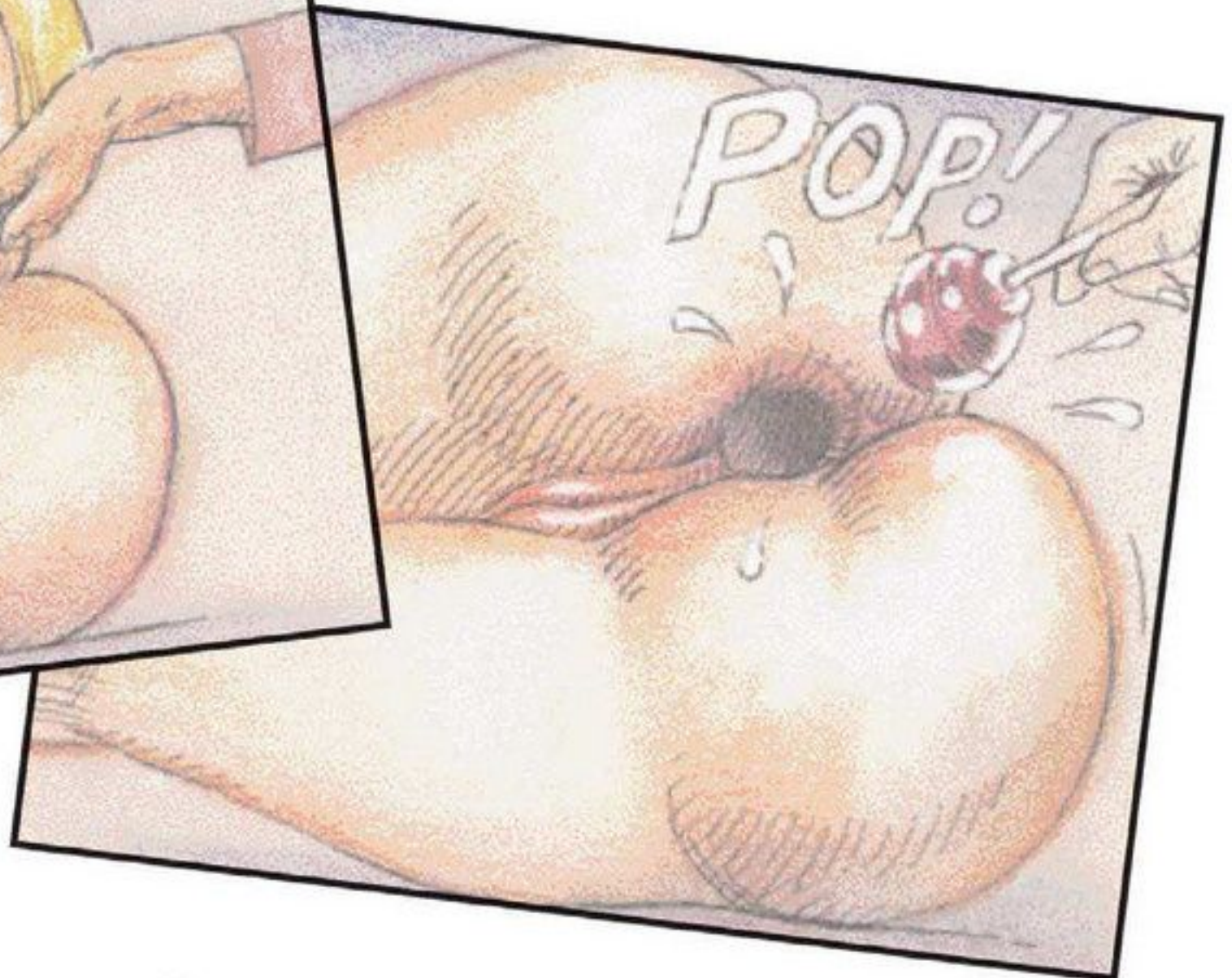
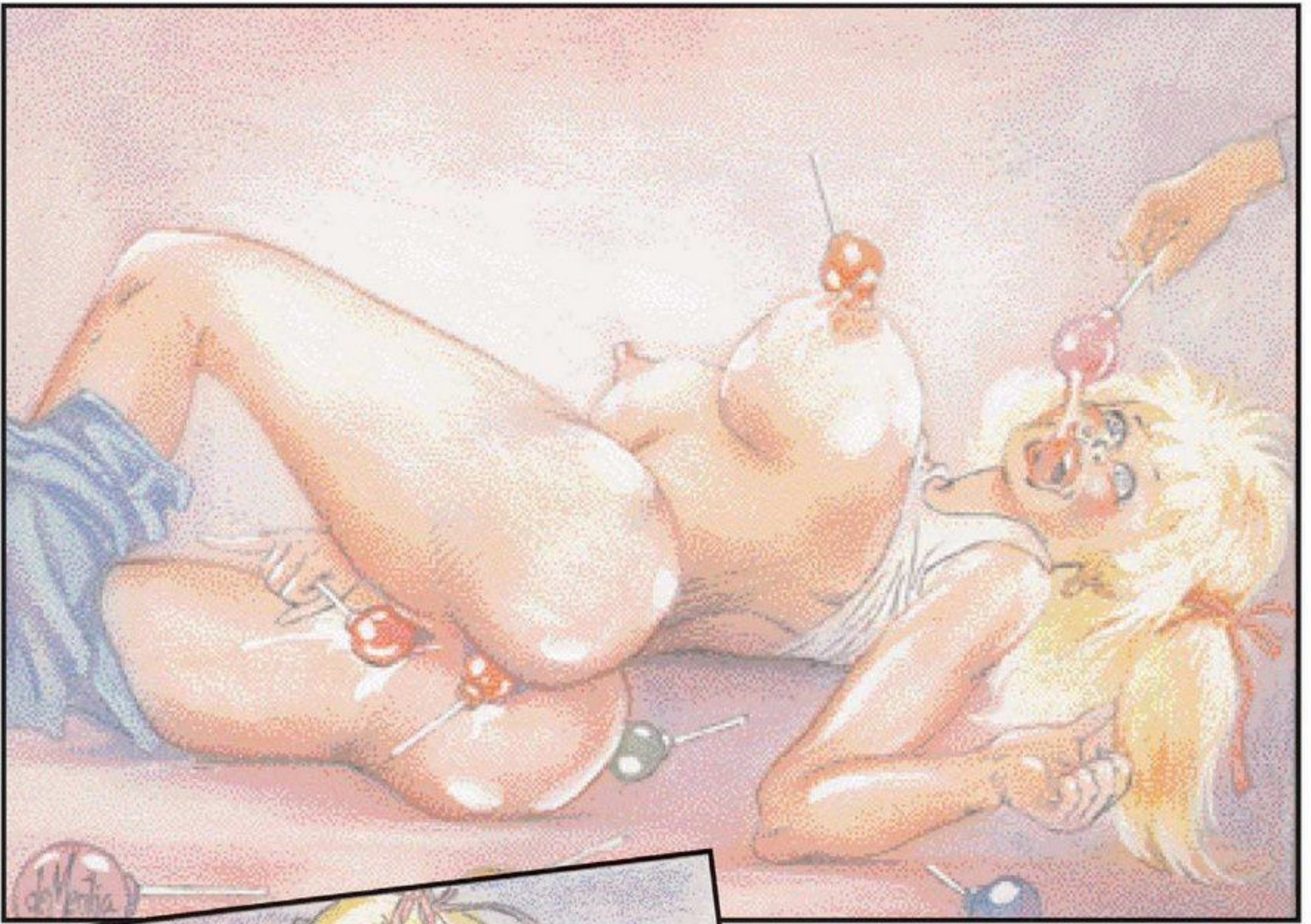
"Inigo Montoya Munoz! Open this door in the name of His Holiness!"

Heavy pounding on the door, followed by a muffled order to break it down. The girls were screaming, pushing as far back into corner as possible. They held each other tightly, as if they might find some escape in each other.

Father Munoz stood up, naked and shaking. He held one of his precious books to his heart. And as the first splinters of door hit the floor, he thought of his precious golden age. He thought of baths and forums. He thought of great libraries and straight roads and what it meant to be a Citizen.

But as the door cracked and split, finally giving way, all he could think of was fire.







A Very Special Letter

I was visiting my sister while she was attending a really small college in this really small town. I was hanging out at the private tennis courts near her apartment building when I happened upon these two freshmen girls trying to get a game going. They weren't doing very well at tennis, as they were wearing these really tight, restrictive-looking jeans. I went over to the girls and suggested that maybe we should all get out of the hot sun for a cold drink. They agreed. When I inquired why they were trying to play tennis in tight blue jeans instead of something more comfortable like tennis whites, they looked at each other sort of sheepishly. They then explained to me that they had been pledging to enter a stuffy sorority and that shorts and skirts were not 'allowed' for the entire term. I thought maybe that was pretty strict but I was not prepared for they told me next.

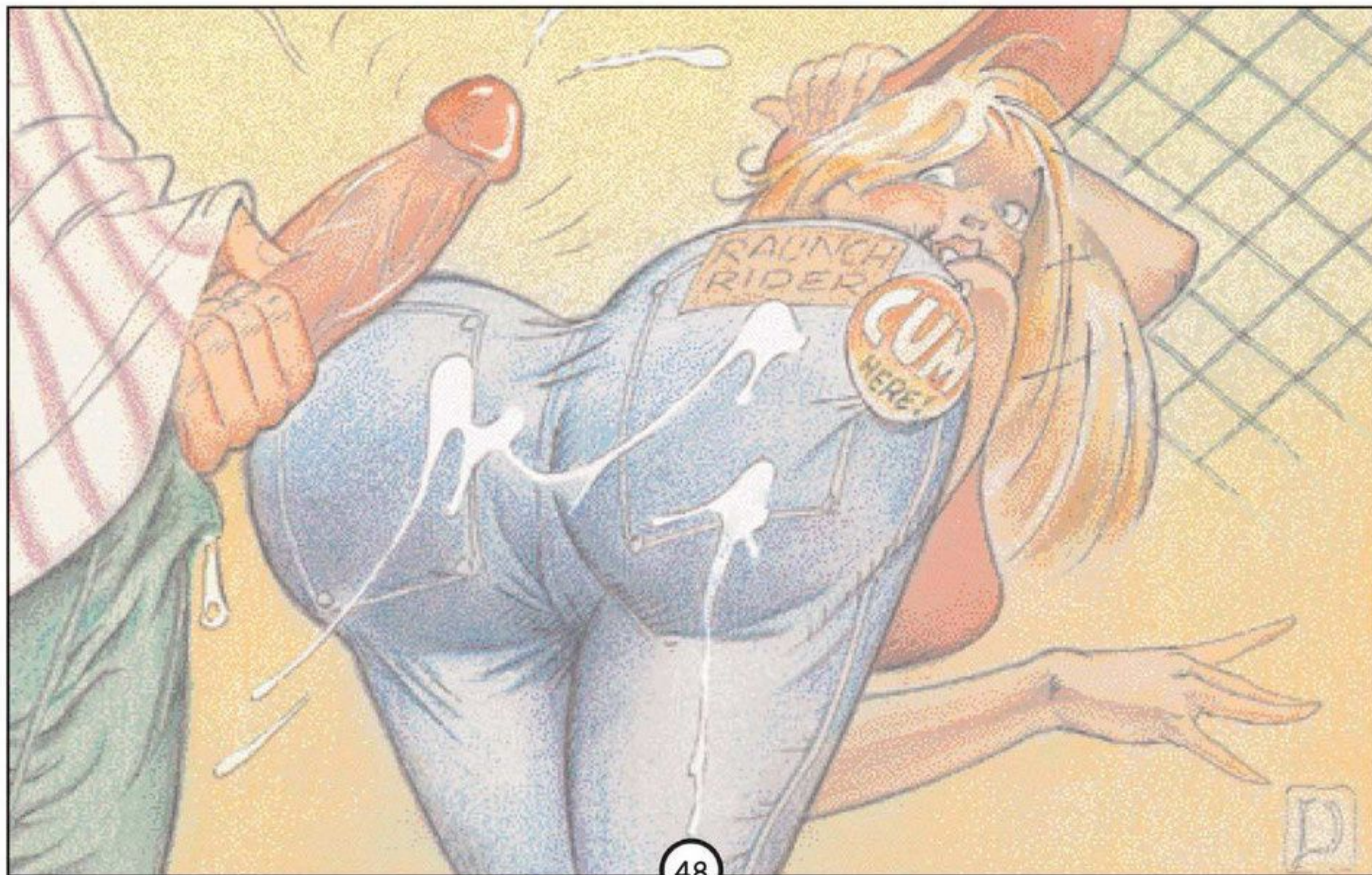
They quietly explained that each girl who wanted to join the sorority first had to go around and col-

lect one cum shot from each member of the varsity football team on the seat of her blue jeans. The girl had to be wearing the jeans while this collection process was taking place.

The French, God bless 'em, call this an act of *frotage*, which simply means that the lucky guy got to rub himself on the girl's body or jack himself off any way he wanted, just as long as he came all over her fabric-covered ass. She had to keep her jeans on the entire time to prevent accidents, sort of as a modern chastity device. This was cruel in a way, and also very kinky. Sheer frustration.

The varsity guys were as well-behaved as they could be about doing this to these girls, and for the most part, they took the whole thing in good stride. In fact, they had been coached through the procedure by other guys during the previous semester. They knew what to expect and generally they were looking forward to putting these new

freshman girls through their paces. The active sisters kept a close eye on the proceedings, just to make sure things didn't get out of hand with all of the sperm flying towards the younger girls. There were twenty guys on the varsity squad. Each girl had to go up to each player ask him sweetly to shoot his load on her ass cheeks (if she was flip-pant or rude with her request, she would be reported to her pledge sisters, and when she returned to her house, the other girls would be waiting for her with the ceremonial hickory spanking paddle). The girl and the jock would find a quiet spot in the frat house where he was permitted to feel her up any way he wanted, but just through her street clothes only. No touching of flesh allowed. If he could not conduct himself like a gentleman, the deal was off, and the word would go out that he wasn't allowed to help indoctrinate any more girls into the sisterhood. At first, the freshman girls were terrified of the whole setup. They were convinced that they



would be getting into a situation that they couldn't handle. That was the whole idea – to make the freshman girls so scared they'd practically pee their pants – only for the newly-initiated to discover later on that the whole thing was really just a harmless prank.

The pledging girls had one month to obtain the necessary spunk on the seat of her jeans. With twenty guys being on the varsity squad, each girl would have to ask a different boy every day of the week to give her his cum. Weekends were off-limits in the event that someone's parents might be visiting. By the end of the thirty days, there had better be twenty dried cum stains on the back of her jeans or else – you guessed it – the paddle again.

Most of the freshman girls wore old, tattered jeans for the occasion but one feminist-type, apparently not too keen on the idea of having twenty horny guys dump their disgusting boy cum on her denim-clad posterior, decided she was gonna have a little fun with the varsity squad. She took the bus downtown and picked herself up a brand new pair of classic Levis and starched those pants so stiff that they practically stood up by themselves. Then, she just 'forgot' to launder them first.

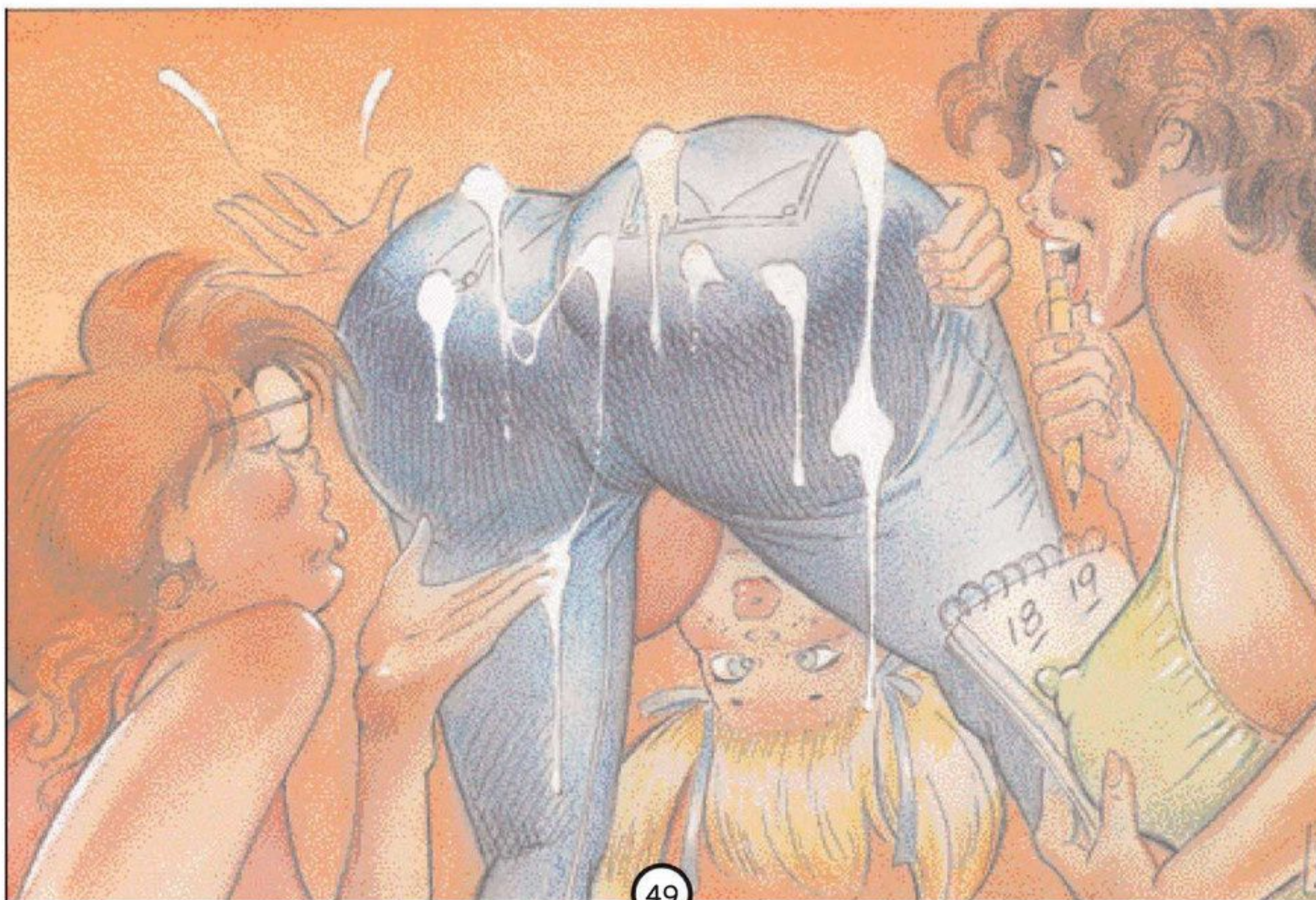
I really felt sorry for those poor bastards! Rubbing up against her hot little butt in those stiff, starched jeans must have hurt like hell. It must have been like trying to bring yourself to orgasm on a Brillo pad! This sounds like a touch of S/M to me, which the whole fraternity/sorority concept is full of, in my opinion.

At the end of the experience, there was a private ceremony where each pledge got to parade before her active sisters wearing nothing but her skintight jeans that were liberally peppered with newly-acquired cum stains all over her butt and thighs. The cum-coated jeans were worn proudly by these slutty new girls like medals of honor. A new girl would strut in front of the older girls to the accompaniment of the shouts and cheers of her sisters. Then, each girl would stand on a chair to have each of her cum-stains counted by the leaders of the sorority, and woe betide any girl who came up short of her twenty spermy medallions. The paddle was always looming nearby as a constant reminder of who was in charge but it would not be brought into service most nights. Usually, every freshman who pledged the sorority passed the exam with flying colors. Even the 'Sadistic Sadie,' resplendent in her stiff, starched Levis, made it past this test with little problem.

The fun was not yet over! The Home 'Cumming' parade was in two weeks. The freshman girls were required to attend the parade, and I'm sure that you can guess what happened next. Each pledge had to wear her cum-soaked jeans in public. Talk about making a fashion statement! One can just imagine the strange looks they got from some of the visitors gathered around them. But the blue jean sex was fun; there was no harm done, nobody got hurt and it taught each girl a valuable lesson in humility and servitude, which would no doubt enter into play later on in their lives. Most of those sorority girls married guys who would later become rich doctors or lawyers, and as wives of professional men, they would always have to dress and act very conservatively. The sorority sisters knew this, so the little stunt they pulled was one way to let their hair down, enjoy their school days and just try to live life to its fullest.

Later!

H.E.
Manteno, IL





"It ended more or less about six years ago. I just had it up to my ears in people. That was when Buffy happened. I wanted to do something else that they would never let me do, and they had all these fucking restrictions. 'Ohhhh, we can't let that out!' And then there was this guy at Marvel whose single job was reducing all the tits on all my chicks. He'd sit there all day with White Out. That was about '94."



Art Wetherell

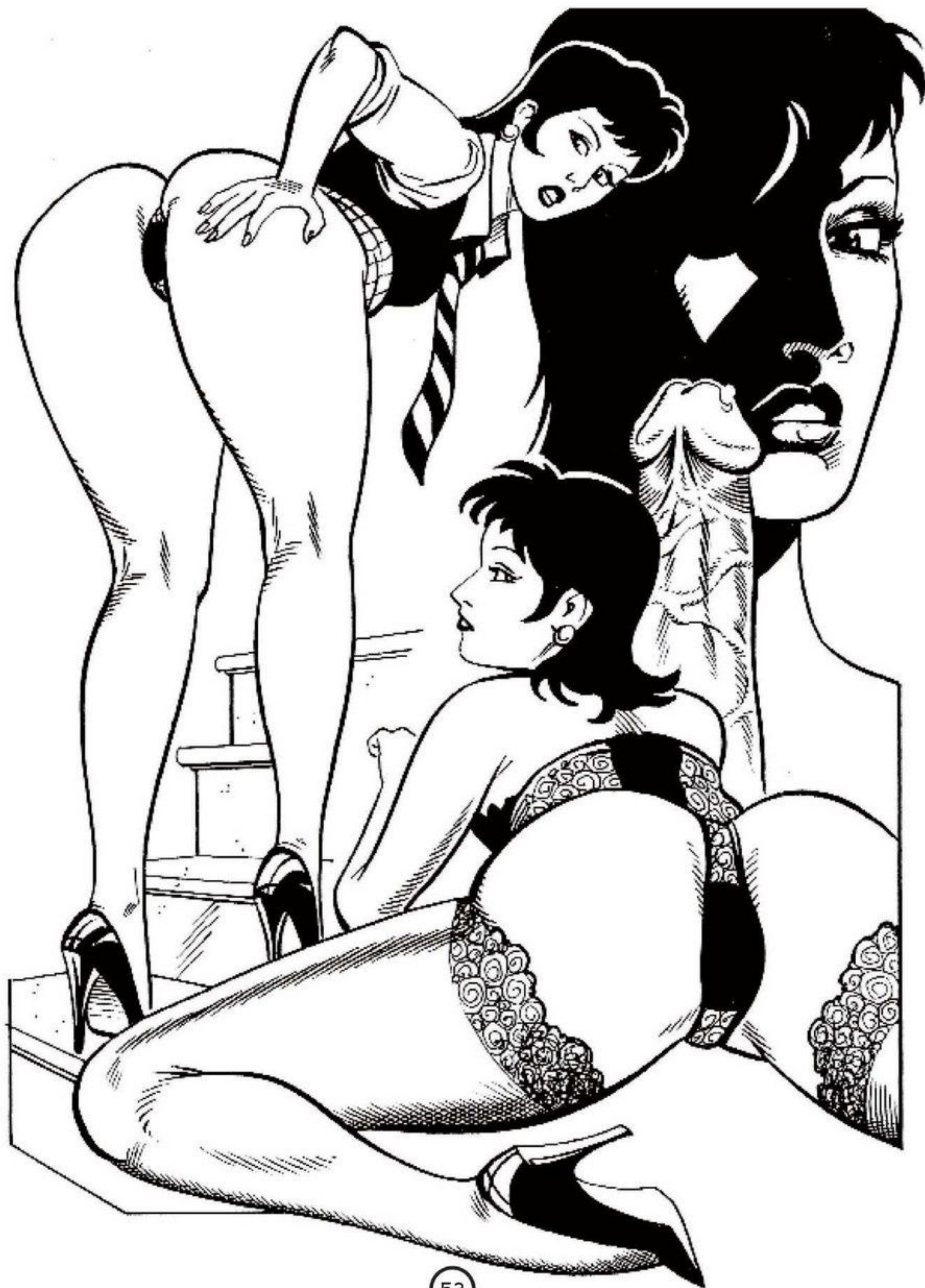
"Mr. Wetherell has this incredible conception of what the most awesome tits, hips, legs and ass would look like. He bangs out drawing after drawing that always capture great erotic angles of voluptuous women."

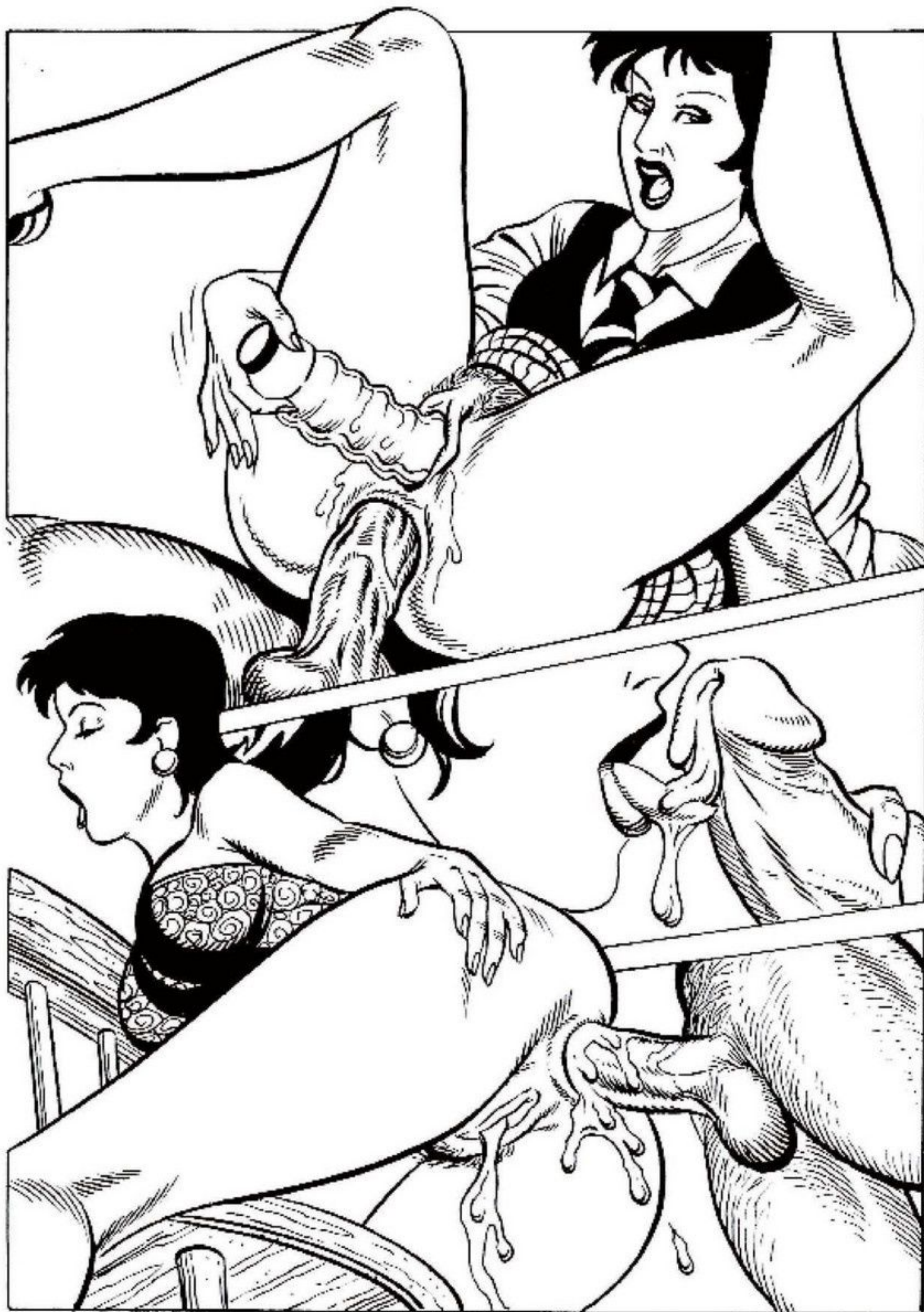
— J.S.



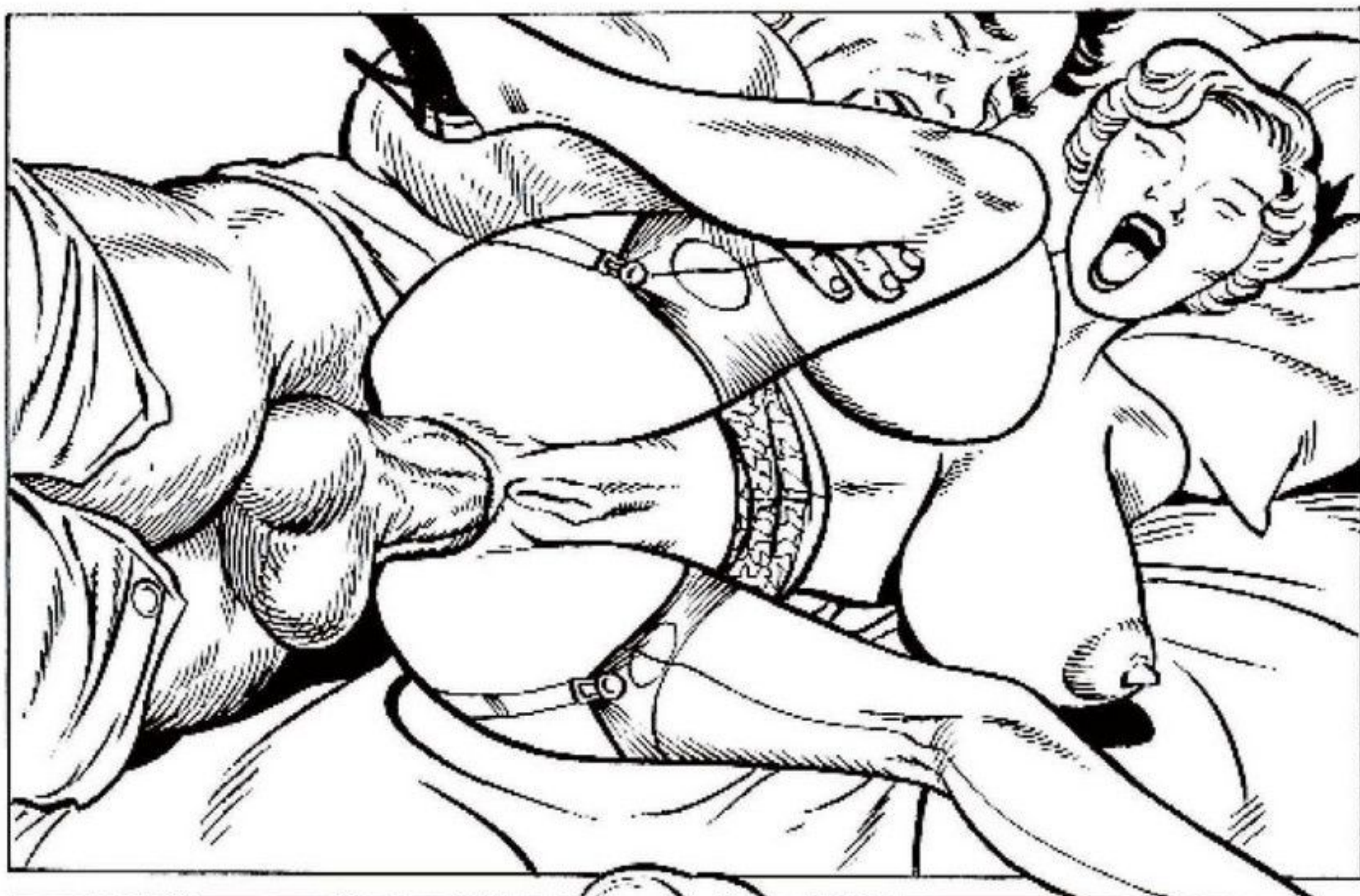


These pieces are excerpted from Art Wetherell's "Treasure Chests #1," "Sizzlin' Sisters #3" and "Sizzlin' Sisters #5." You can purchase these and other Art Wetherell titles at www.eroscomix.com









"KRISTA."





MARTIN FIGURED HE WAS LUCKY ...

... NOT ONLY
WAS HE BUTT-
-FUCKING A
40 YEAR OLD
SCHOOL-MISTRESS ...

OOOH!
PUMP MY BIG
BOTTOM FULL
OF SPUNK!

AAH! YEAH!
I'M GONNA
CUMMM!

... HE WAS ALSO
DELIVERING MORE
OF THE SAME TO
ONE OF HER FEMALE
STUDENTS ...

AND SHE LOVED
IT IN HER BUTT AS
MUCH AS HER
TEACHER!



UNTIL ONE DAY THE
GIRLS GOT TO TALKING...

HEY! I KNOW A GUY
CALLED MARTIN WHO
LOVES TO BUTT-FUCK
TOO...

AND I KNOW
THAT TASTE --
IT'S HIM
ALRIGHT!

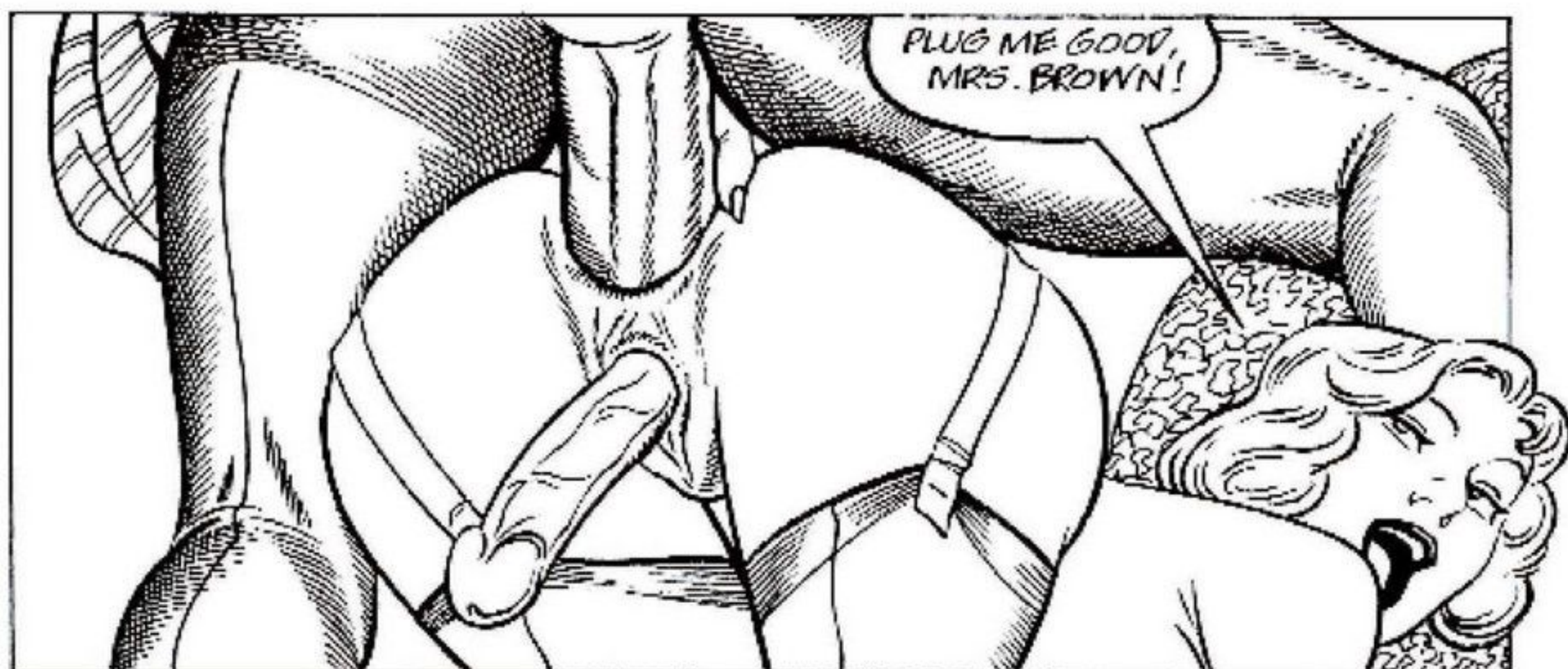
AND SO...



JUST LET ME STRAP-UP
GIRL -- I'LL GIVE IT TO
YOU BETTER THAN HE
CAN!

GOOD! HE'S DUE
TO CALL ON ME
SOON ...

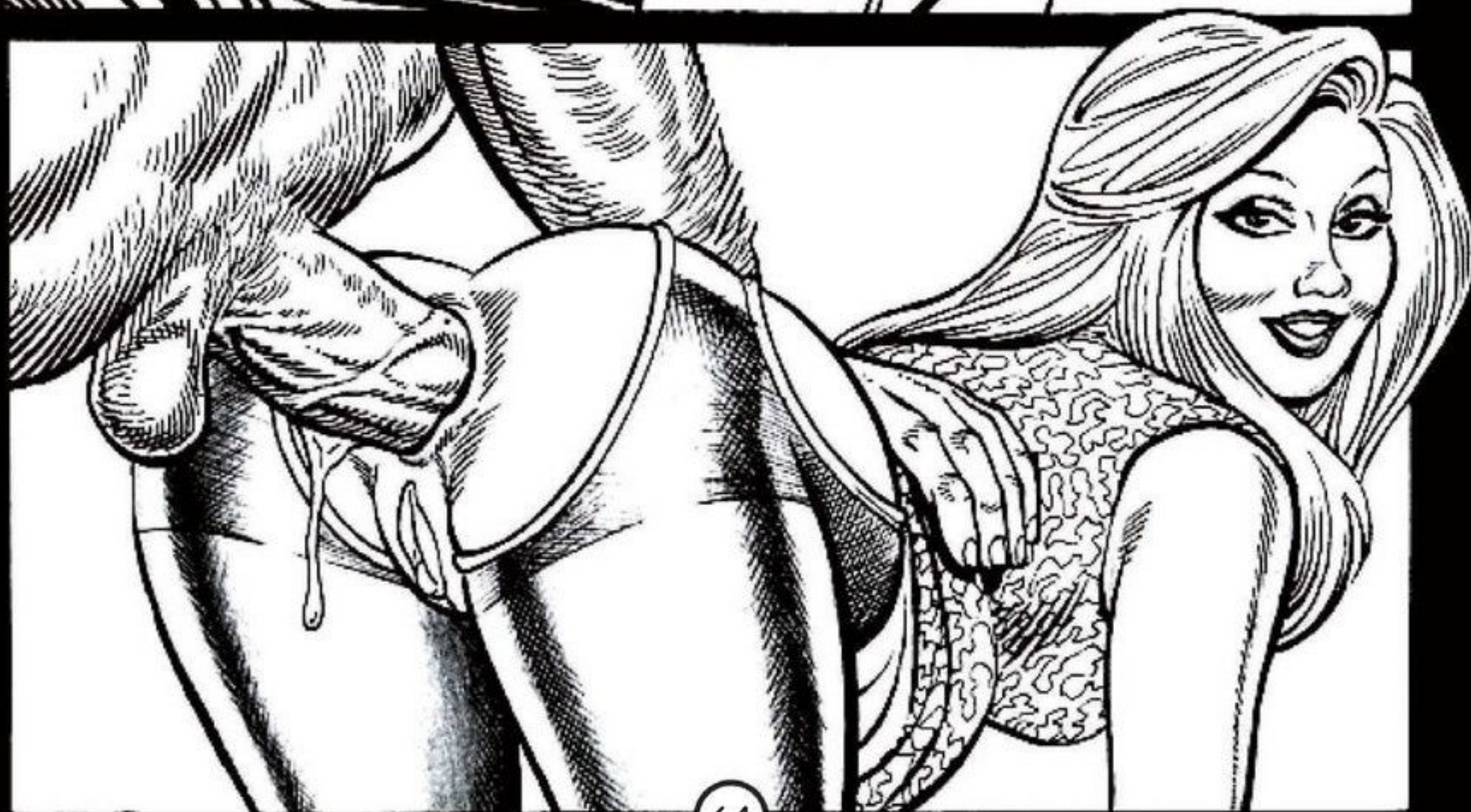
... WE'LL SHOW
HIM WE DON'T
NEED HIM ...





To buy Art Wetherell's comics, visit www.eroscomix.com.





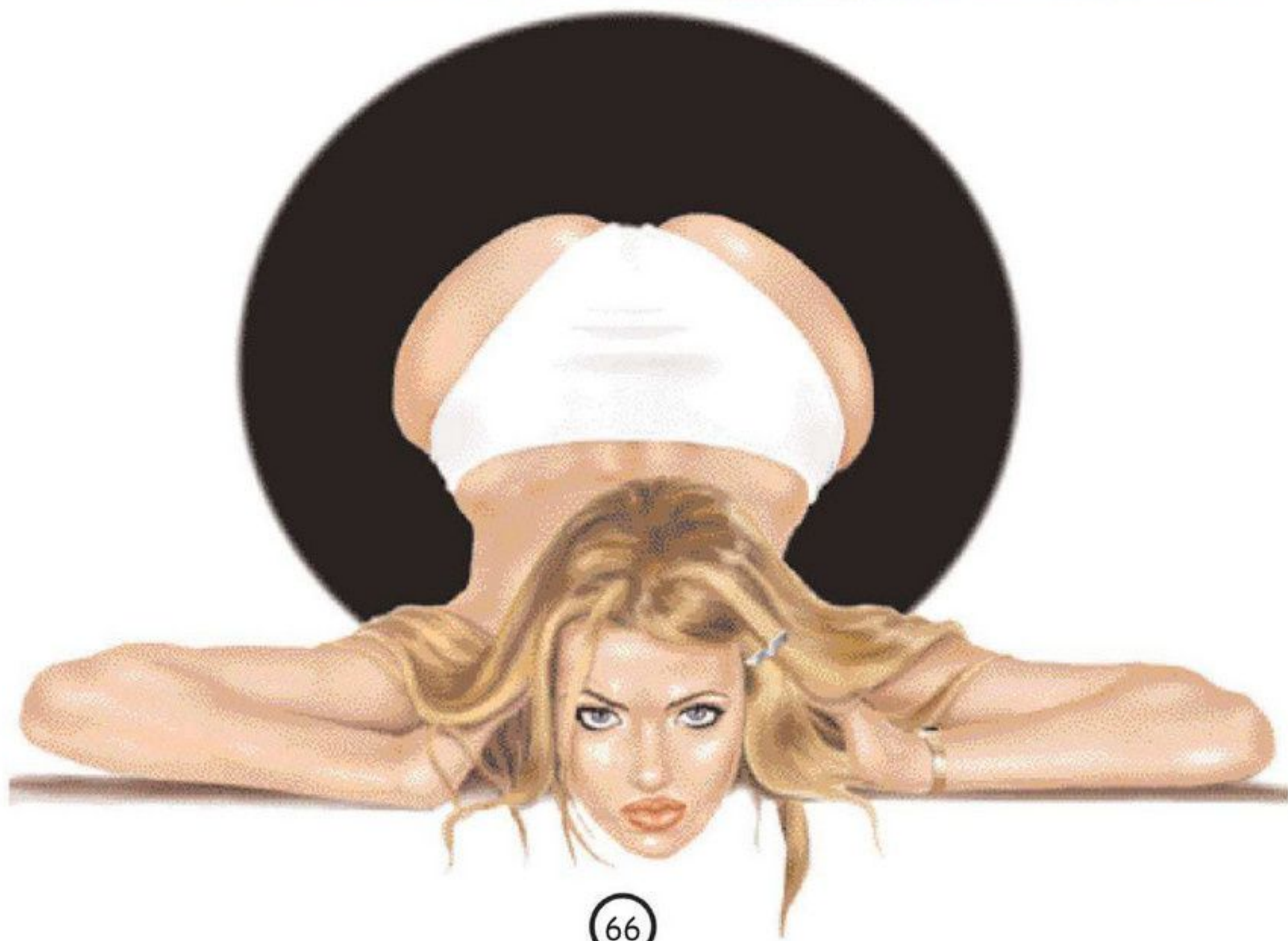


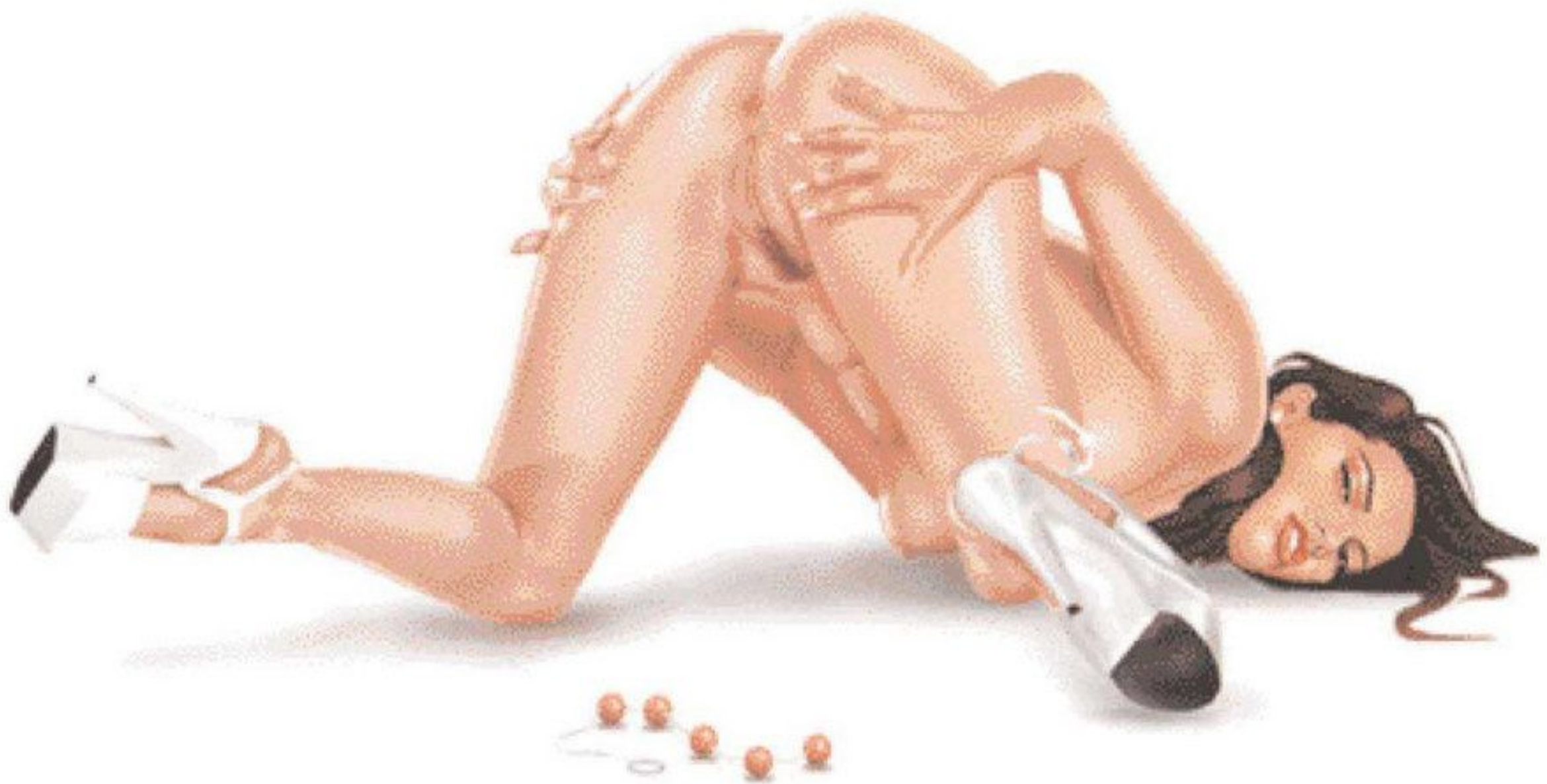
Garv

"Garv draws exquisitely beautiful, realistic looking girls in the tradition of "Vargas" who drew for **Playboy** magazine when I was a kid, except Garv really knows what a great ass shown from a great angle should look like. We thank you very much Mr. Garv!"

—J.S.











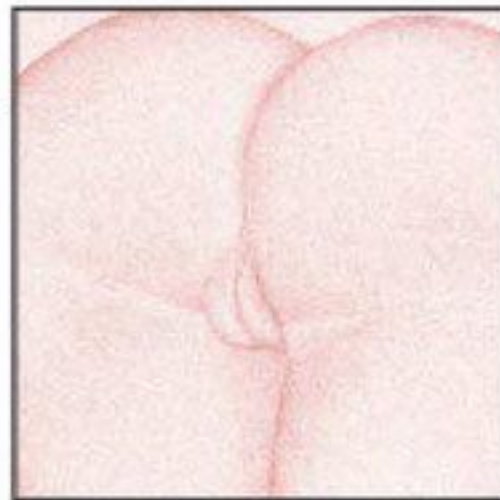








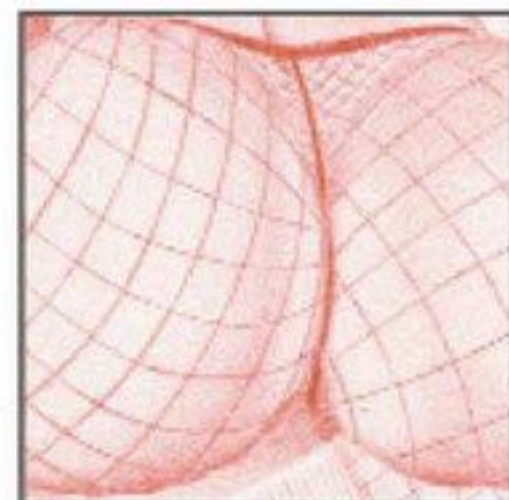




Rudy

"No one else captures just exactly the type of women and ass that drives me crazy! Ah, it's so rare when Mother Nature achieves such perfection with such size!"

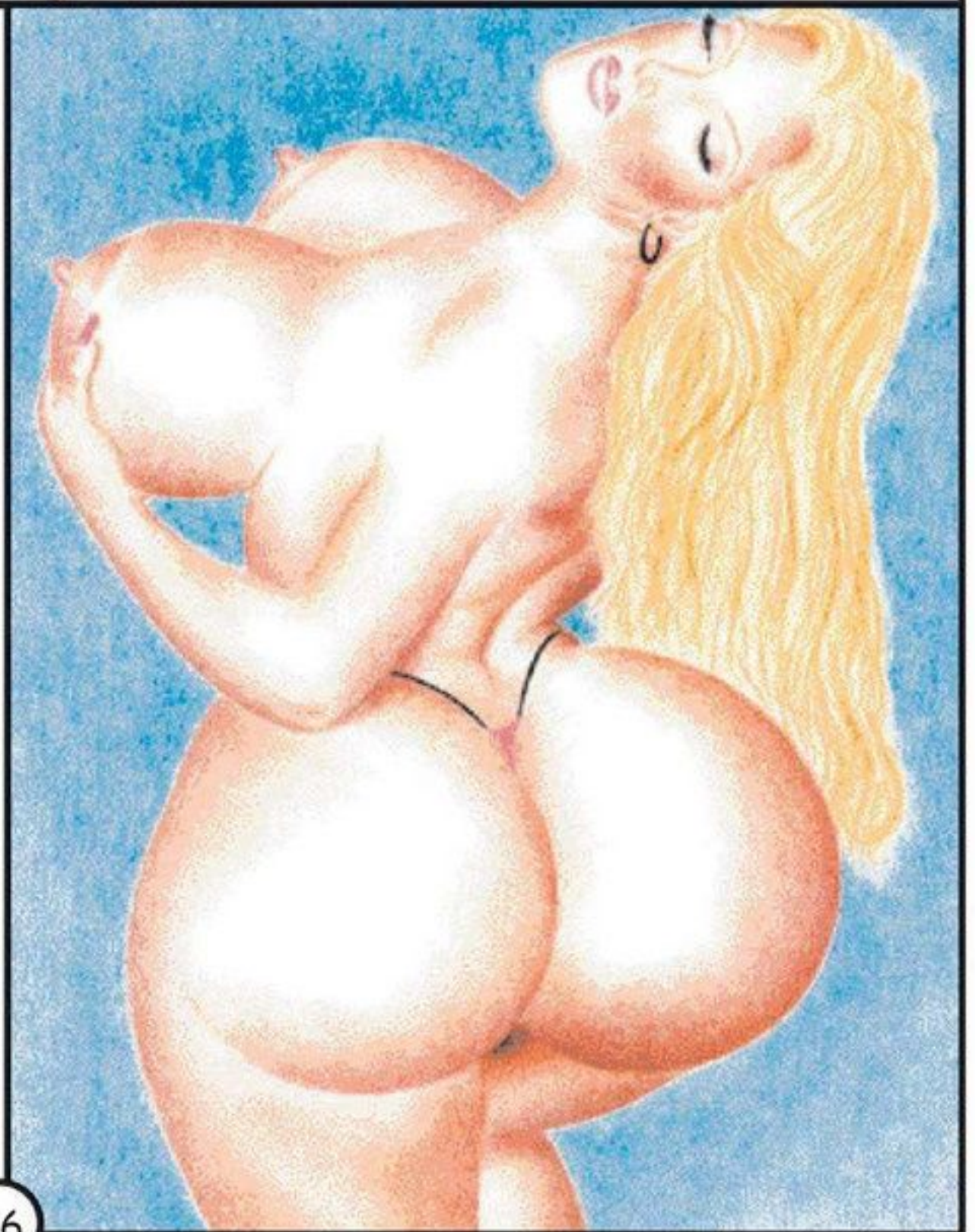
— J.S.

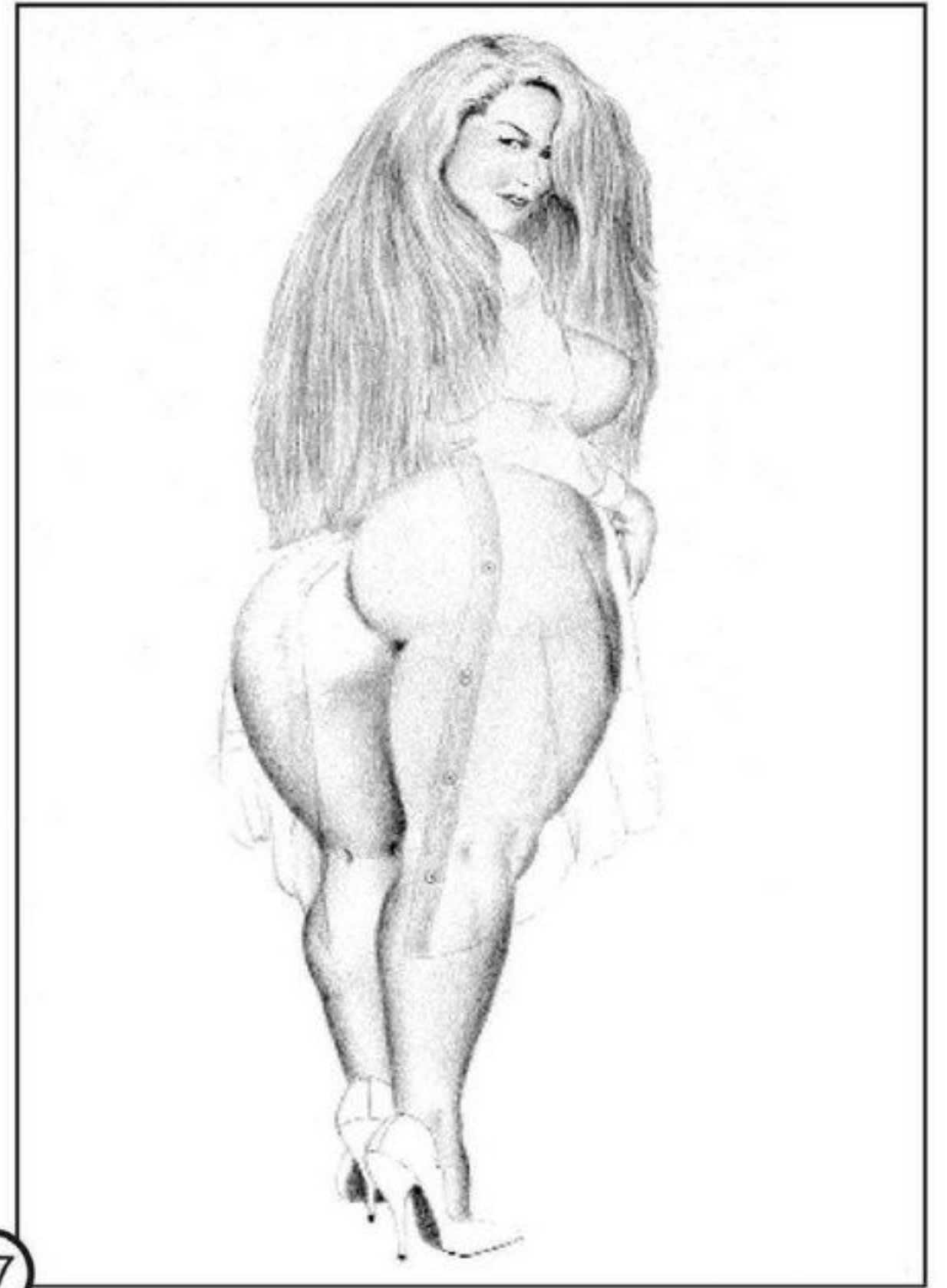
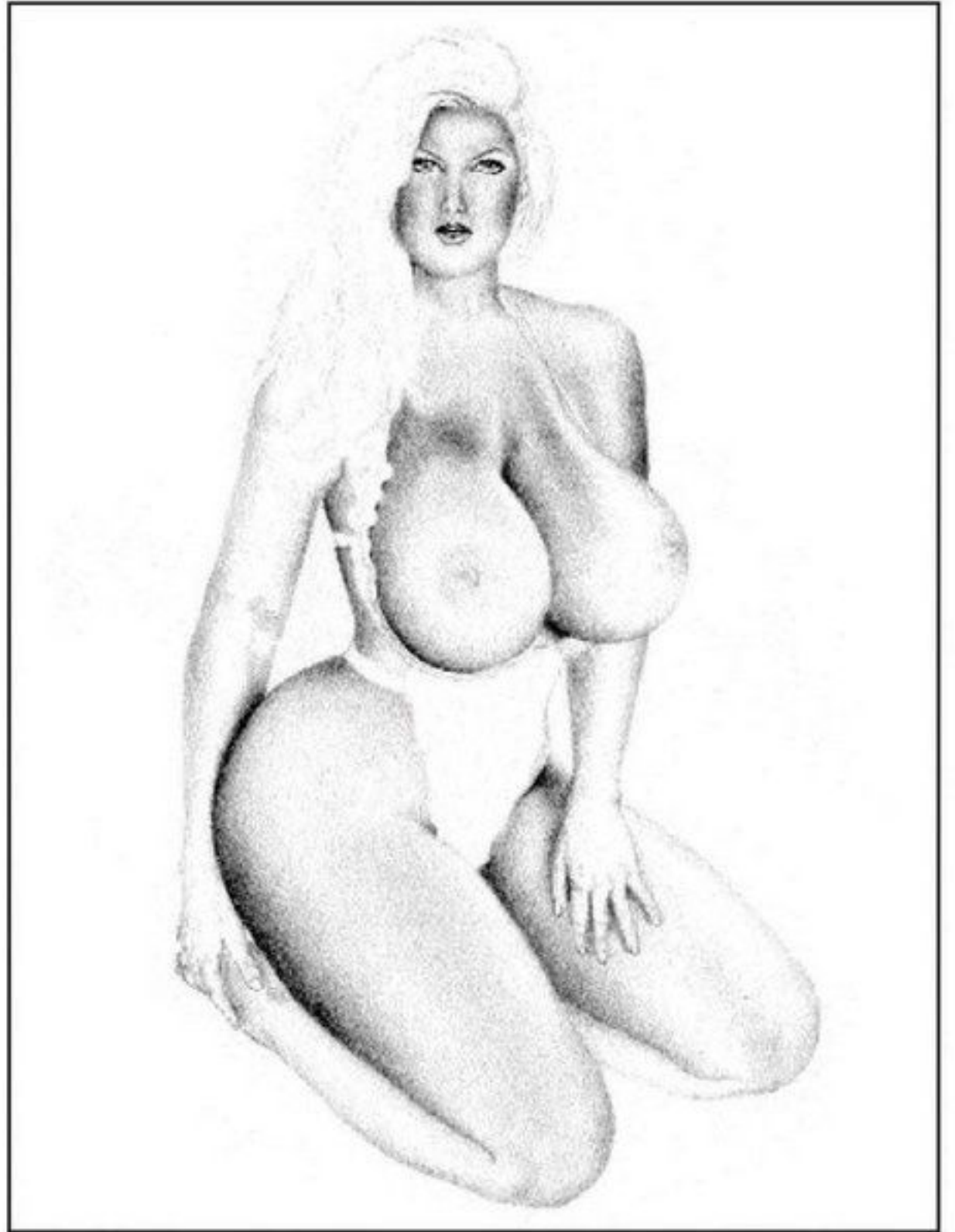


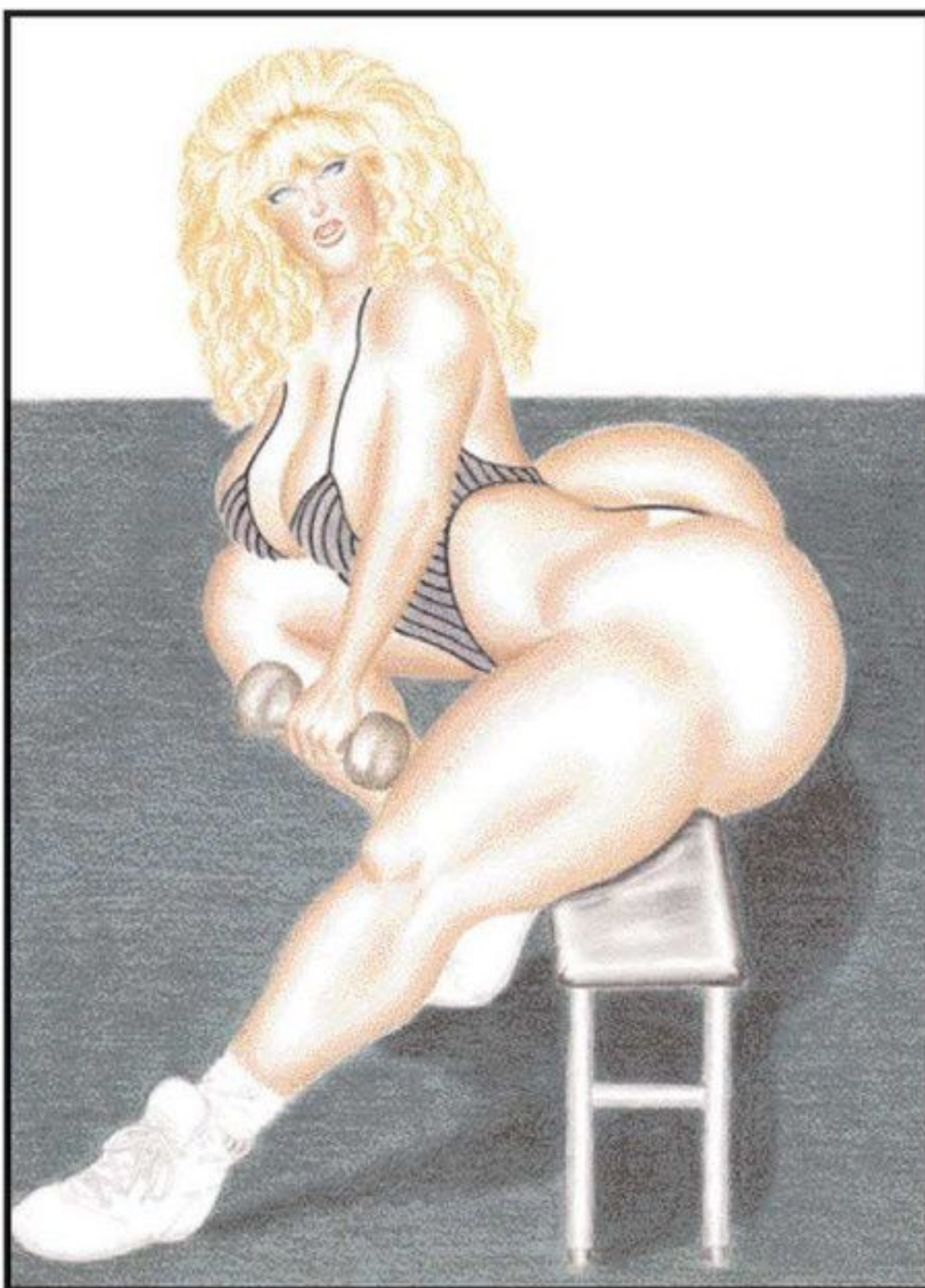
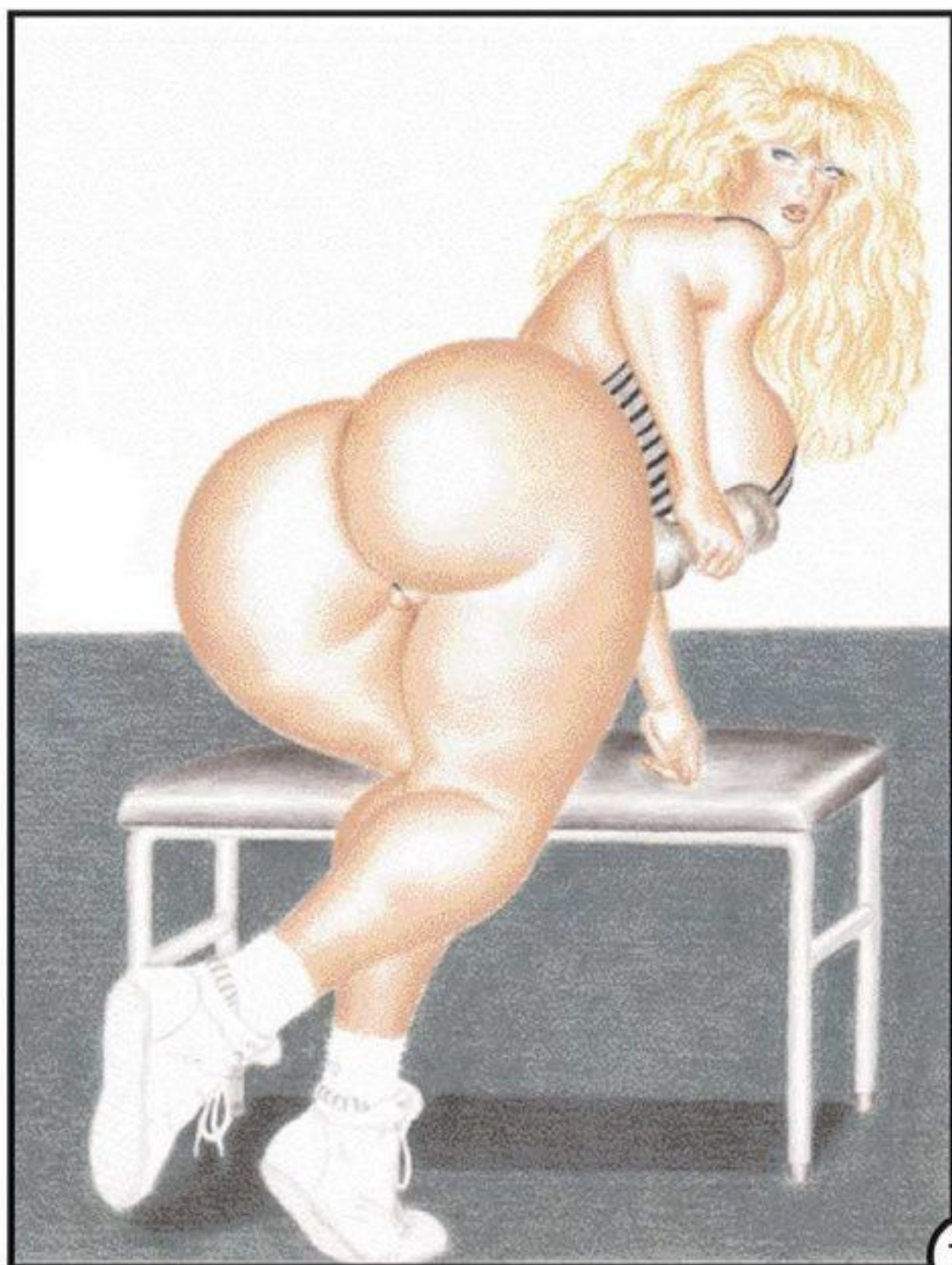
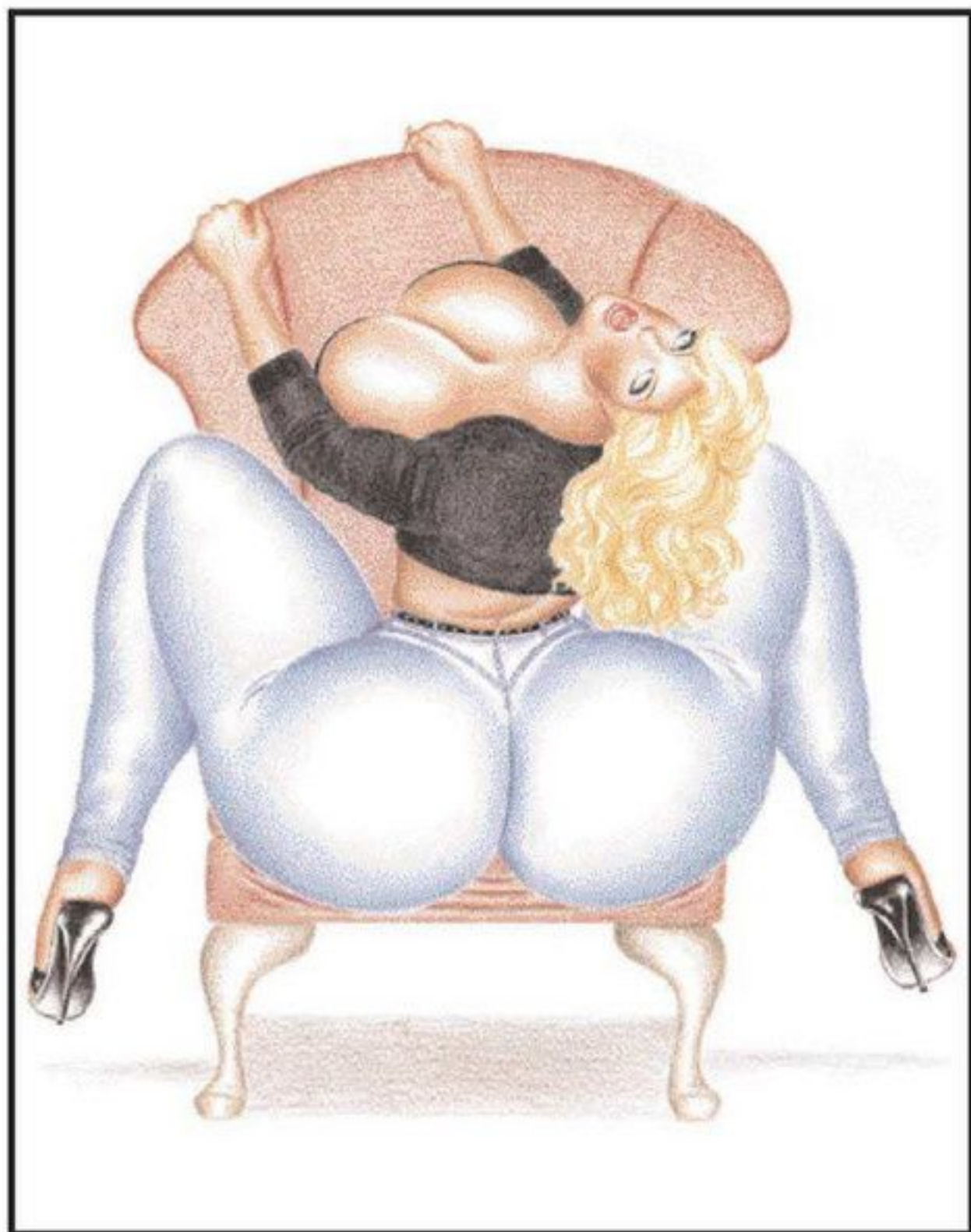
BIG

TRUCKERS

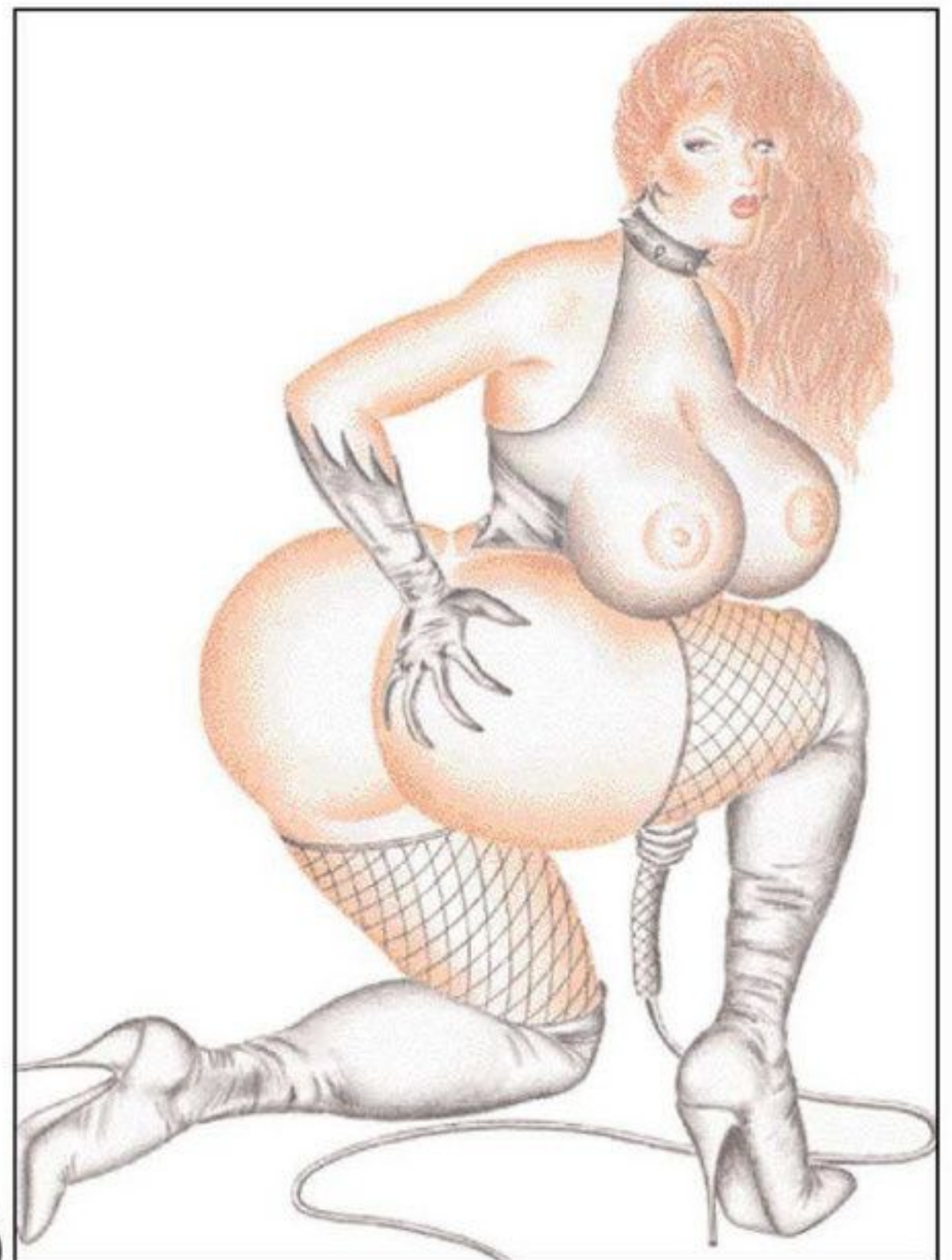
CURVES

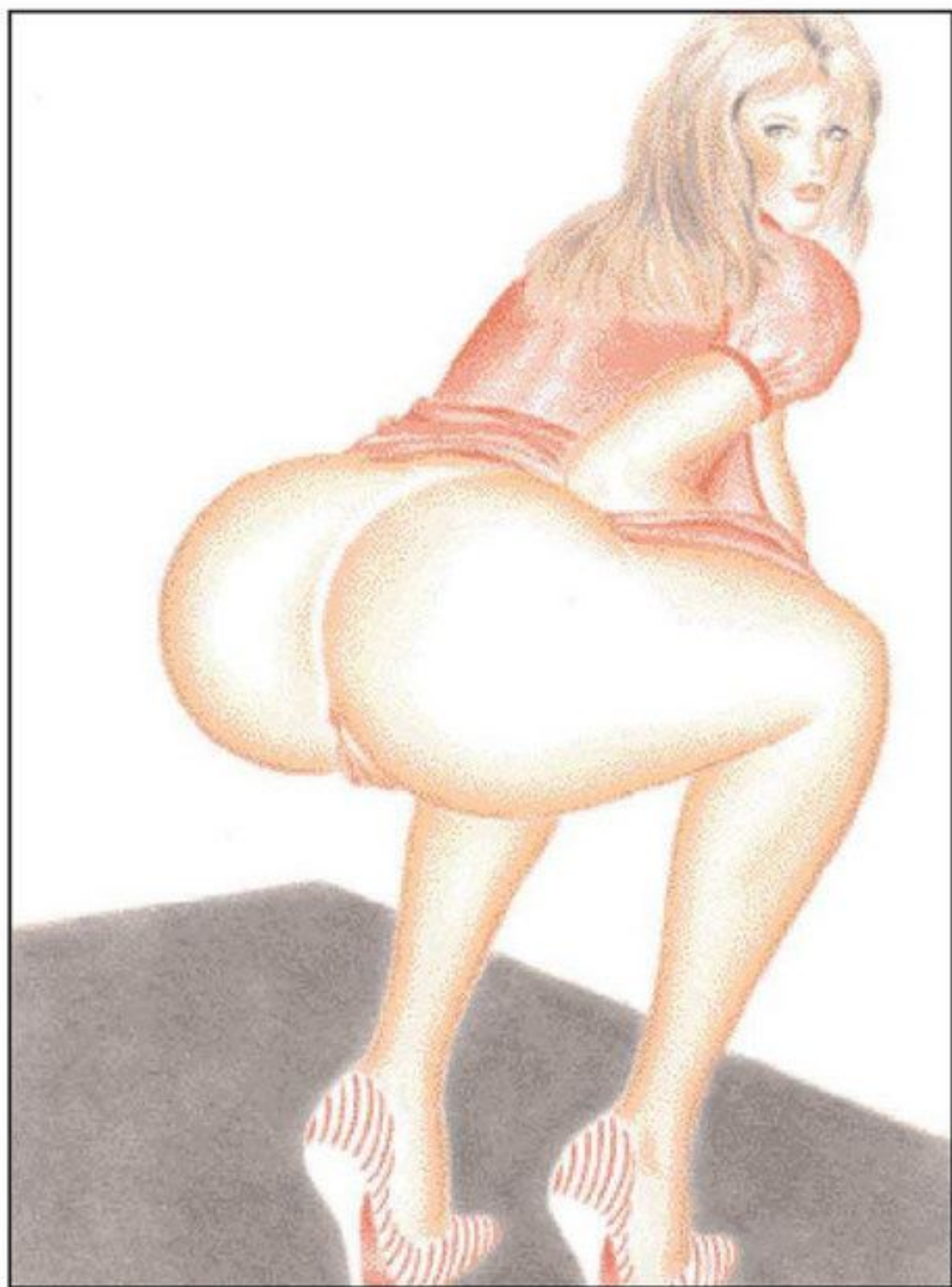
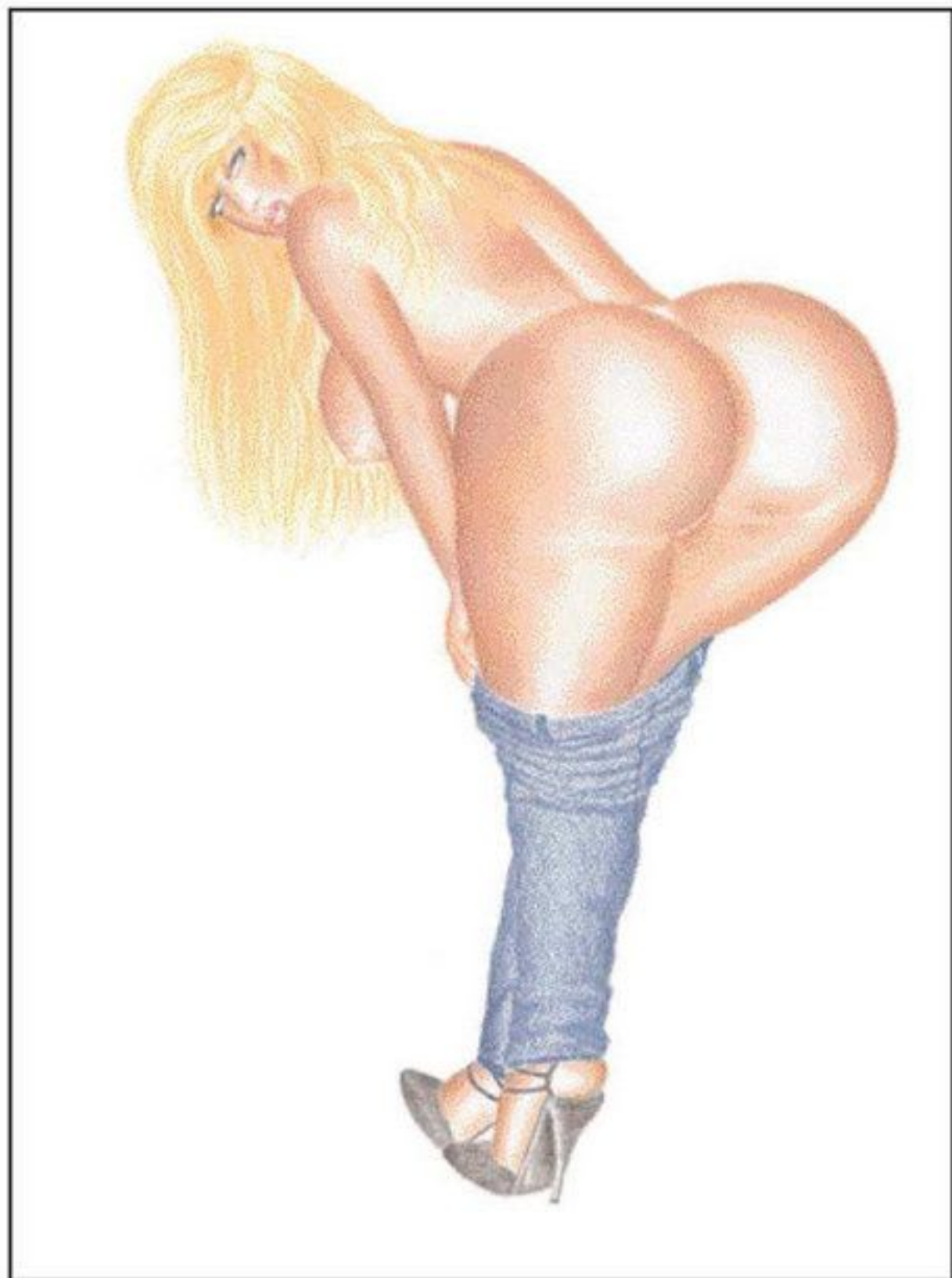


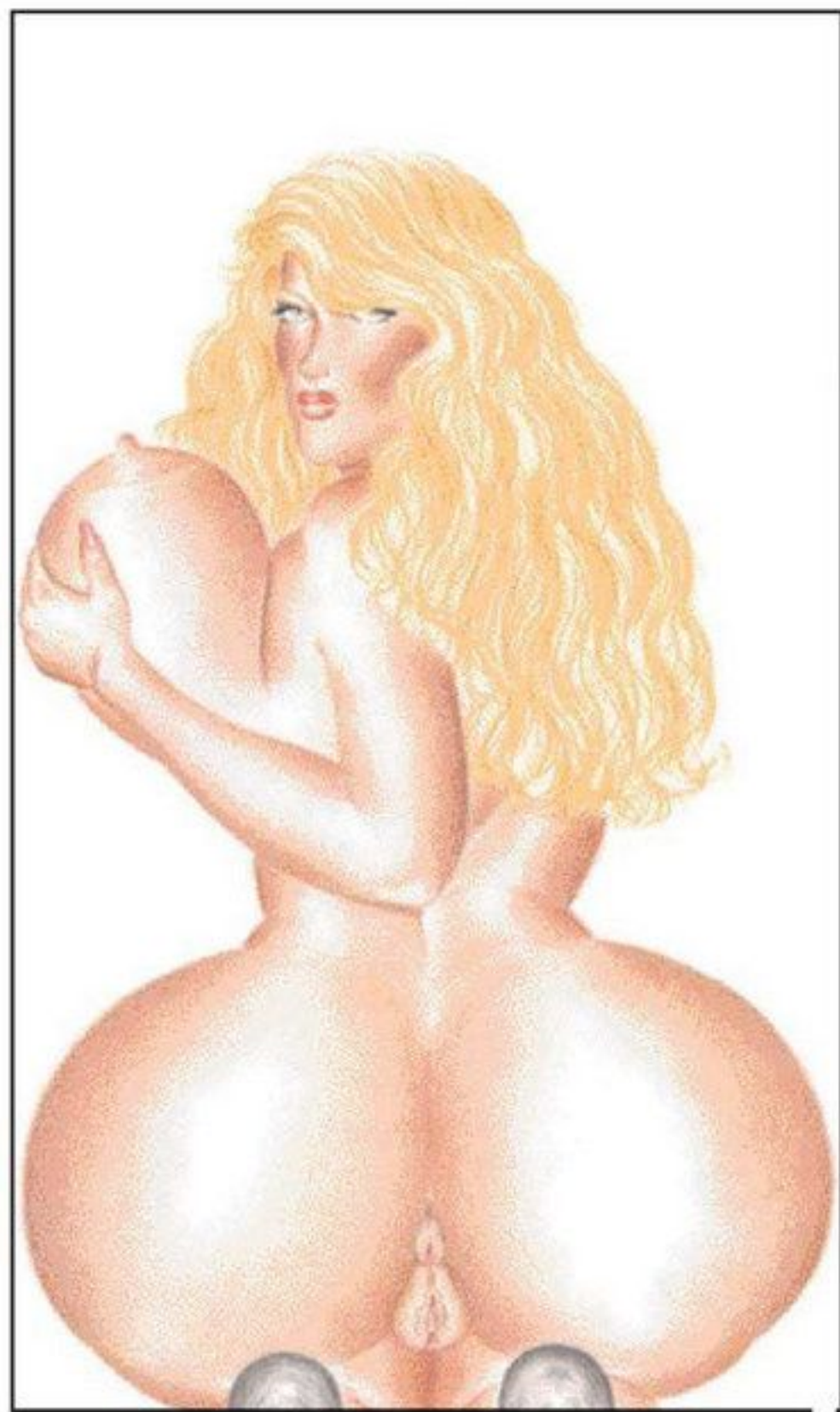
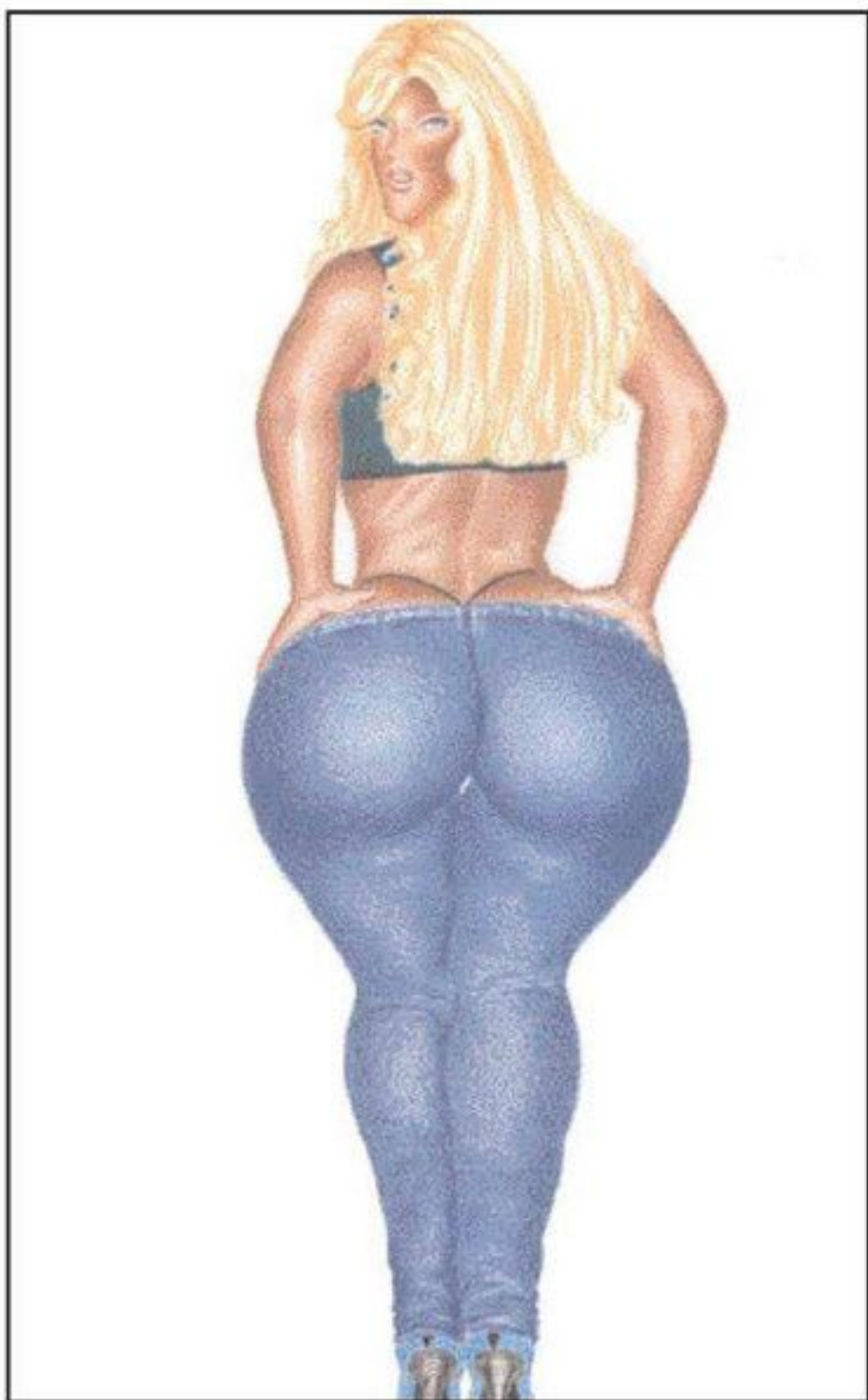
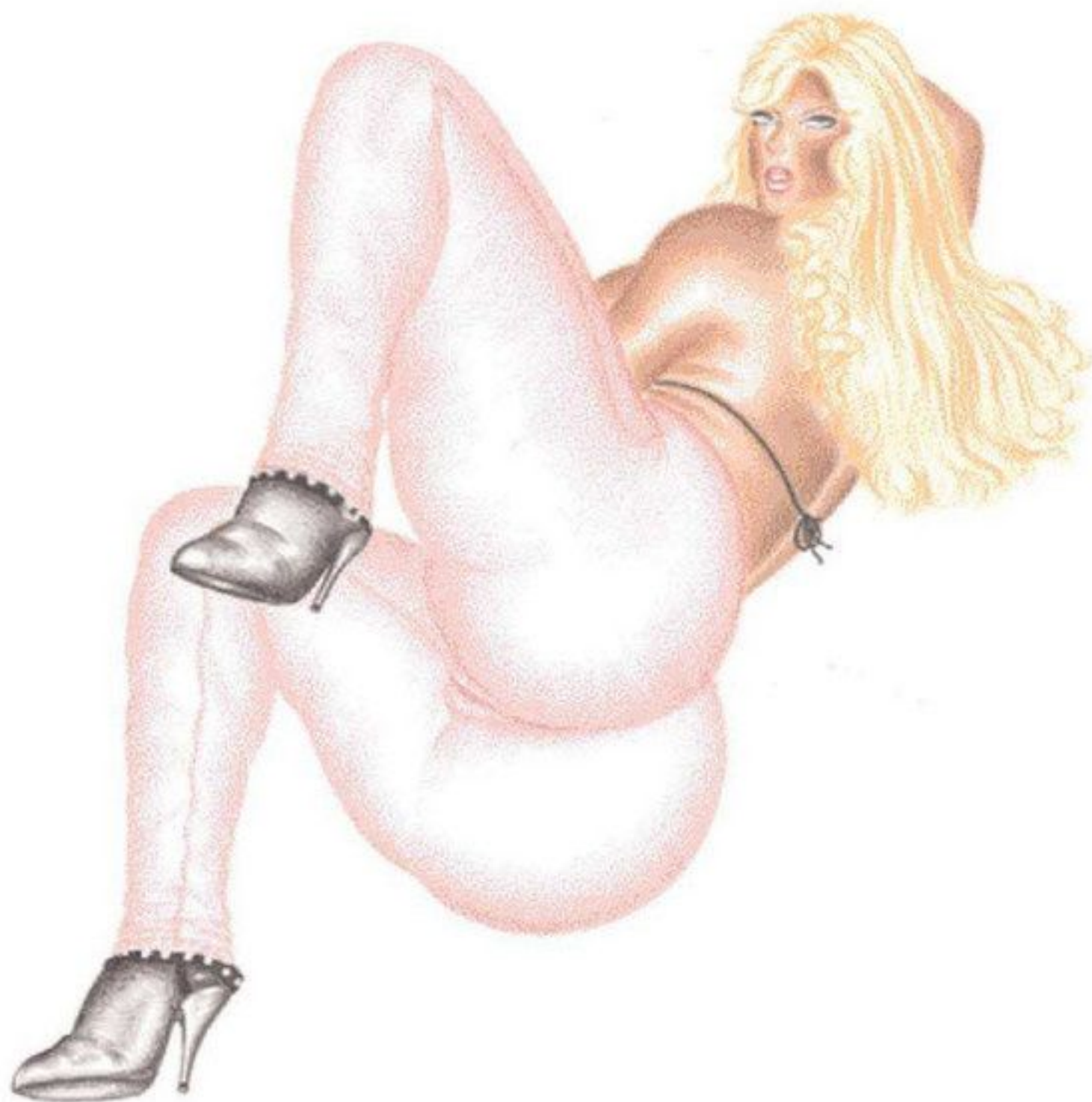


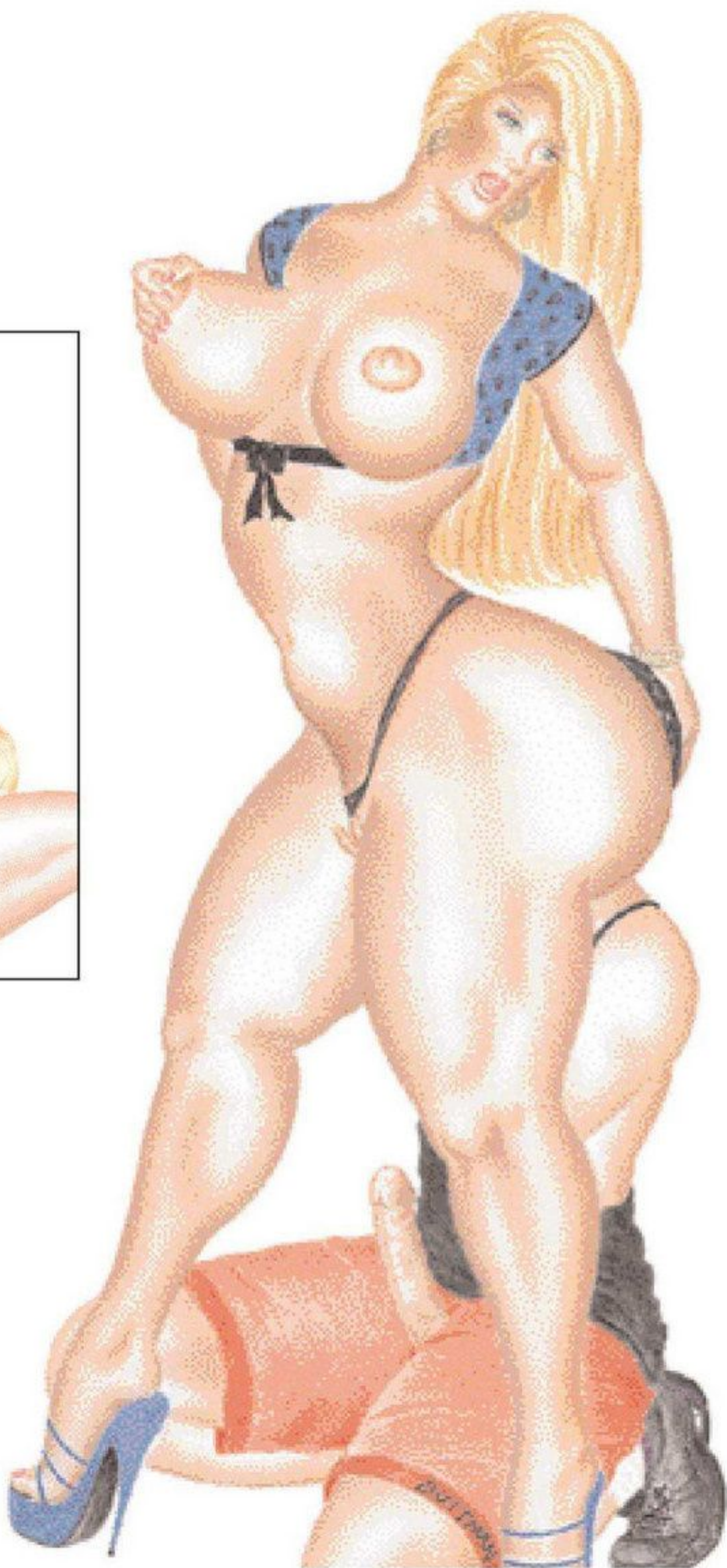
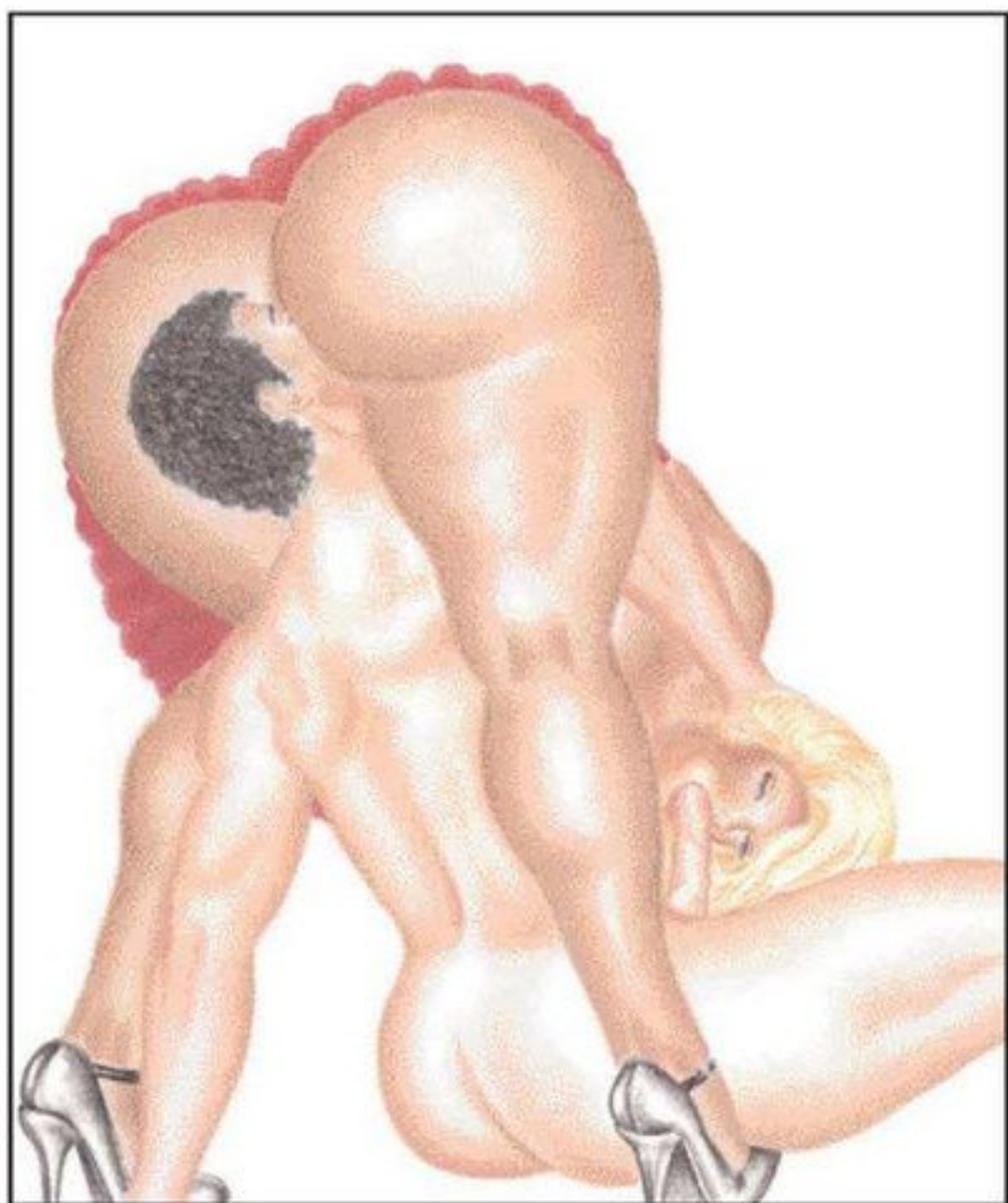






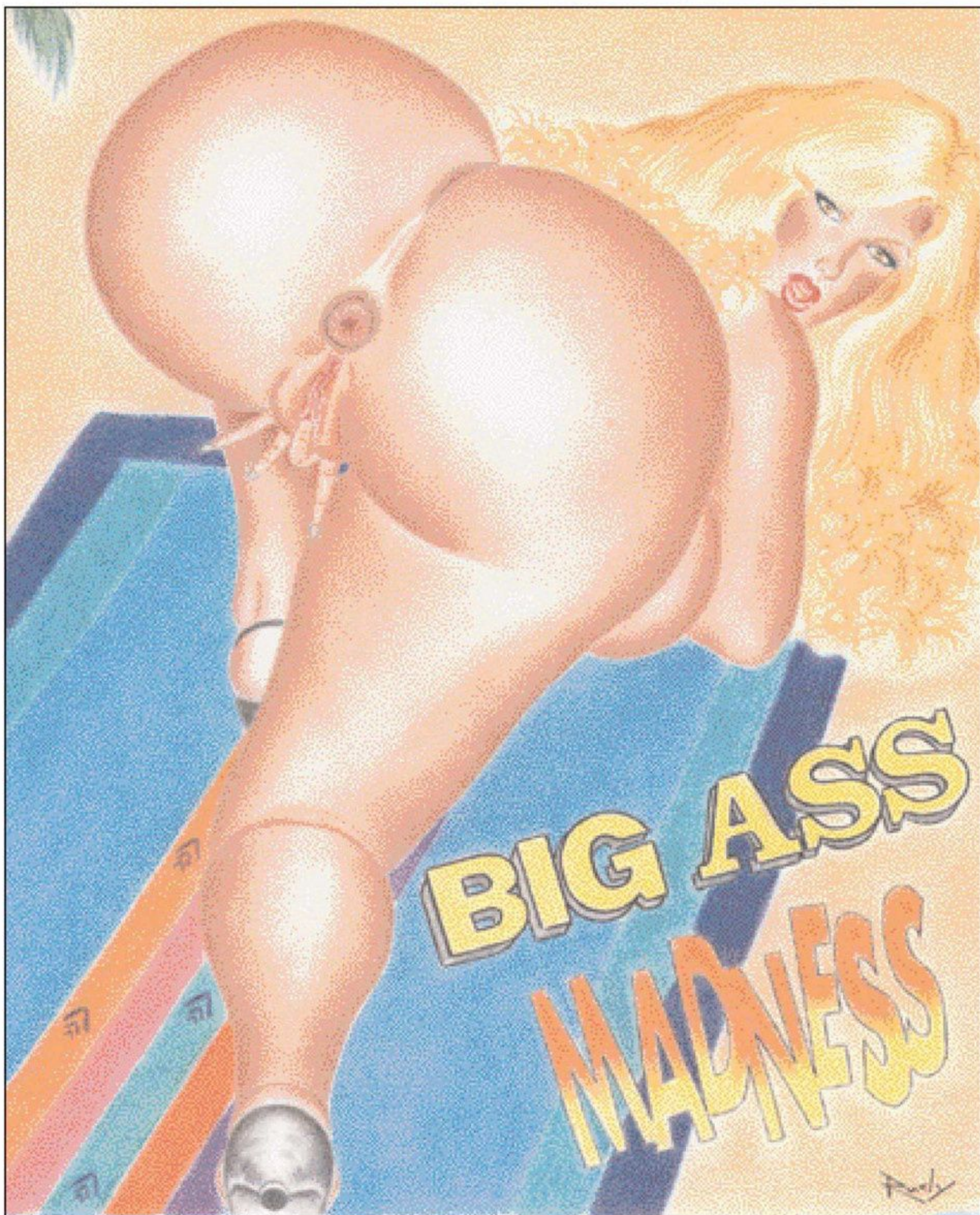




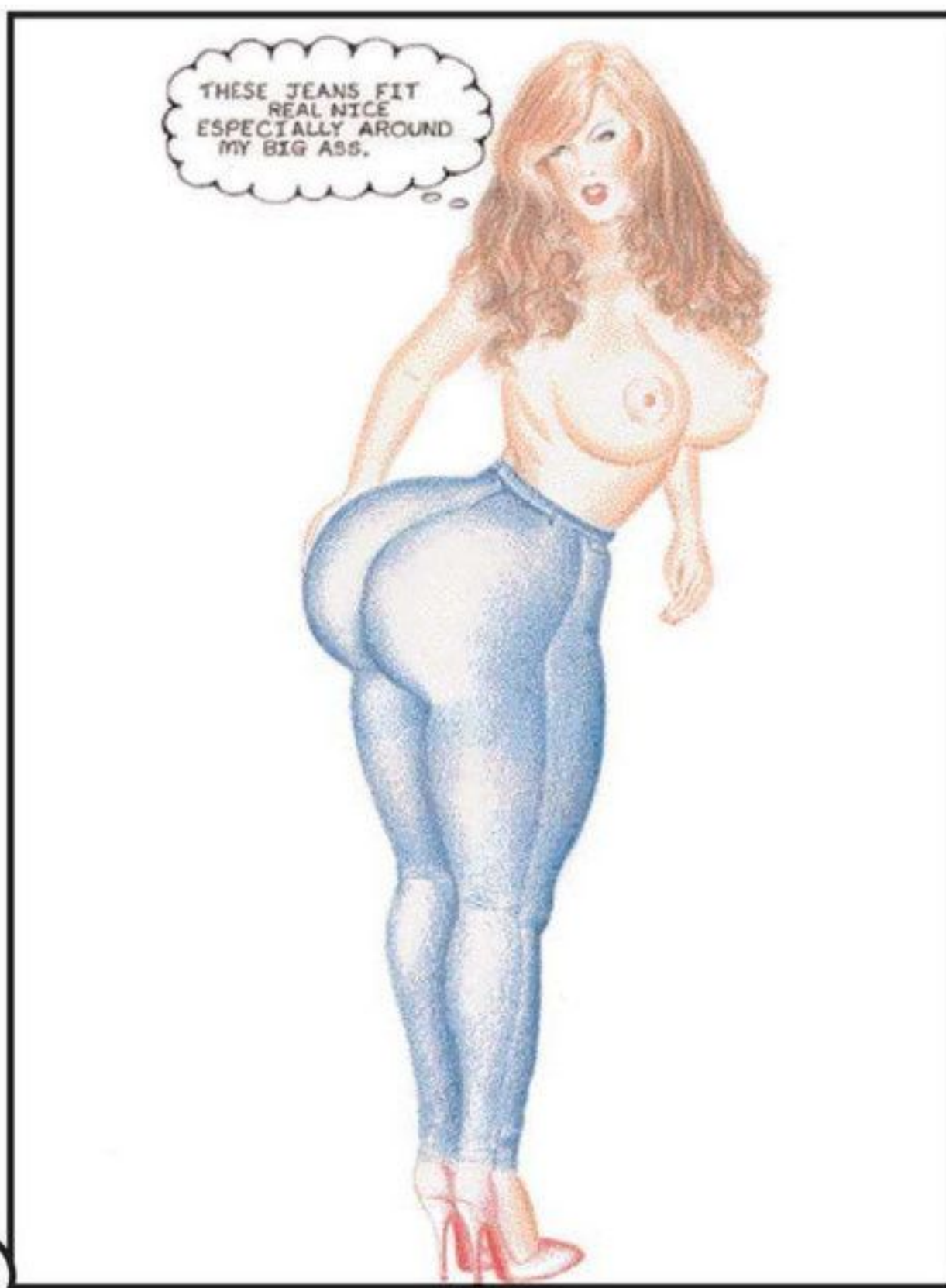
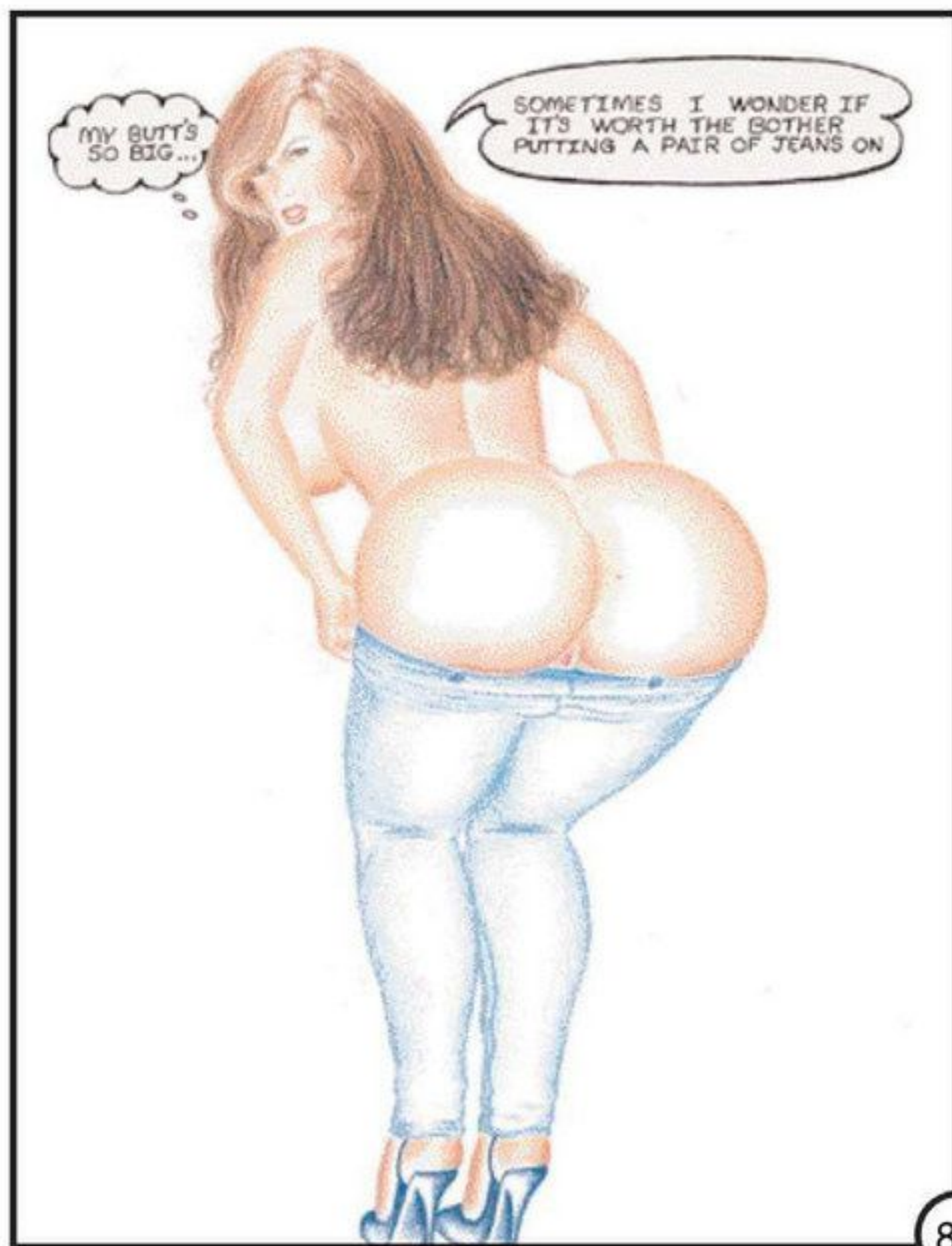
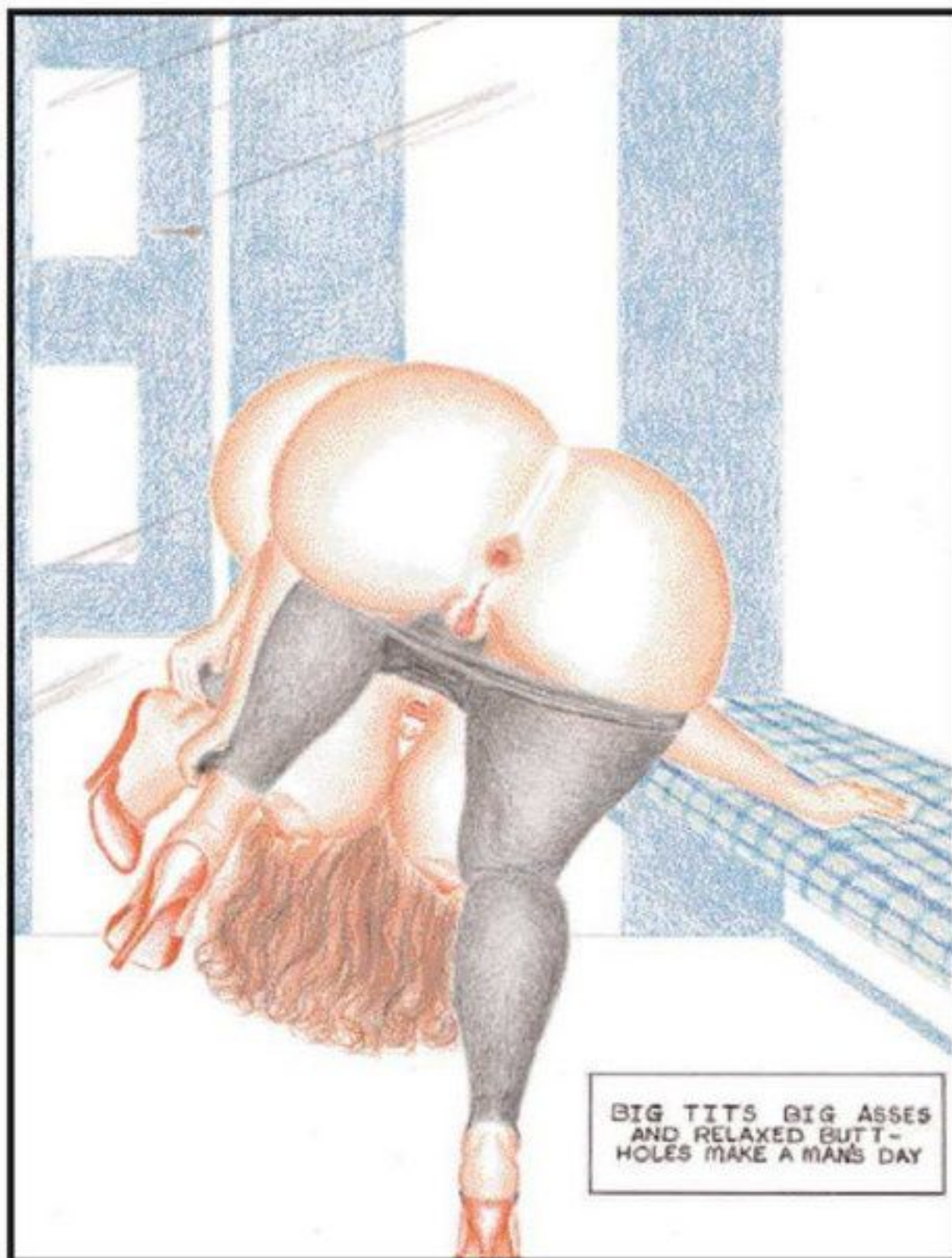


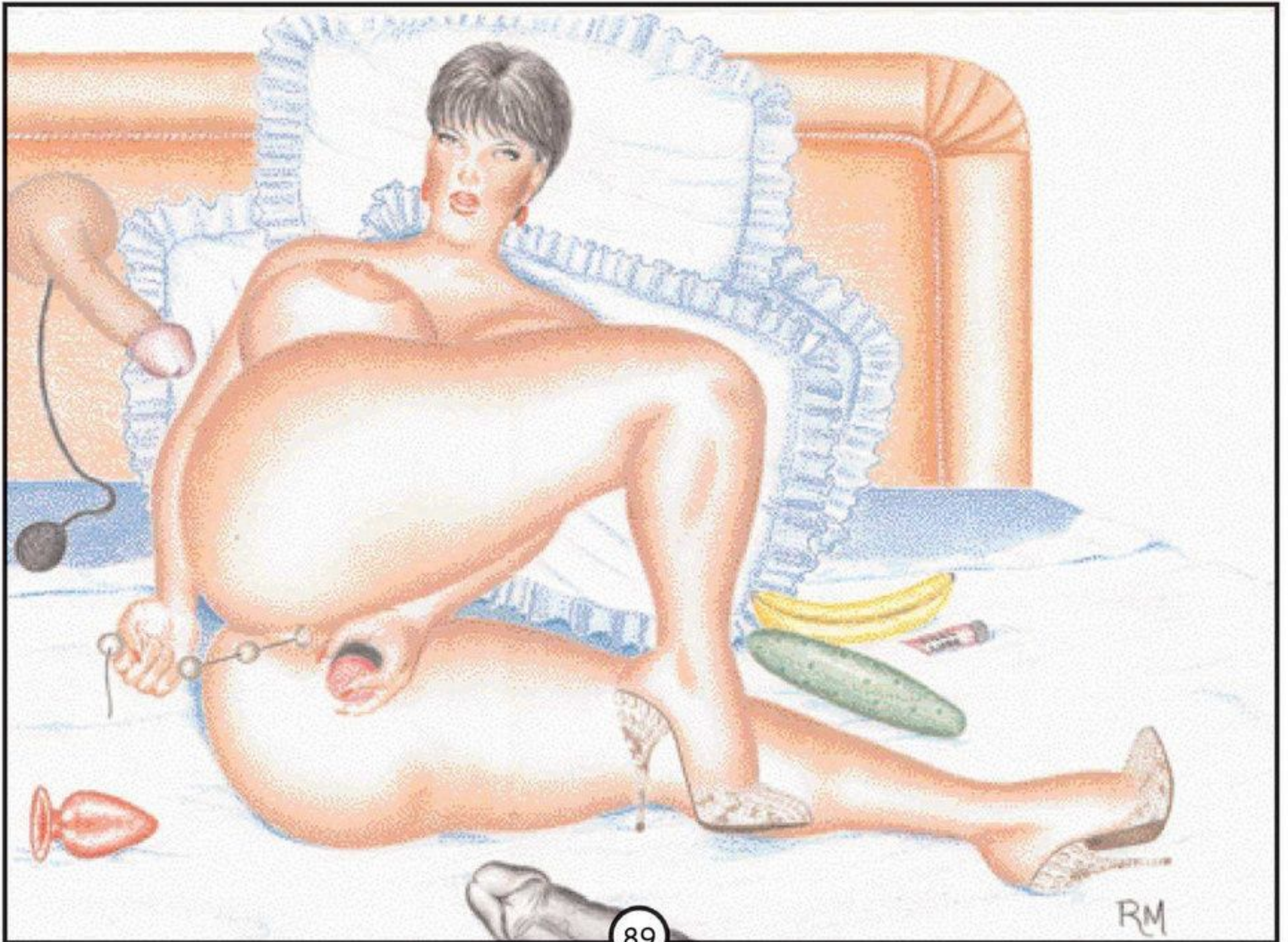
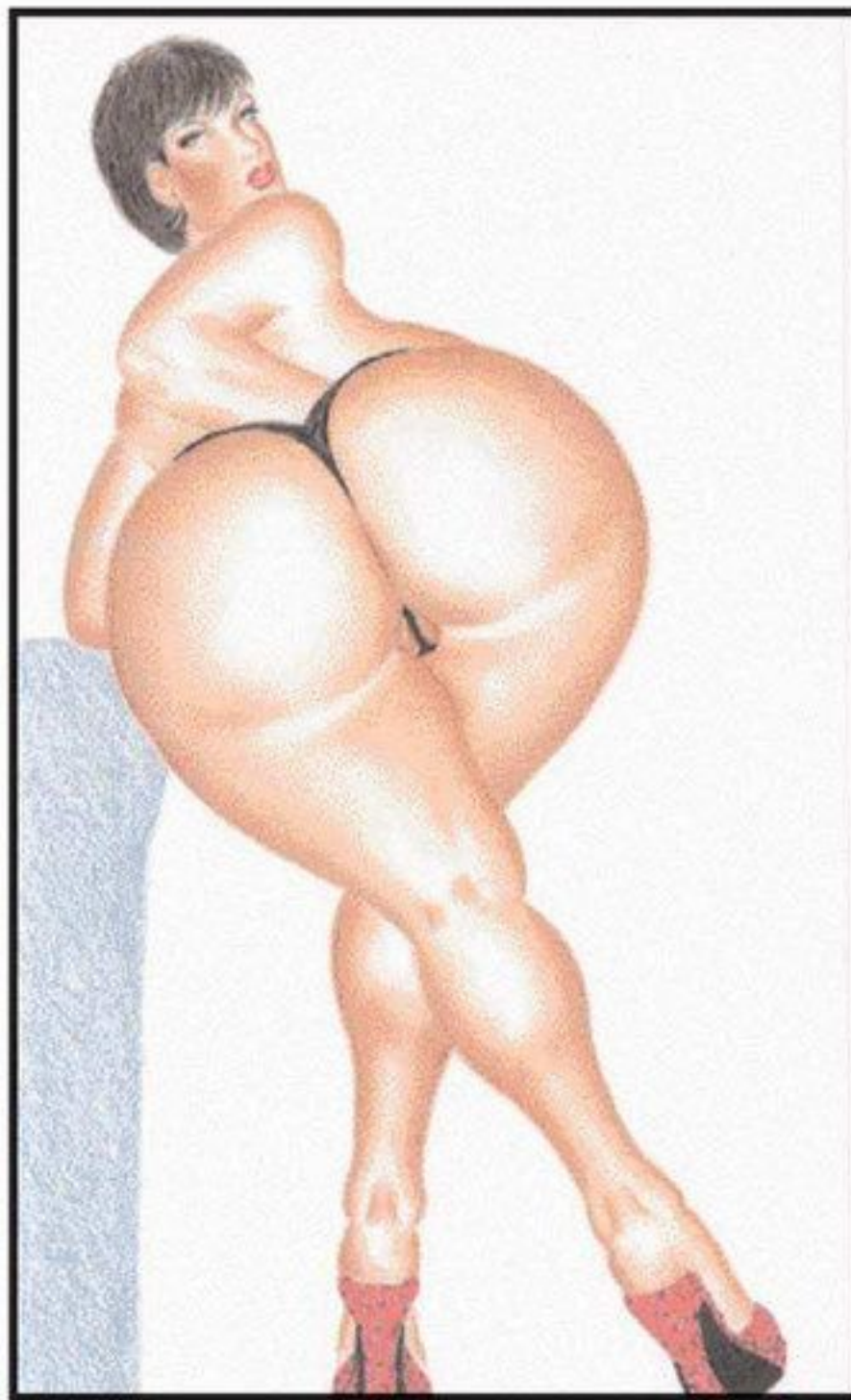
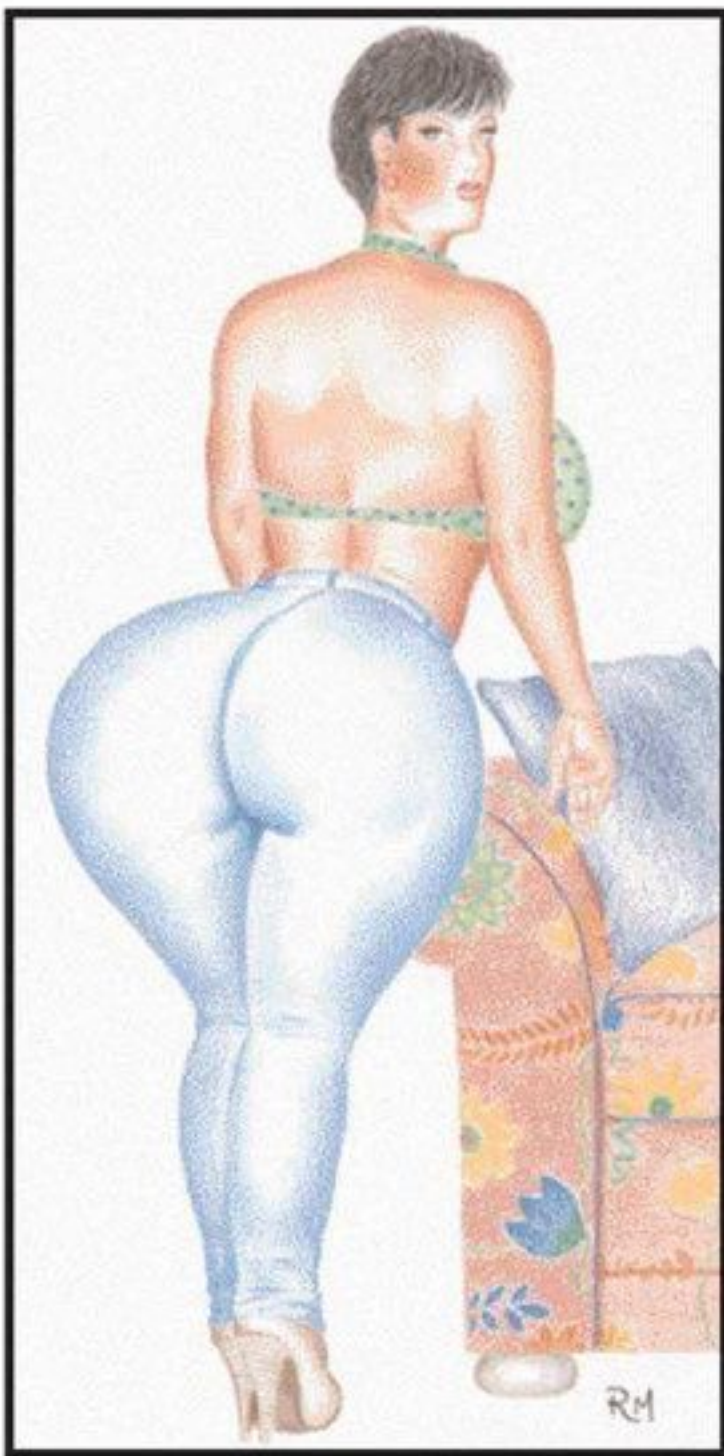
















Rudy, The King of All Pencil Butts, Meets An Angel

Dear John Buttman,

I have to tell you about this encounter I recently had with this chick (see enclosed drawings). She was a knock-out! However, this story ends with a bit of a twist.

This took place at a law enforcement office when I went to apply for a business license. As I walked up alongside the building, I happened to look to the left and a very sexy, full-figured chick comes walking up the sidewalk.

The combination of her golden tan, the short tight black spandex dress and her pretty blonde hair was astounding! I was in total awe watching this sexy thing walk. I just gawked at her beautiful big tits, the way they bounced up and down, hoping that one of those mouthwatering melons would fall out of her low-cut dress.

Gazing, my eyes moved down; I was relishing every movement she made. I was so turned on by the way her hips contoured into her small waist and how she swayed her big hips side to side. Her upper body slanted forward with her back naturally arched. I could see this big, voluptuous bubble butt sticking way out, and I knew right then that I had to see what her ass looked like from behind.

As we approached the walkway leading to the front of the building, I kept thinking I had to get to know her. Besides, she was already giving me a big thrill! I was feeling my cock growing in my pants as I fought not to pull a full-fledged hard wood.

When we met up, I made small talk complimenting her on her looks so I could check her out up close. She was tall in platform shoes, thick and firm with this incredible hourglass figure!

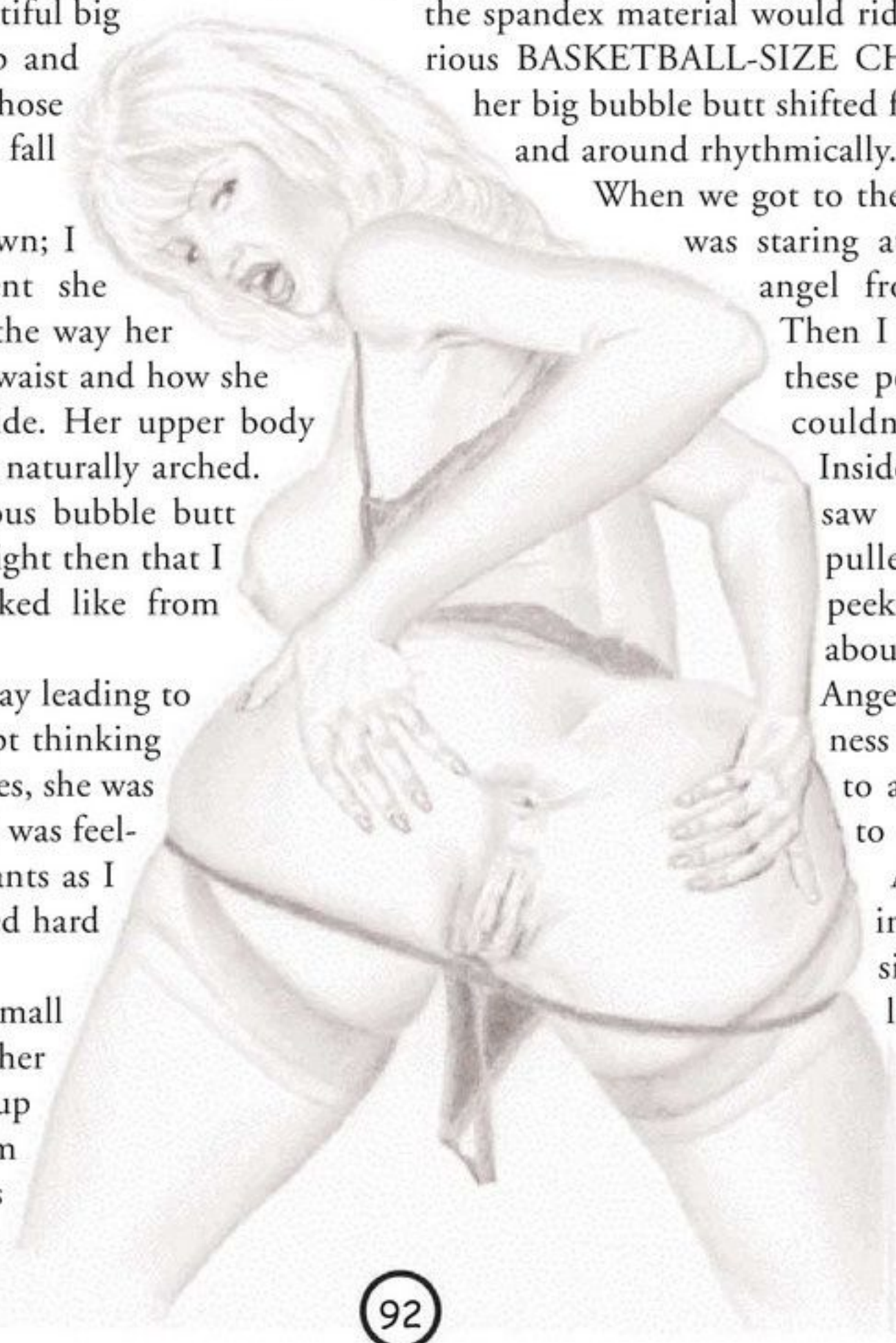
She was definitely the finest chick I've ever laid eyes on! I walked to the door and let her in first so I could get to see what her ass looked like. And there it was in all its beauty just like I had thought: this incredible BIG FULL ROUND BUBBLE BUTT that stuck out right at me!

As she walked I was so close I wanted to reach out and grab hold of those big ol' butt cheeks and bite into them! Her ass looked so hot that I felt my cock wet in my pants. Truly, she was one of the elite that stands above the rest.

Her dress was so short and so tight that if she bent over the spandex material would ride up and expose her glorious BASKETBALL-SIZE CHEEKS. I loved the way her big bubble butt shifted from side to side, then up and around rhythmically. It was driving me nuts!

When we got to the office window everyone was staring at Angelica. Yeah, a true angel from heaven, I thought. Then I started to laugh because these people were like me; they couldn't contain themselves. Inside other office windows I saw window blinds being pulled apart... horny cops peekin', gawkin' and talkin' about this gorgeous creature. Angelica attended to her business first and was told to go to another room. I was told to do the same.

As I walked into the waiting room I saw Angelica sitting in a chair with her legs crossed. My eyes popped out! Her short dress rode up showing thick, firm, tanned legs. She revealed so much I could see the side of her



ass hanging out, and my cock started rising again. I sat next to her and we talked.

She told me she was there seeking legal action against some guy who had been sexually harassing her. That's not cool, but I couldn't blame the guy too much, whoever he was, because she was tempting... good enough to eat!

We were alone in the waiting room, and I wanted to make my move on her. She got up to buy a soda from the soda machine and I was in total lust again as she shook her big ass my way, swaying side to side then up and around with each step, shifting from cheek to cheek. Oh, what a sight! My cock was throbbing! I wanted some of that big ass so bad! Angelica was putting coins in the machine when all of a sudden she dropped a coin. She casually bent over to pick it up and my jaw dropped wide open! Directly in my view there it was in all its glory. The spandex had answered one of my wishes! The short, tight dress had raised up and totally exposed her luscious big, golden, tanned butt cheeks and her tanned puss... and she was pantyless!!! I was in heaven! Her ass was beautiful!

She was saying something like "Ooh! That's not supposed to happen." I told her, "I don't mind; I wanted to see it anyway." She just smiled and stood there for a minute teasing and flashing me her big, golden bubble butt. The view was breathtaking. It was as if she was posing to be photographed or painted by an artist.

From that point on we started talking sexually to each other. She walked back and sat down and started telling me how guys are always saying that they want to fuck her doggie-style in the ass... always whistling and complimenting her on her big ass. Then I asked just how big her ass was, and she said, "About 44 inches around." Then out of the blue she asked me if I'd like to caress and play with it. I thought she was joking. I said, "Sure, bring it up here!" In an instant she hopped up on the chair next to me and pushed this BIG OL' BUTT in my

face! She said, "Hurry. Someone might come in!"

So I got another wish: I planted my hands on her round mounds (they looked HUGE up close!) and massaged in circular motions. Her ass was so firm and the spandex felt so good stretched to its limits! I was so freakin' horny I couldn't hold back any longer, so I asked Angelica if we could go to the restroom. She didn't even hesitate. We were gone, and I got another wish.

Once in there I couldn't keep my hands off her big ass! She leaned against the sink and pulled up her painted-on dress. She spread her legs and I knelt between them and buried my face in her crack. I gave the best rim job I could, and ate her puss out fiercely! Then I wanted to fuck her, so I sat on the toilet seat and before I could do anything Angelica dropped to her knees and gave me the best blow job I've ever had! She was like a pro. She sucked like a vacuum and used her tongue in ways I've never experienced before.

This chick was so hot that I had no problems staying hard after shooting my wad so that I could continue this hot session.

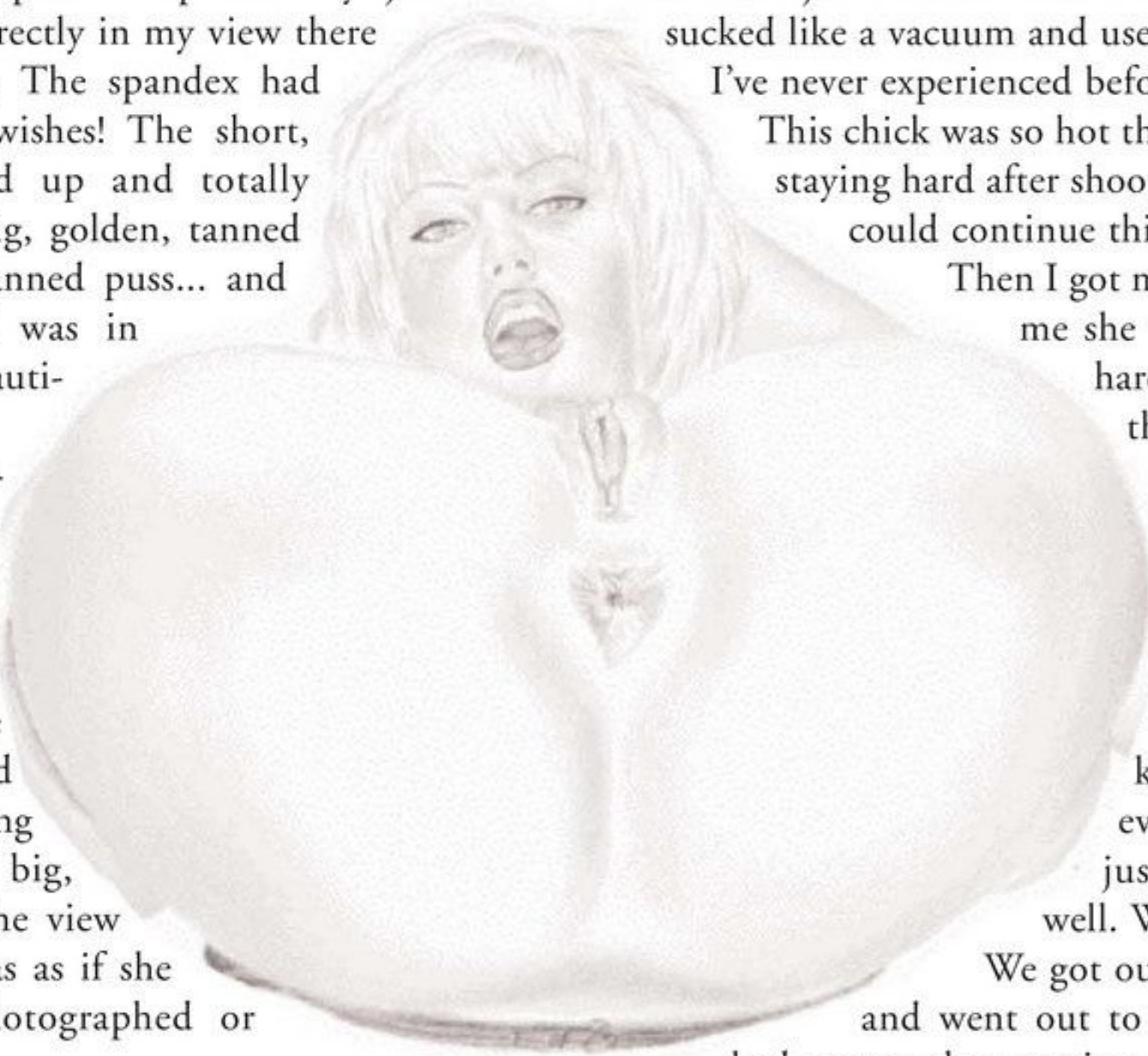
Then I got my final wish: she told me she wanted to be fucked hard, fast and deep up the ass. I gave her the best ass fucking I've ever given, and then I got to blow my wad deep down her throat! Ahh! What a woman! She sure knew how to satisfy in every way. Or was she just cock-starved? Oh well. Who cares!

We got ourselves back together and went out to the waiting room. I had to pop the question to her: Could I keep fucking her on a regular basis? She said, "No, I have a girlfriend and she doesn't like guys, so that would be impossible, but thanks for helping me out with my fantasy!"

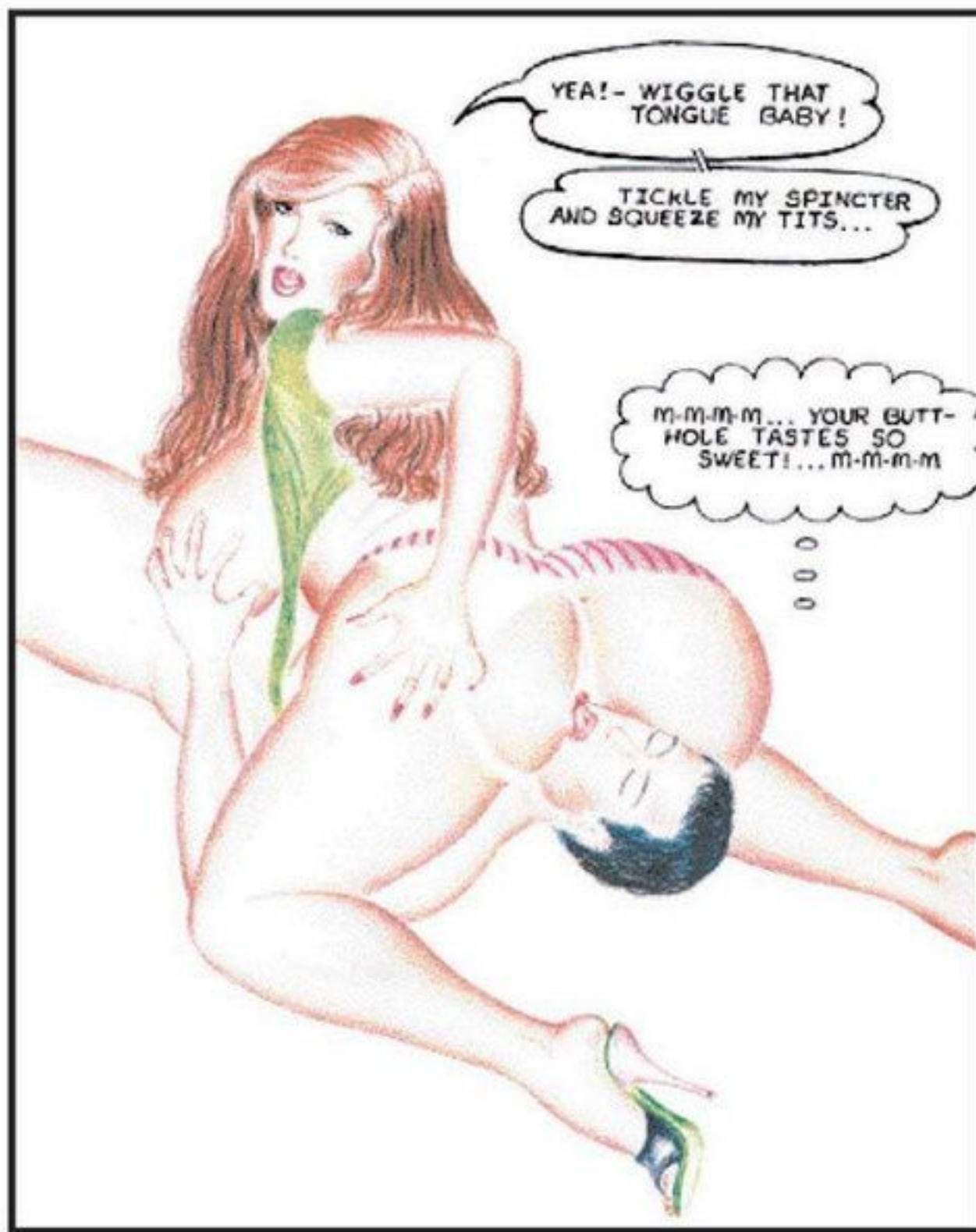
I was left speechless. Then, a cop walked in and called her name, and one last time she shook her big ass my way as she walked out the door. What a world class ass she had!

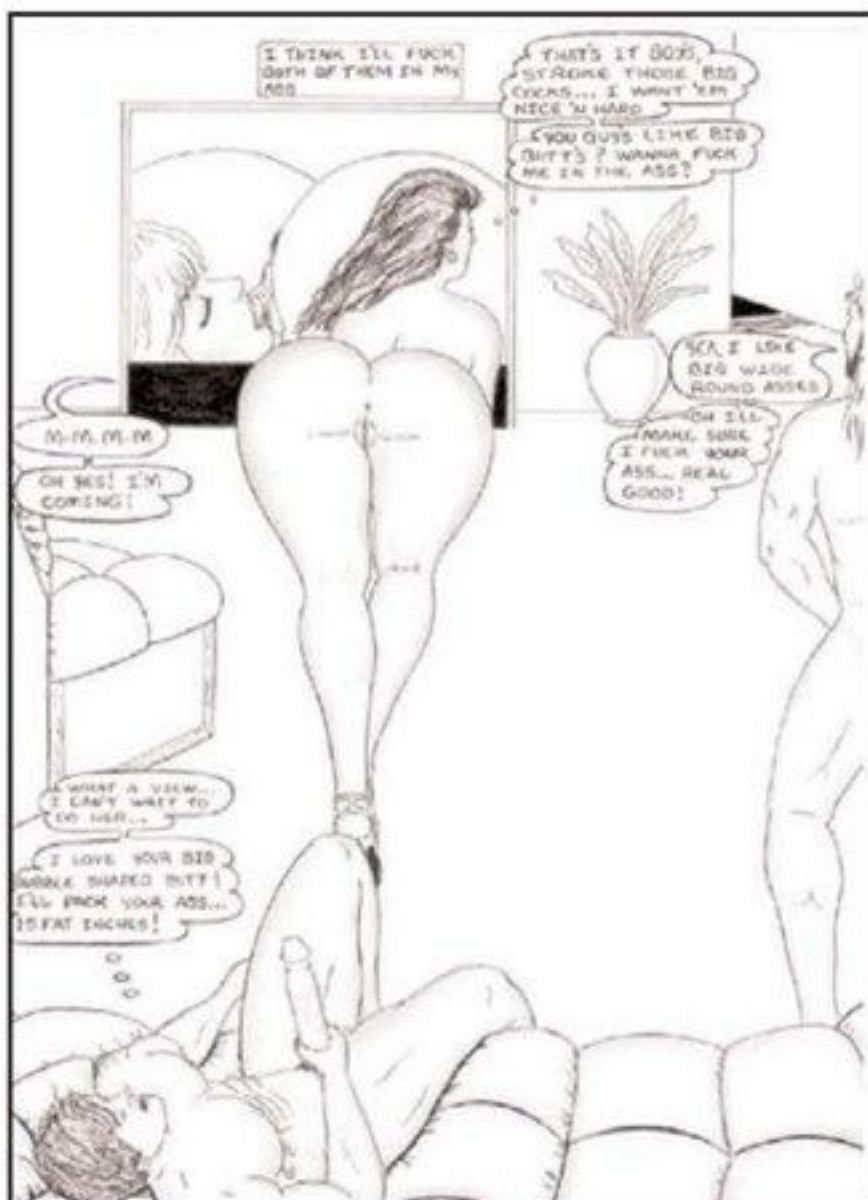
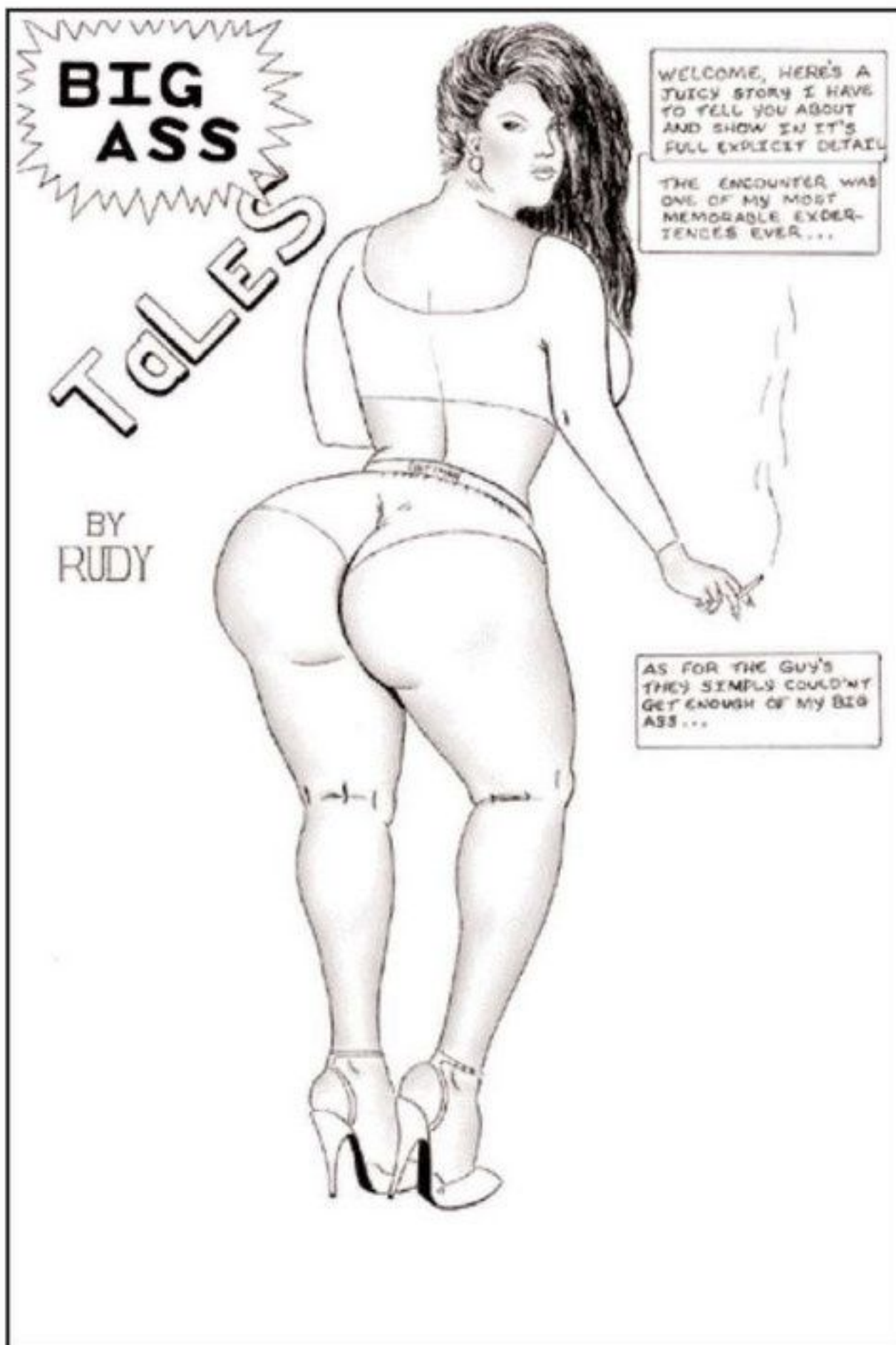
So, I hope you like the drawings!

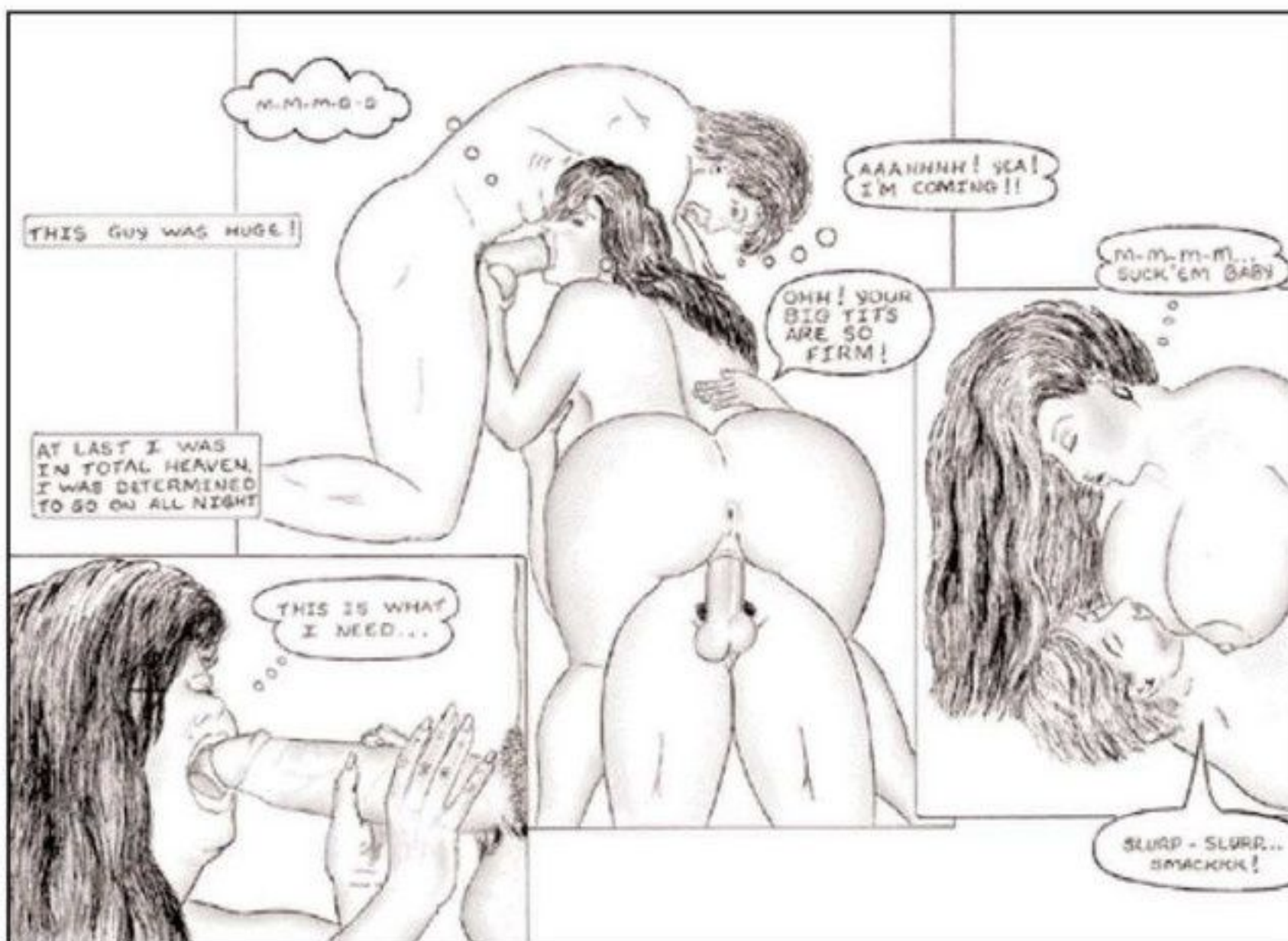
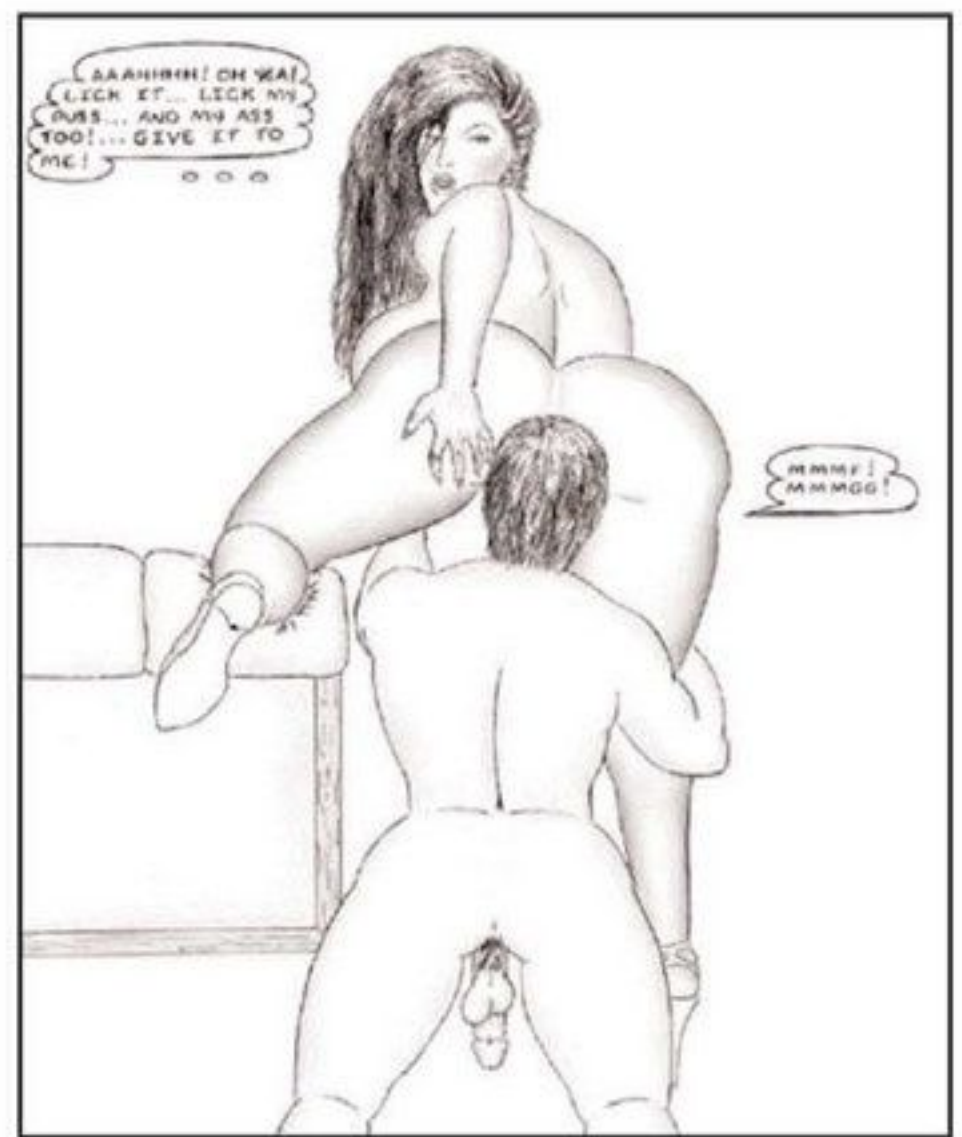
Rudy





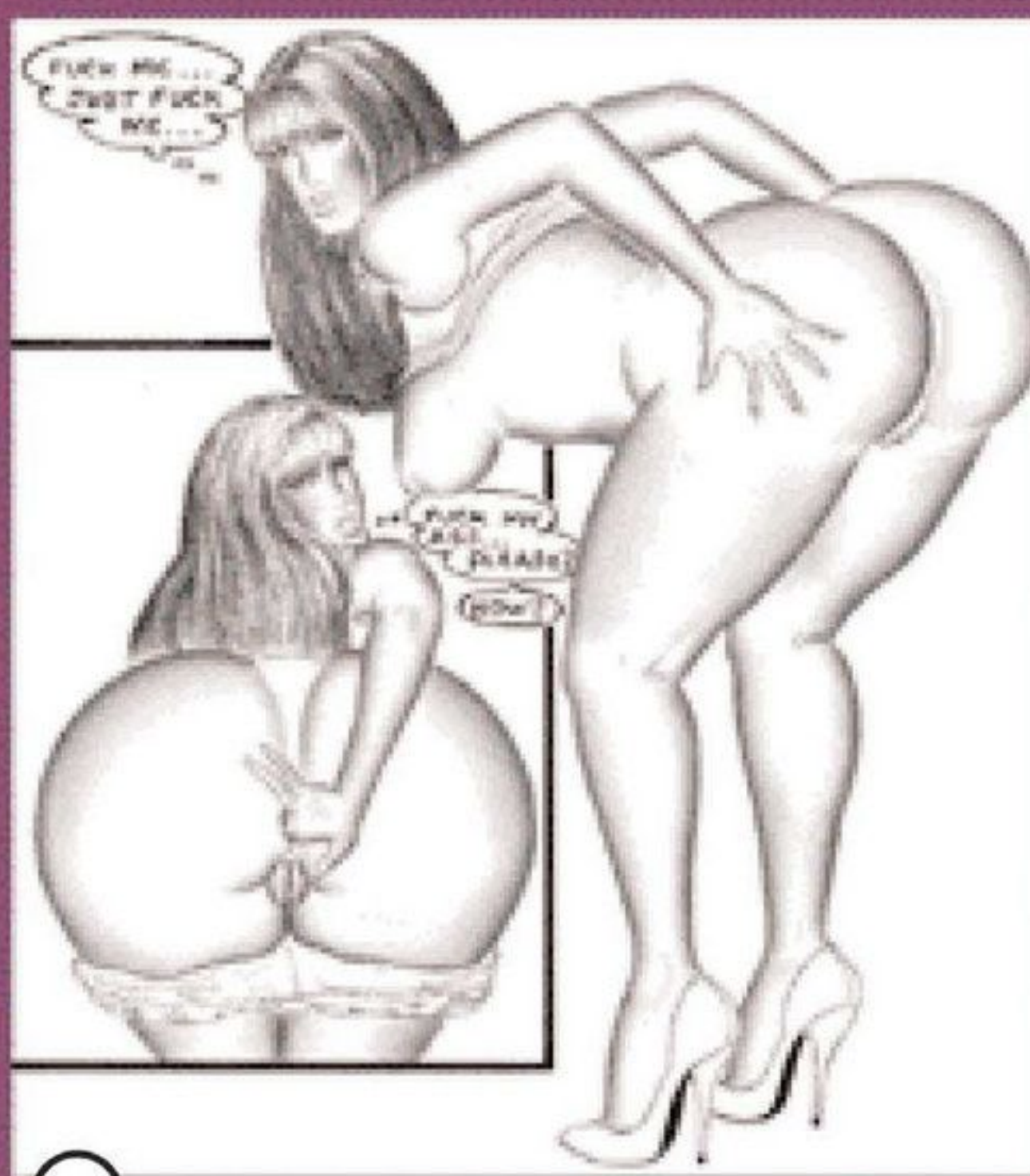
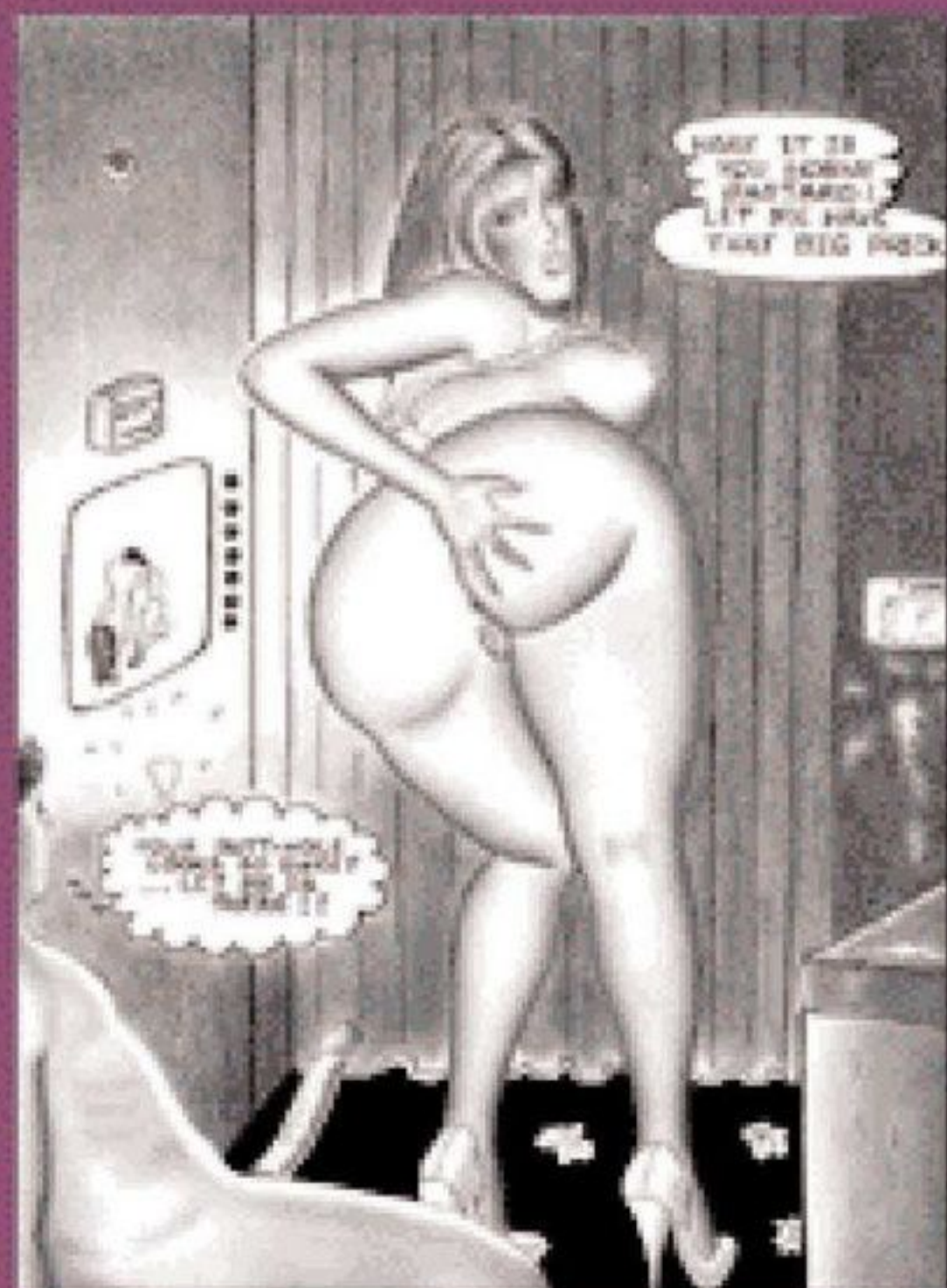
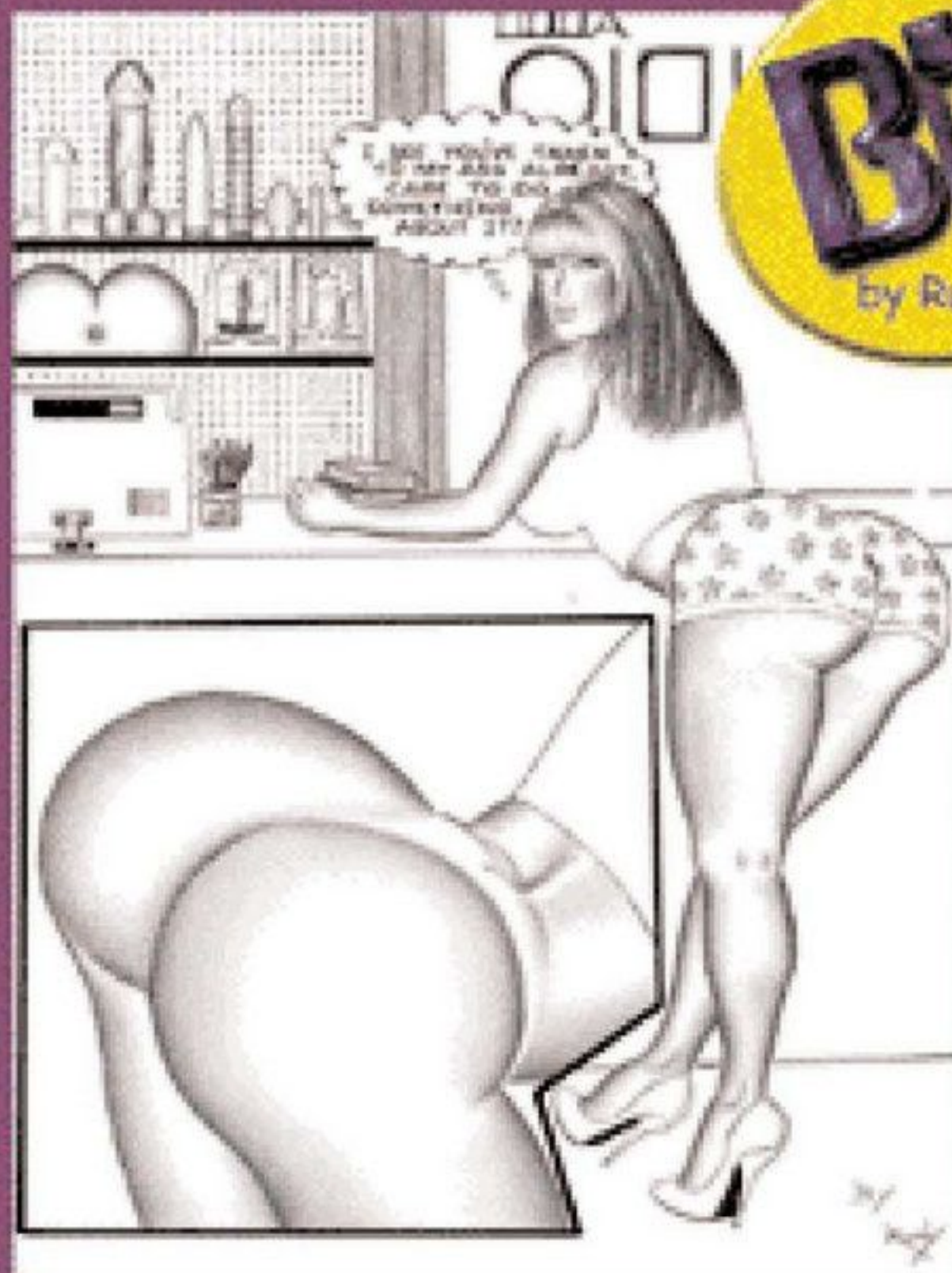


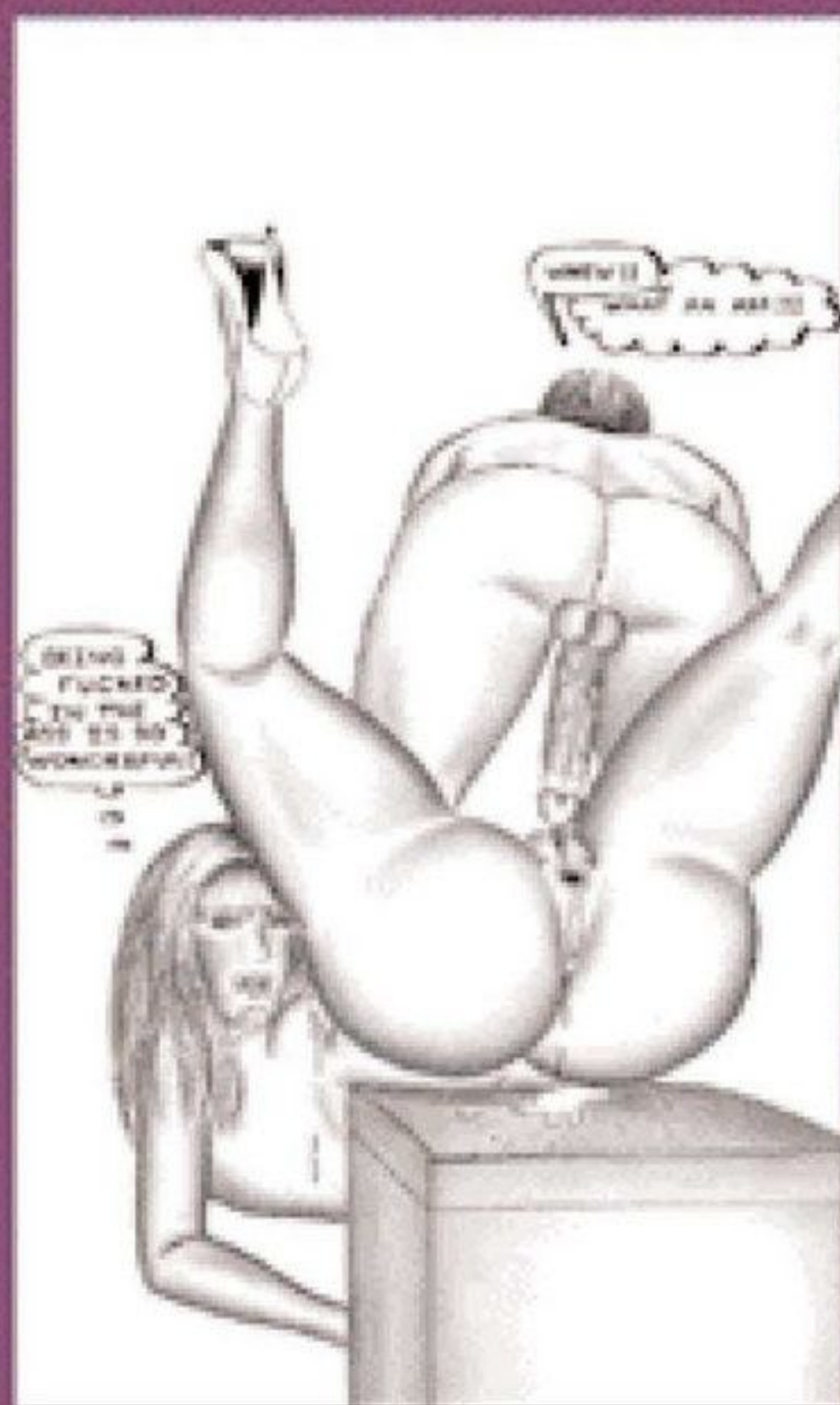




Big Butt Tales 2

by Rudy

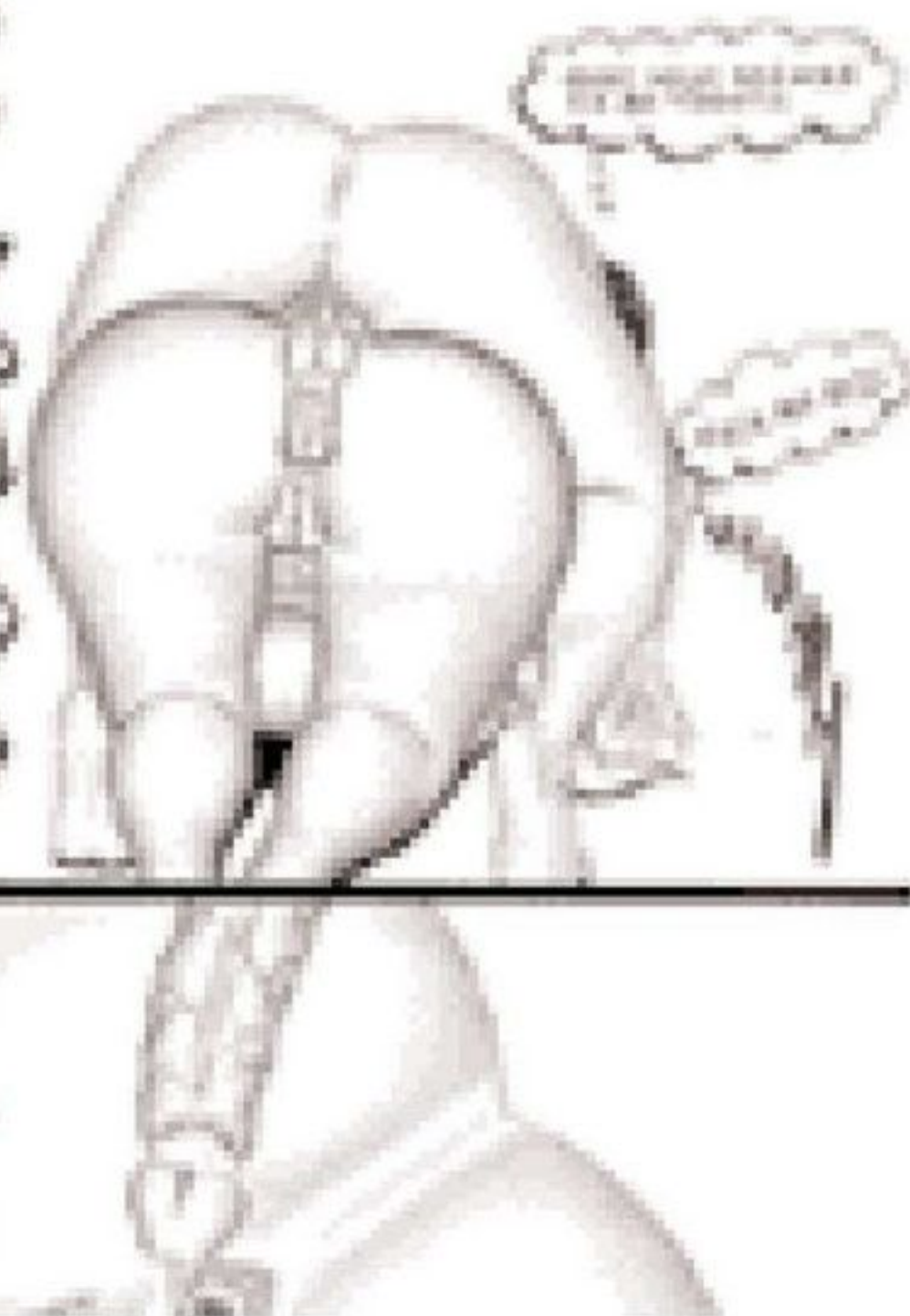


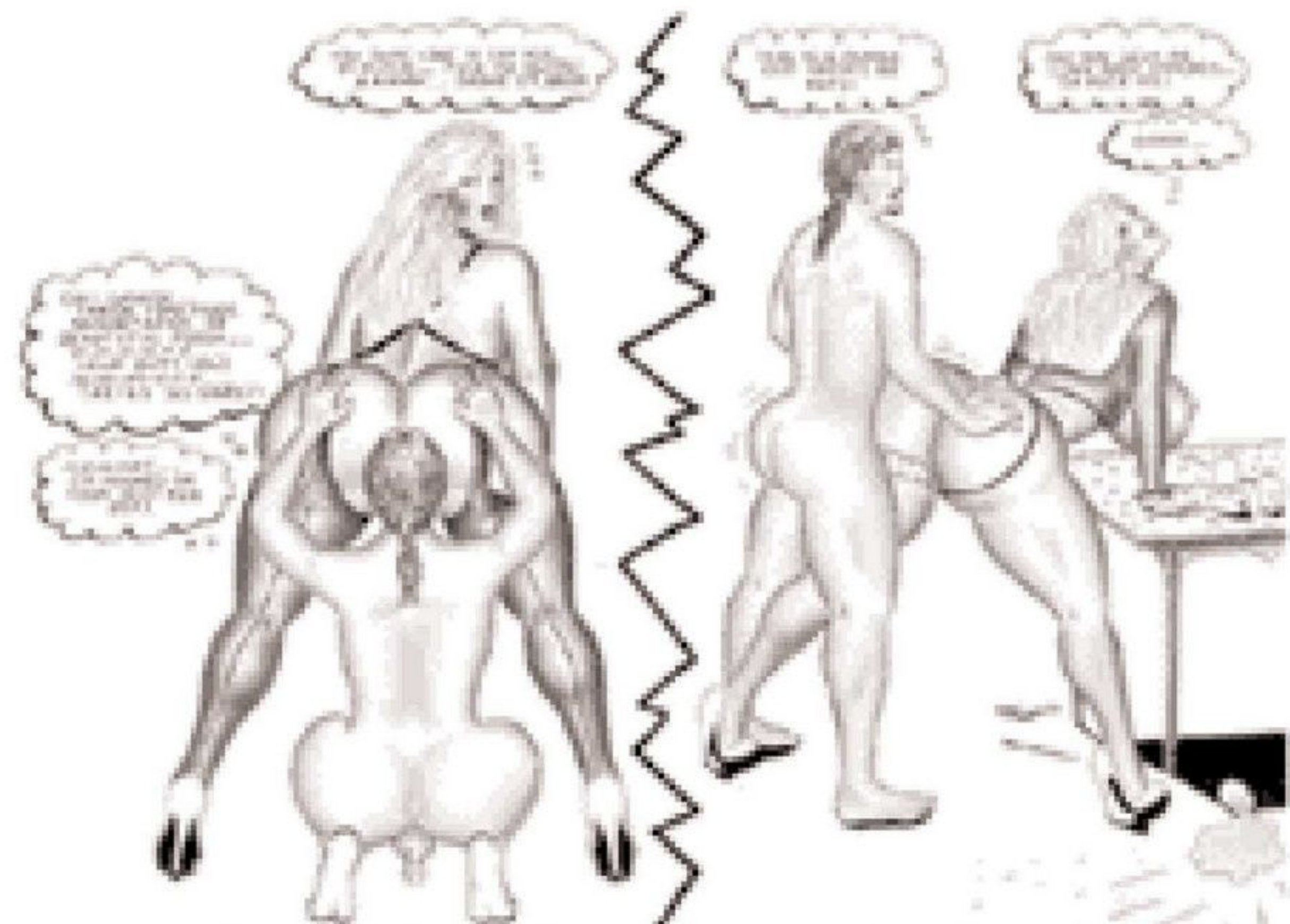


ENCOUNTERS WITH A

BIG

BUT





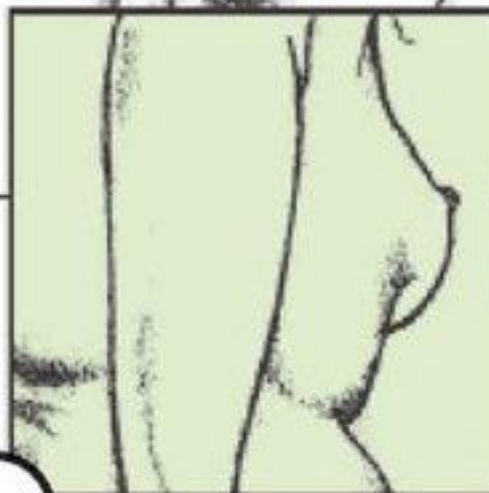


Goldie



"GOLDIE DOES
SOMETHING VERY
STRANGE TO MY
BRAIN. HE MAKES
ME WONDER
WHERE ALL THIS
ANAL OBSESSION
MIGHT BE
LEADING...CAN WE
EVER GET ENOUGH
OF BEER BOTTLES
IN THE BUTT!"

— J.S.

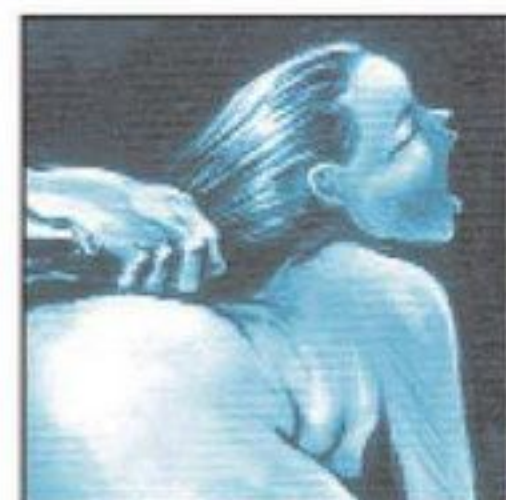








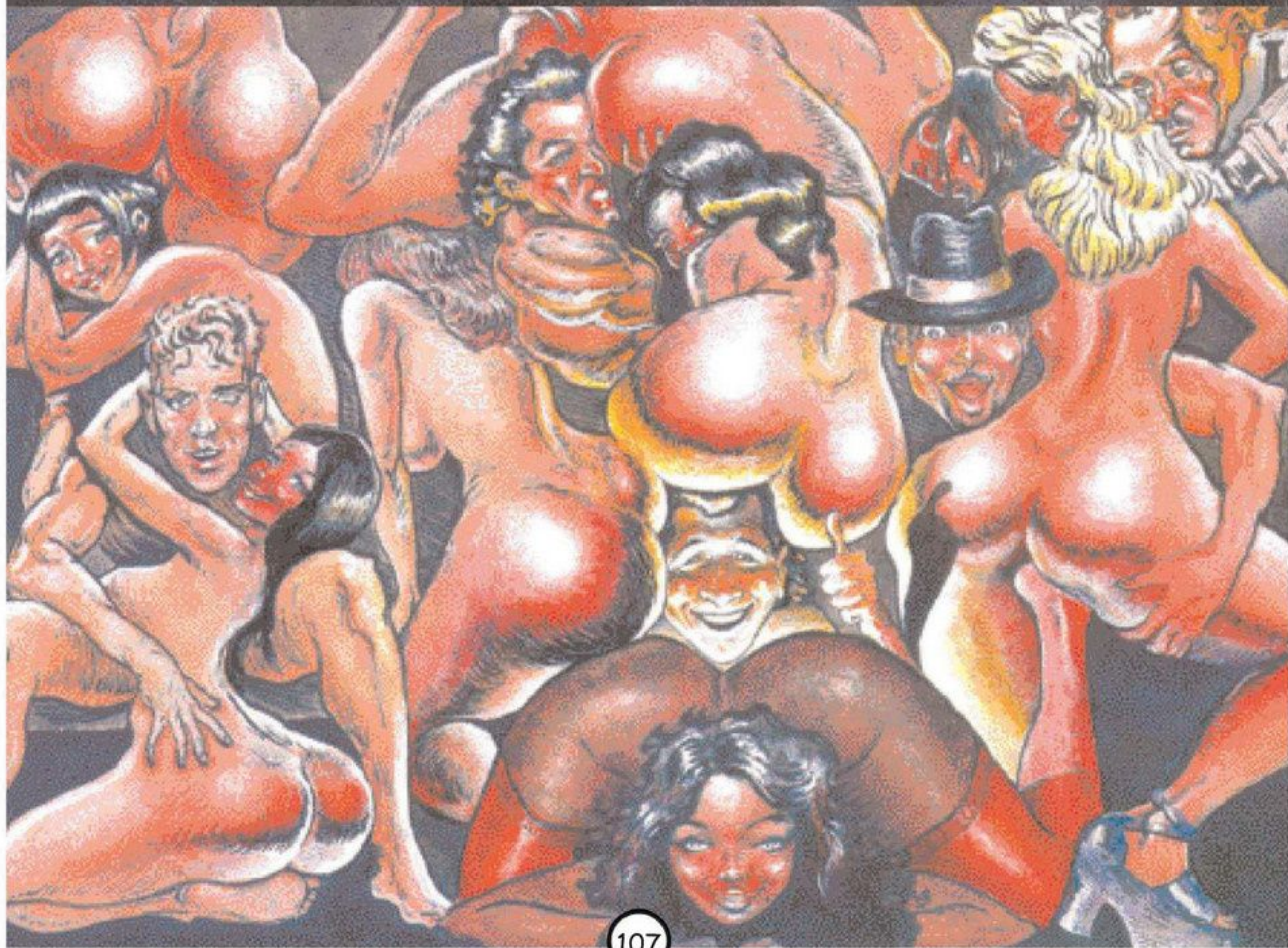
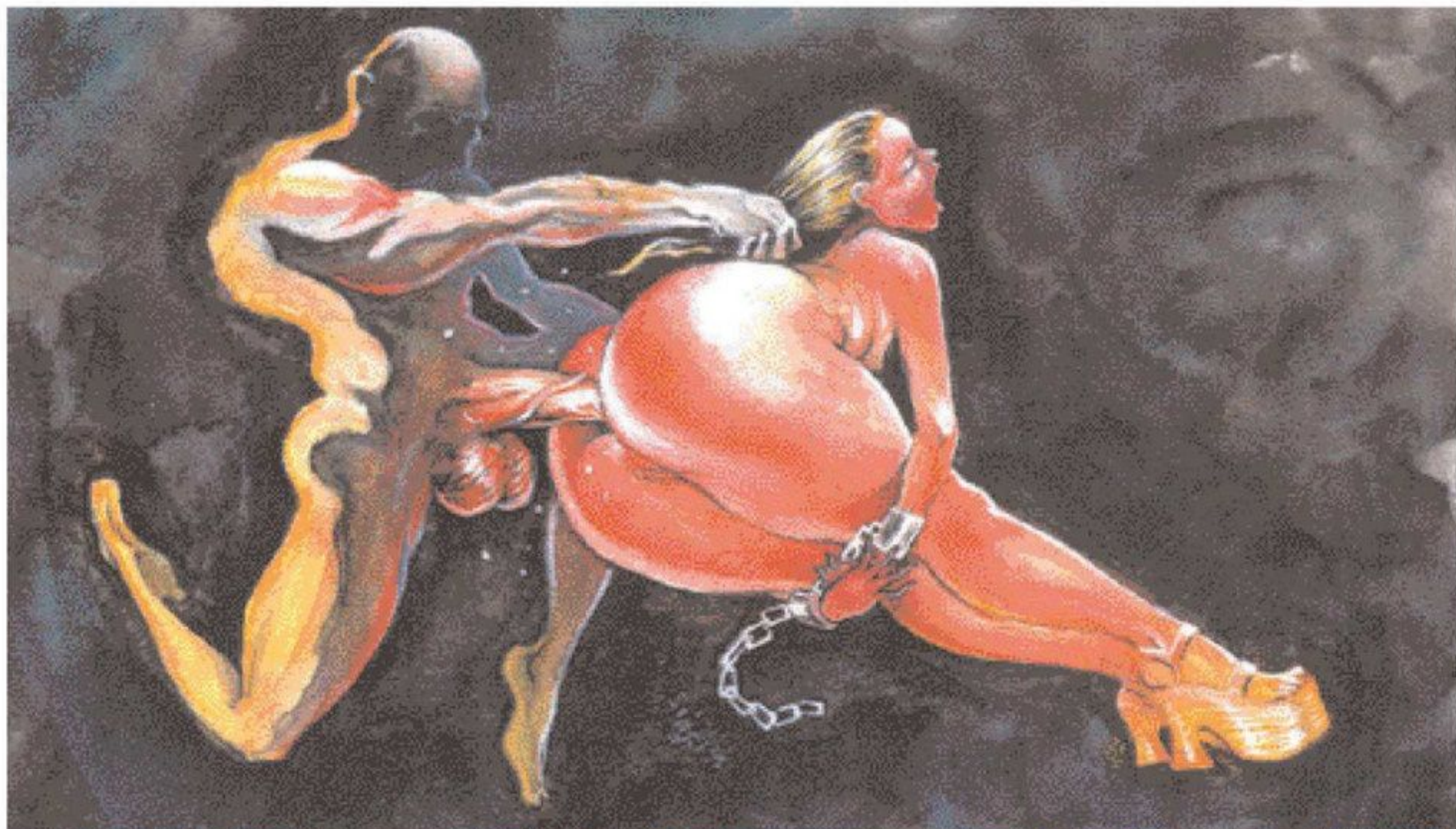
Ray Pelc

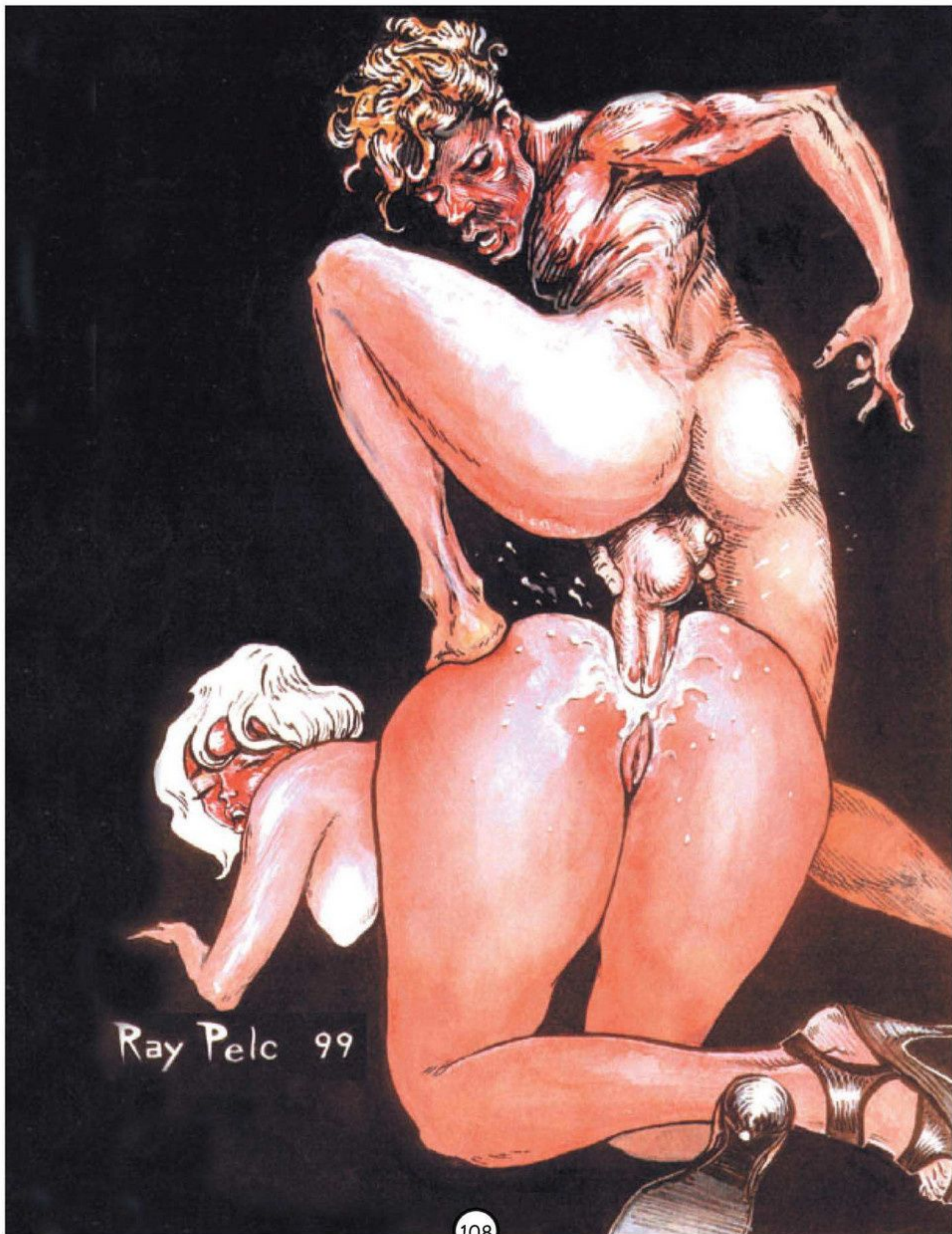


"I met Ray in a bookstore here in Los Angeles. He said he was a fan, and an artist. I was quite pleased when he sent us some of his work. He creates a great image of the fun and debauchery that we have here at the EVIL EMPIRE!"

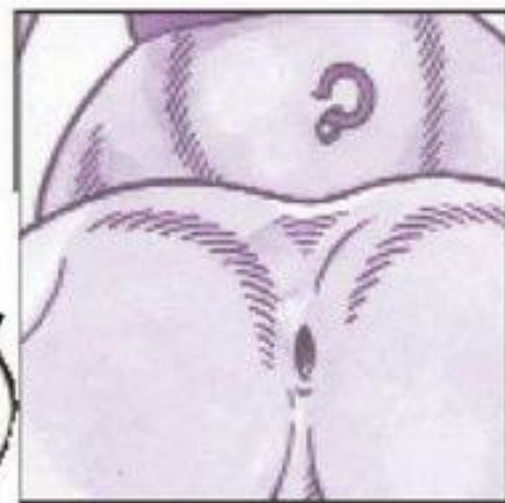
-J.S.



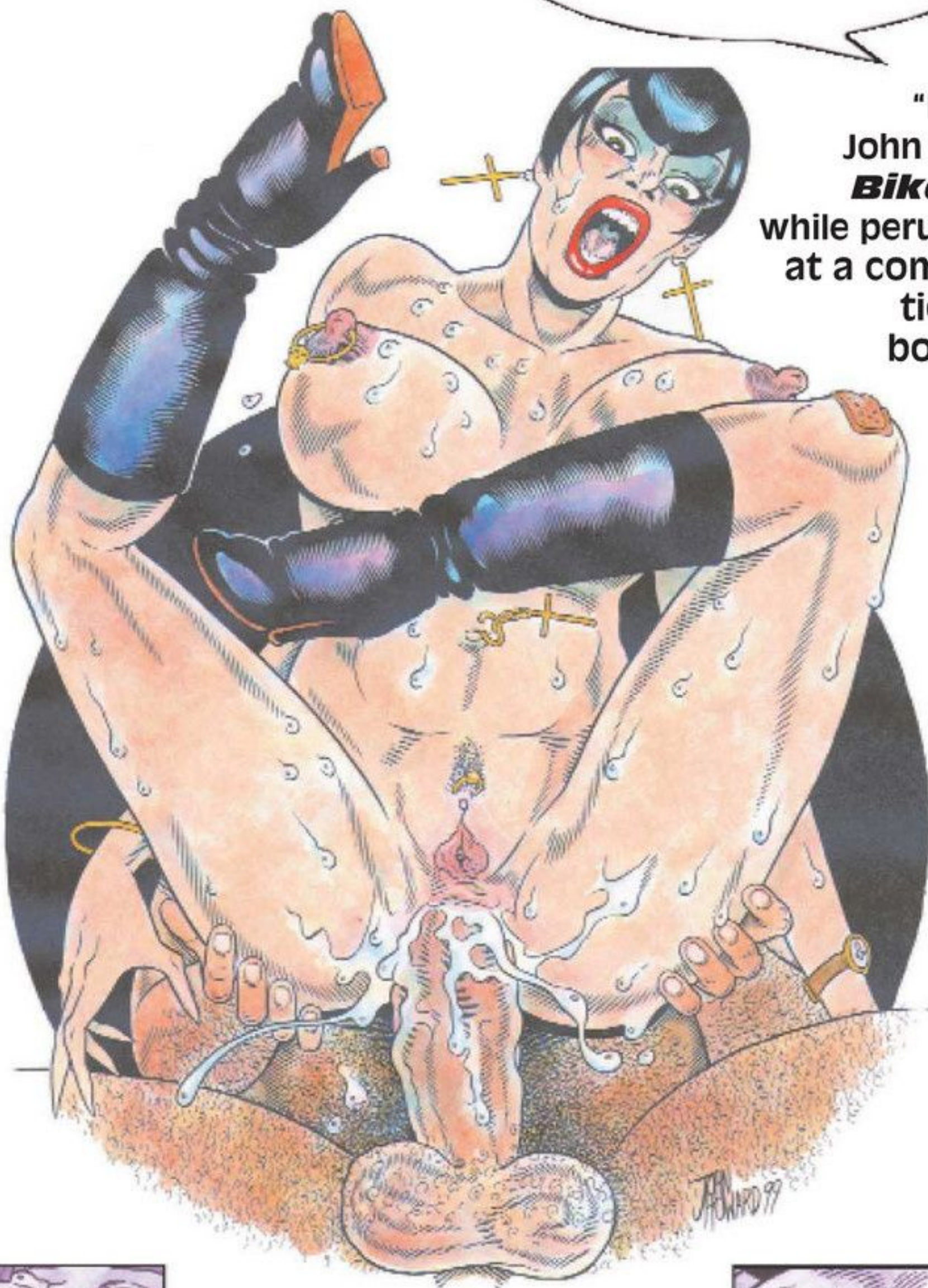




Ray Pelc 99



John Howard



"I first came across John Howard's **Horny Biker Sluts** comics while perusing the sale bins at a comic book convention back in 1991. I bought every issue I could find! His women are powerful, dirty, sexy sluts who are not shy about anything: pissing, fisting, enemas, bottles and baseball bats up the ass."

—J.S.



HEY BUTTMEN

Got your letter today so I'm sending some recent unpublished artwork for you to use or not.

By the way, I'd be totally jazzed to do whatever illustration or cartoon work you guys might need for your mags in the future, so please keep me in mind.

Looking forward to the interview!



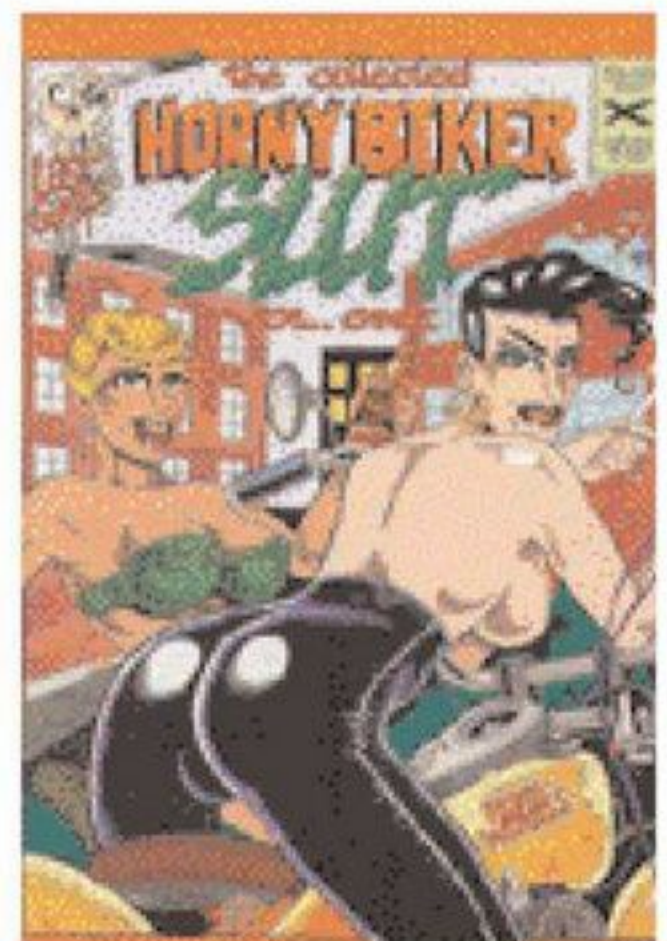
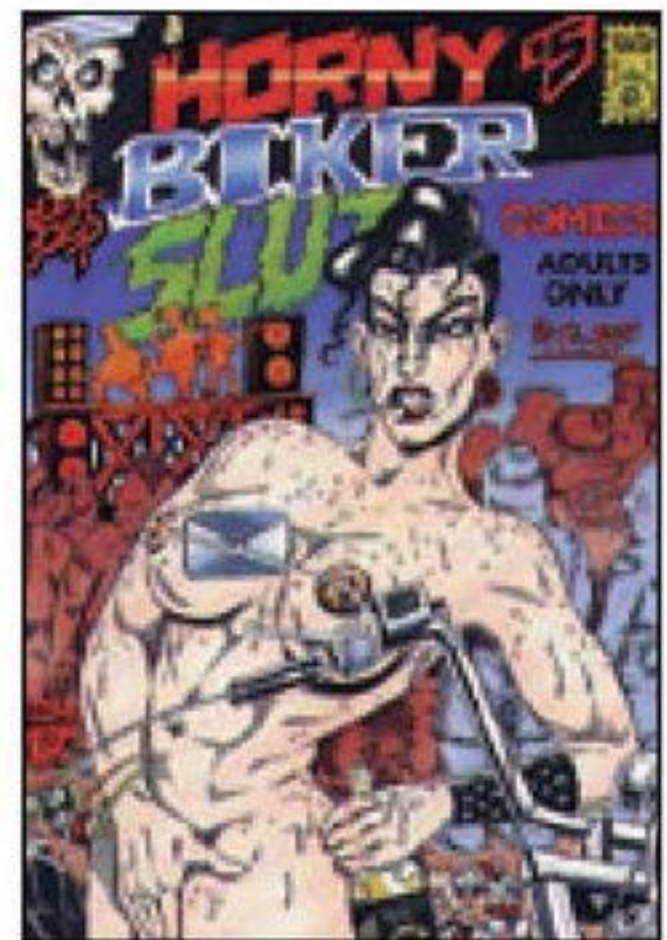
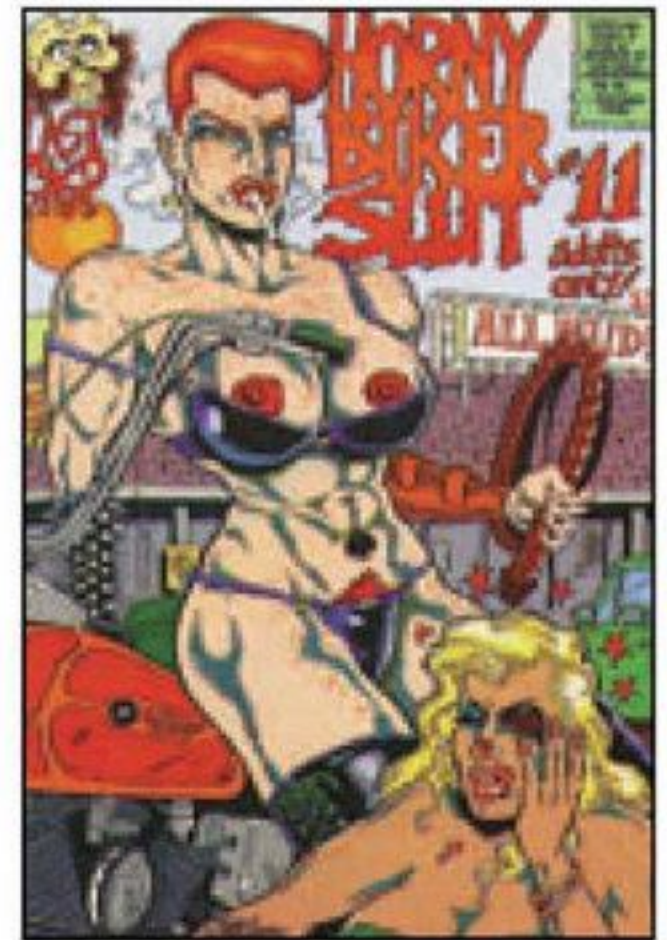
Later -
John Howard

Ps. I'm a huge fan of John S. from way back, in case I forgot to mention it before!



From Horny Biker Sluts #11

From Horny Biker Sluts #8



From Horny Biker Sluts #5

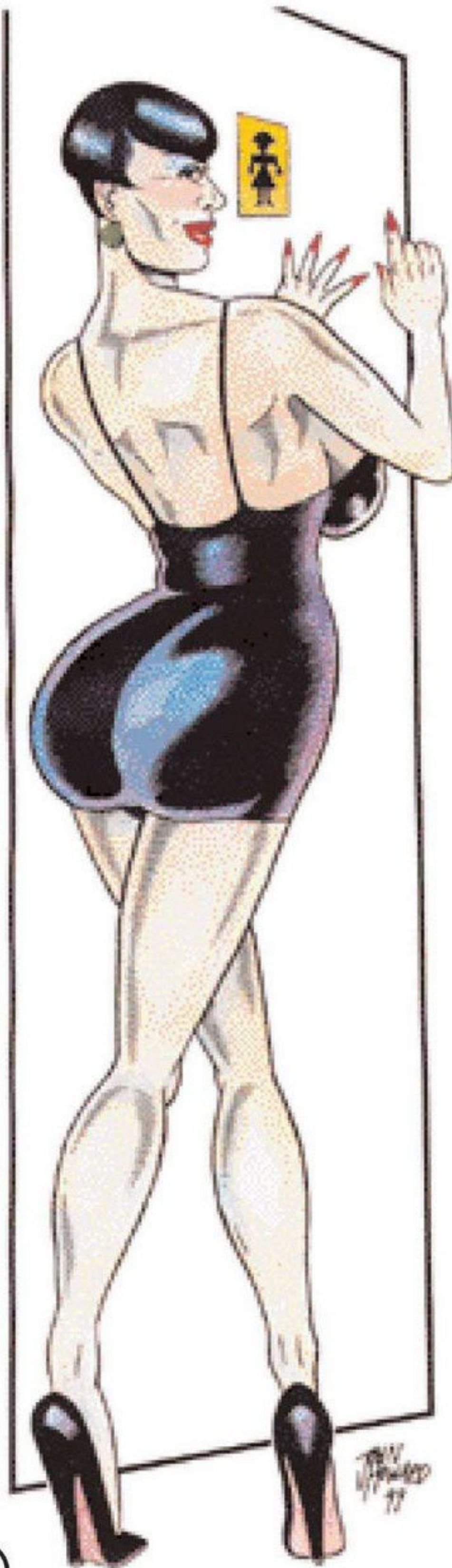
LOVIN' THE RUMPAGE

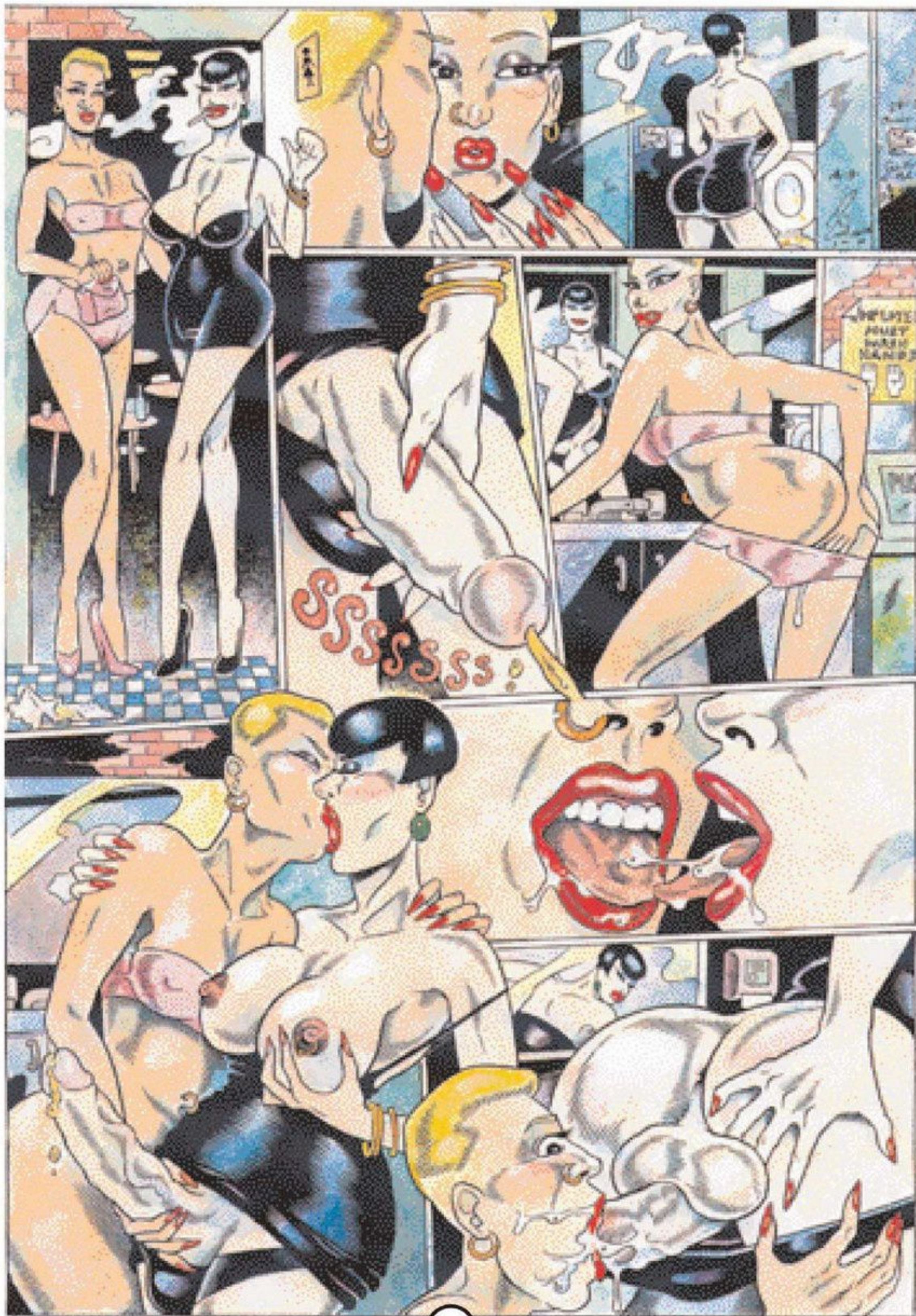
**Talkin' Shit With
John Howard**

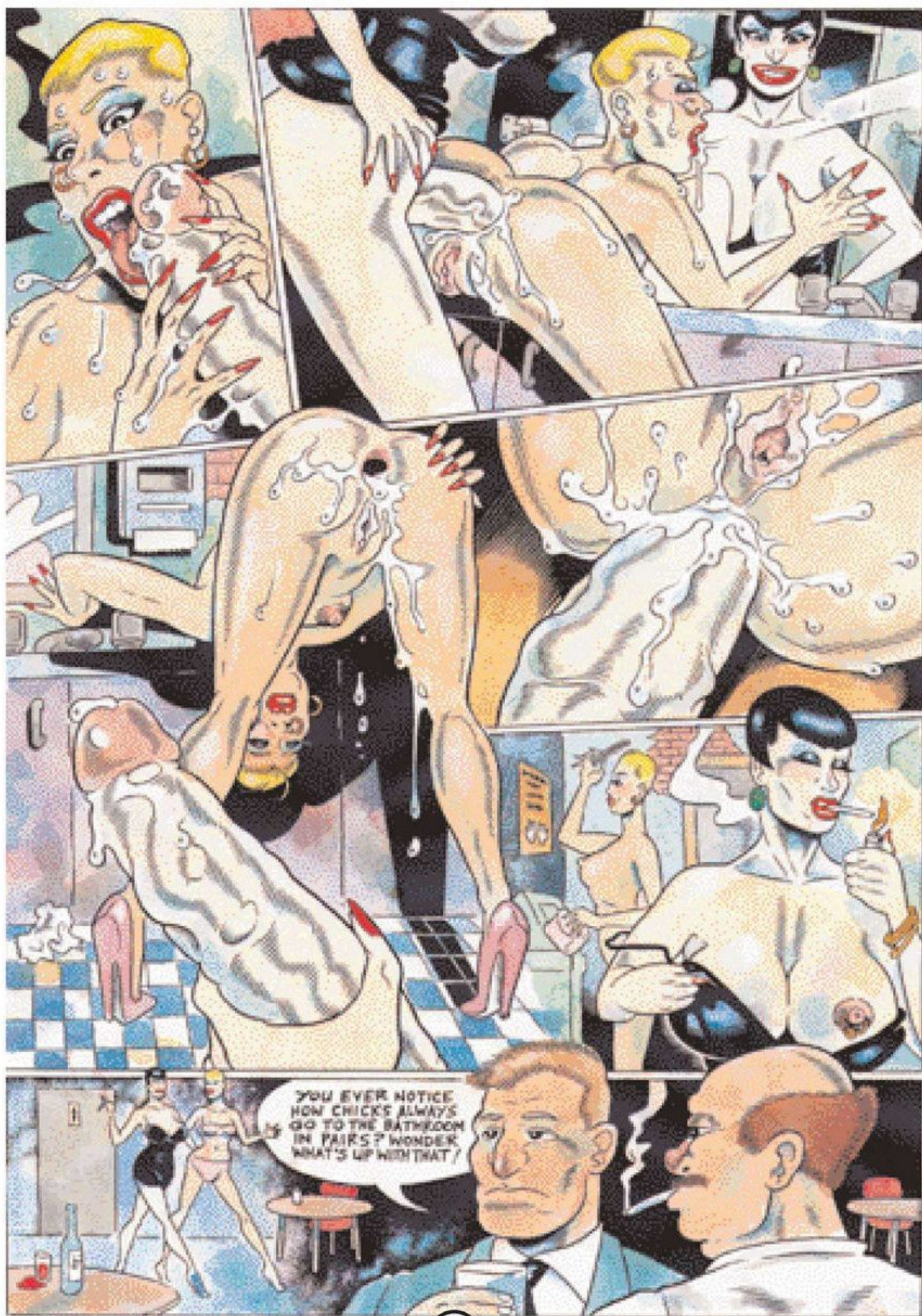
Interviewed by Scott Phillips

John Howard is of a decidedly warped mindset, with his images of globe-assed Amazons taking liberties with men; broad-hipped Harley-riding sluts with nymphomaniacal tendencies, voluptuous face-smotherers and the like. For those reasons alone we love him, and have devoted this **Buttman Magazine** issue's *Over The Top* section to him. Delve into the brain of a truly demented young man, by way of his best friend, Scott Phillips. Scott, an aspiring screenwriter whose hot butt-smut fiction has graced the pages of this magazine under the name Cecil Anderson (check out his latest, *In Praise of Older Bee-Yotches* on page 34 in vol.4, #5), promised to dig up some good filth on his best buddy. I recently got to meet these two fine perverts at the San Diego Comic Convention... and lived to tell. — *Ellen Thompson, Editor*

I've been friends with John Howard for 23 years now, and when I heard **Buttman Magazine** was doing a piece on him, I jumped at the chance to reveal all his dirty secrets. The following interview was conducted over the phone in July, 2001. — *Scott Phillips*







Scott Phillips: Let's start with the comics - when did you start doing *Horny Biker Slut Comics*?

John Howard: Shit, when was it? '88?

SP: I think the idea was planted the first year we went to the San Diego Comic Convention. You showed *Leaping Weasel Comics* (our earlier book) to Ron Turner at Last Gasp Publishing, and he said "This is great, but show me something I can sell." And that lit a fire under your ass to do a porno comic.

JH: Wow, I don't remember that at all. All I remember is taking the thing to him - it was called *Weasels Die Hard!* then - and he came up with a different title. He liked the comic, but said "We'll call it *Savage Biker Sex*," and somewhere along the line that became *Horny Biker Slut Comics*.

SP: And we were horrified.

JH: Yeah, but it's made us all famous and wealthy [*Yeah, right, John! The average amateur comic book artist earns barely enough to dine on macaroni and cheese. -Editor*]

SP: Sure. But I guess we still don't remember when that was.

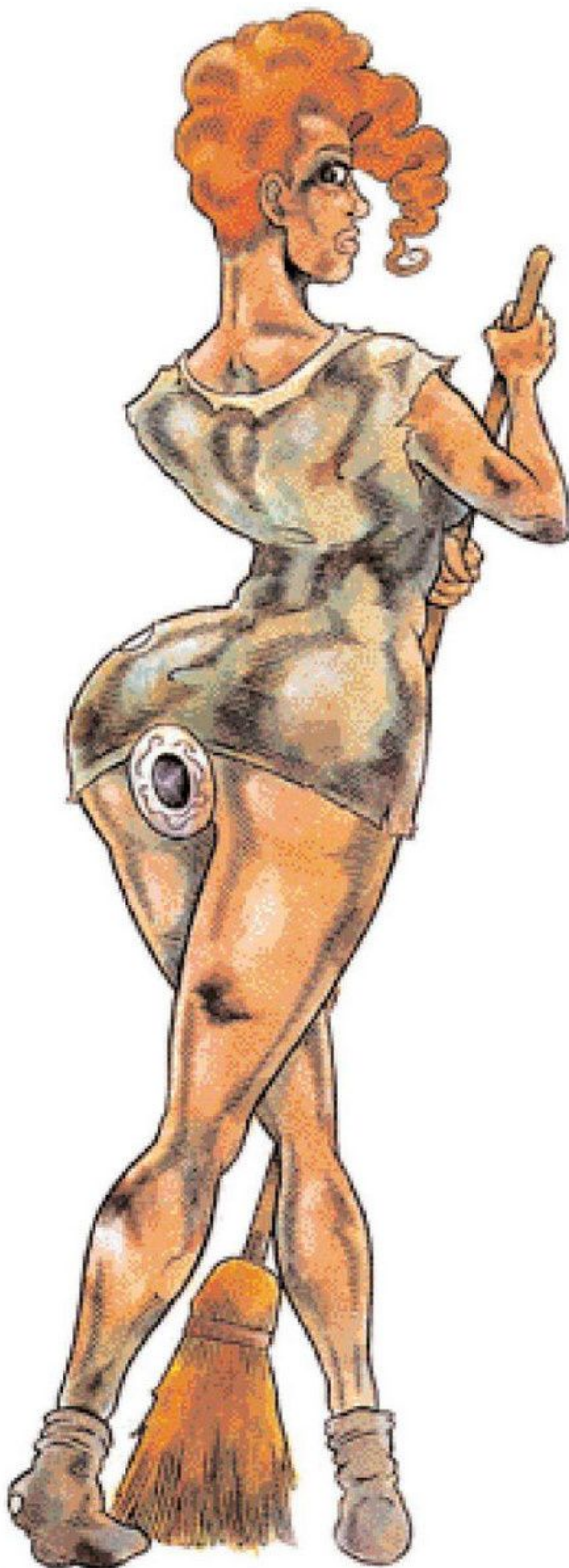
JH: Let's go with late '80s. I don't want the chicks out there to know how old I am.

SP: So let's talk about your love of asses. Were you always an assman?

JH: I think I became a true assman soon after I started drawing for the Buttman.

SP: I happen to know that you loved the ass before you were working for the Buttman.

JH: Yeah, but I didn't fully appreciate it until I started drawing big, round asses in a professional manner. I'm sure you've gone through a similar metamorphosis in your writing.



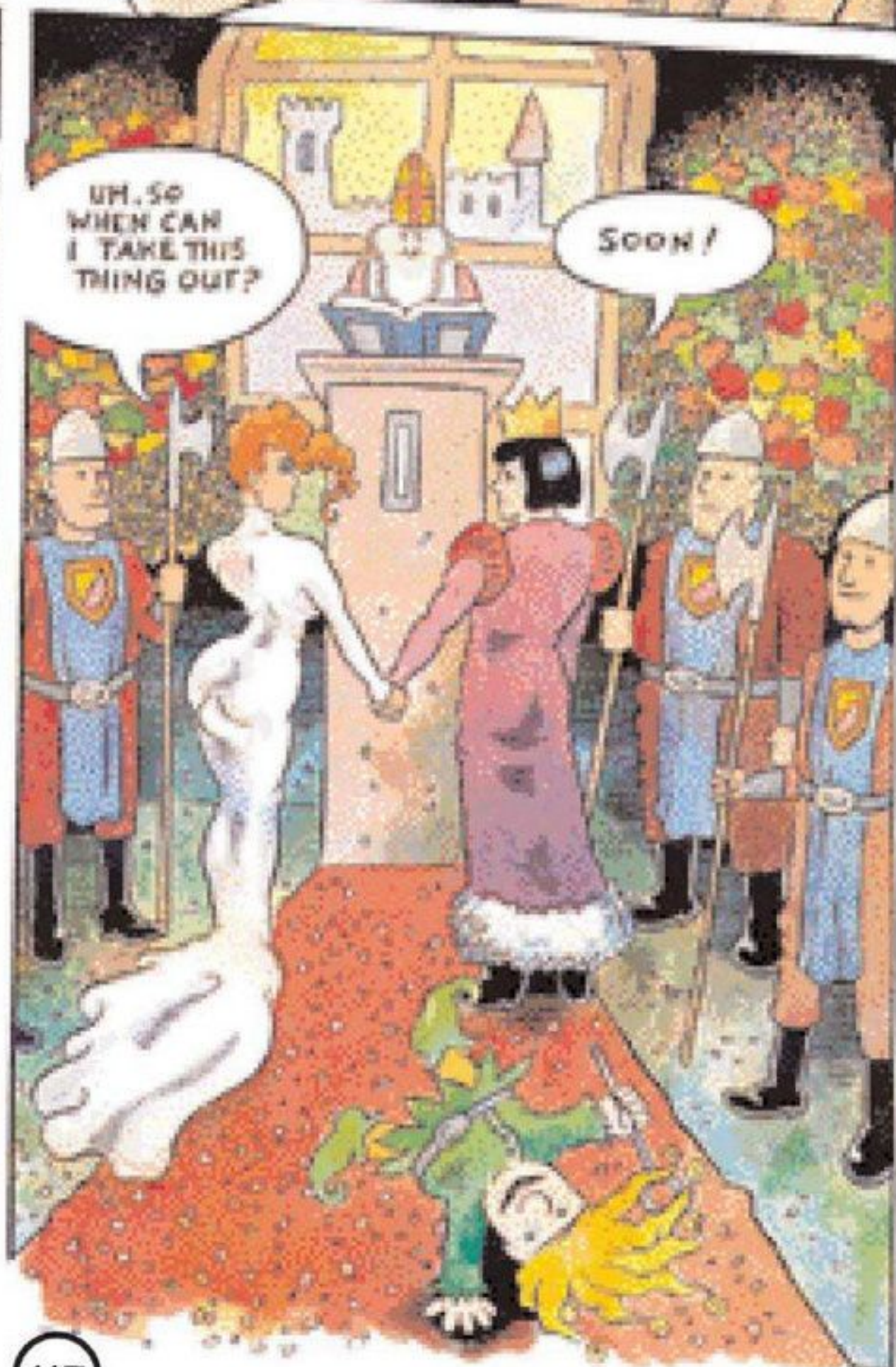
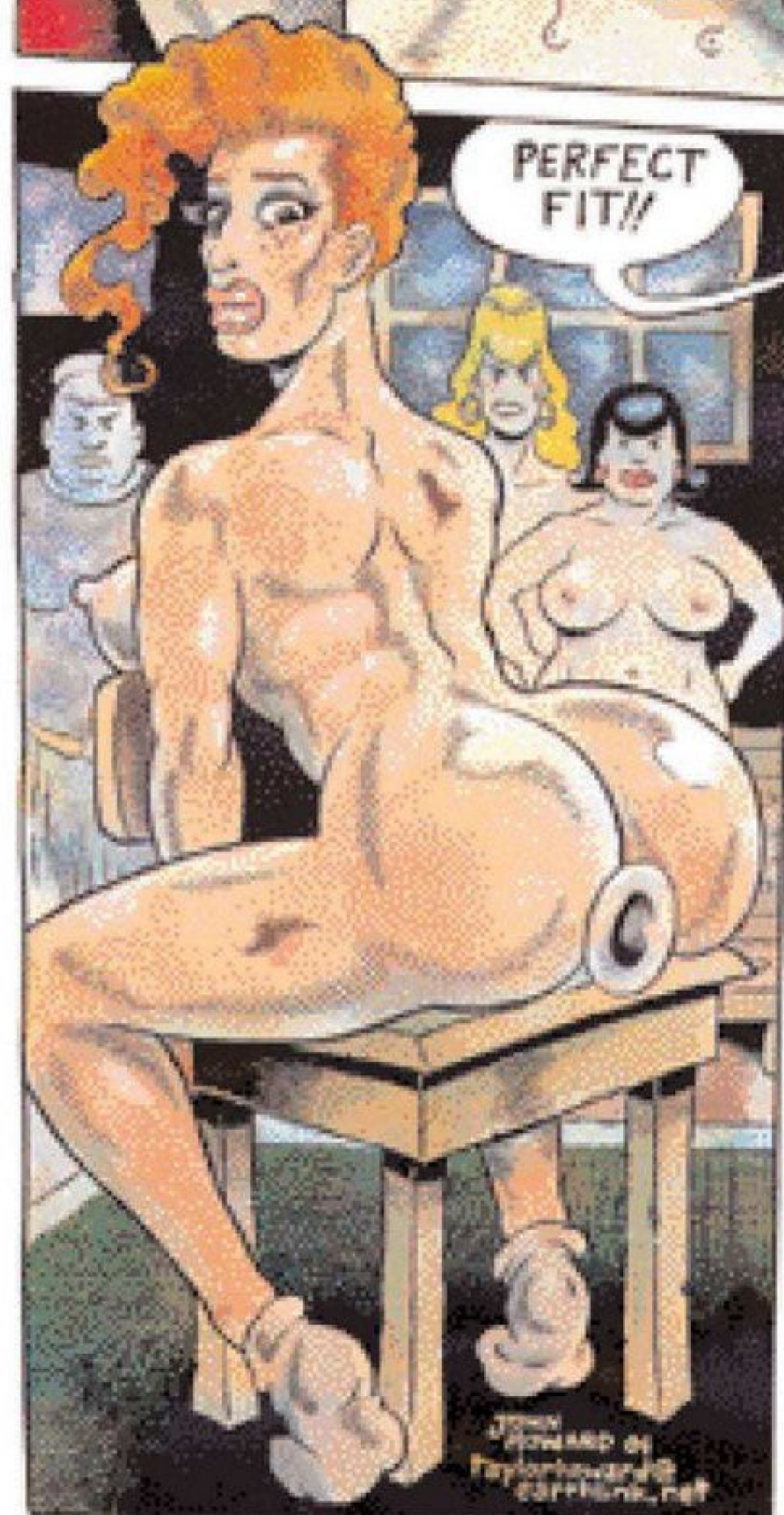
GOOD EVENING MADAM!
I BELIEVE ONE OF YOUR
DAUGHTERS DROPPED THIS
LAST NIGHT AT MY PALACE!

AH, YES / NOW IF YOU
LADIES COULD JUST UN-
PRESS AND BEND OVER
FOR ME...

WHILE YOU'RE DOWN THERE,
YOU MIGHT AS WELL PLEASURE MY
BODYGUARD WHILE I SPANK THE
ROYAL MONKEY!

SQUINK
SQUINK

HHH... MUCH
TOO TIGHT I'M
AFRAID!



SP: Yeah, my love of the big ass has grown exponentially. Not that it wasn't already overflowing. When was the first time you partook of the ass? How old were you?

JH: I was a fairly late bloomer as far as my anal hijinks go. I started having sex with girls kinda late in life, like 19 or 20 –

SP: You weren't a big cocksman in high school?

JH: For argument's sake, let's say yes. But anyway, since then, I don't think I've ever had a girlfriend that I didn't have anal sex with.

SP: You fucker. The first time I had anal sex was with your girlfriend, strangely enough.

JH: Um, yeah, that's true.

SP: Perhaps this is a good time to talk about Danelle [*not her real name*].

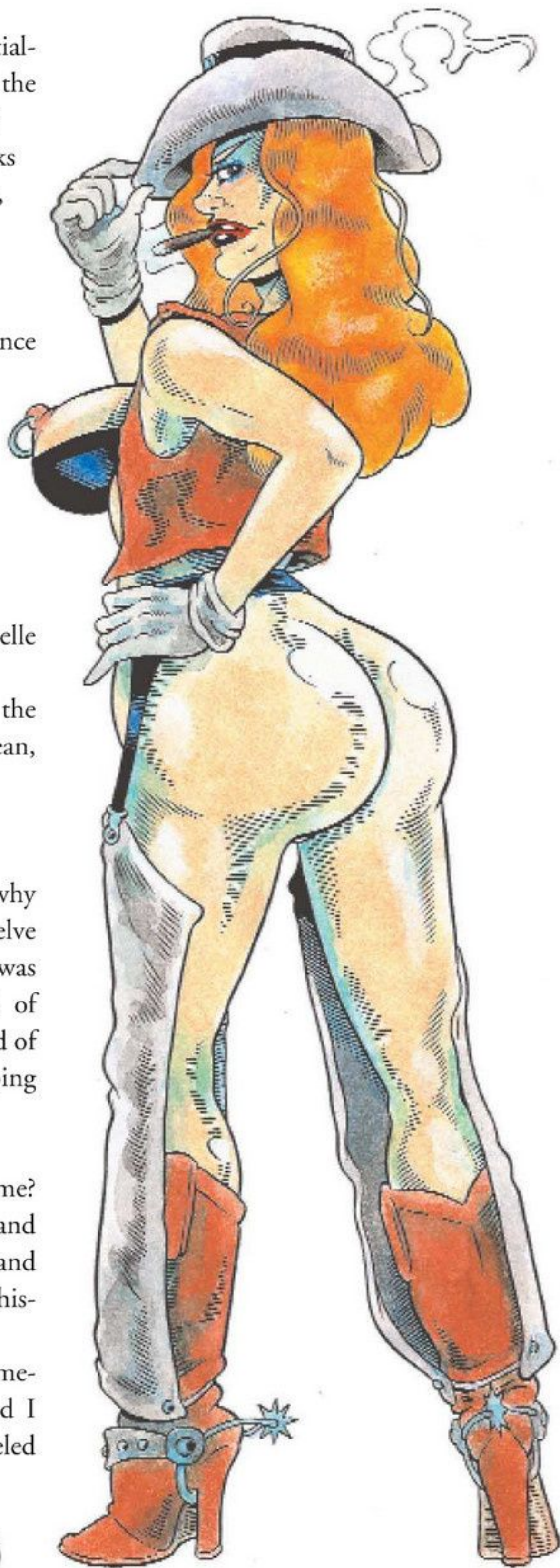
JH: Jesus. Whose girlfriend was she, technically, at the time? She was kinda up for grabs then, I think. I mean, I was sleeping with her, but so were you.

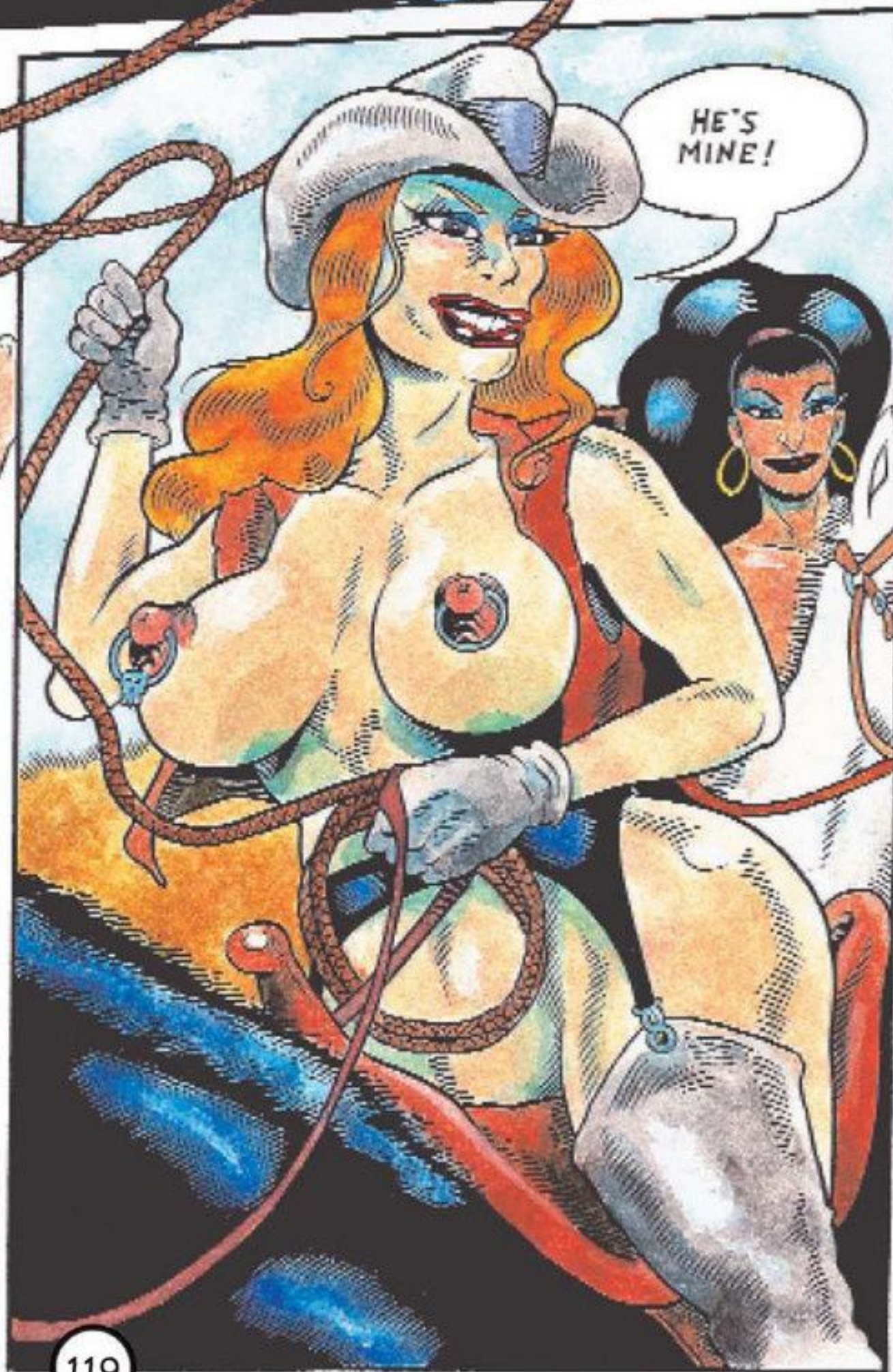
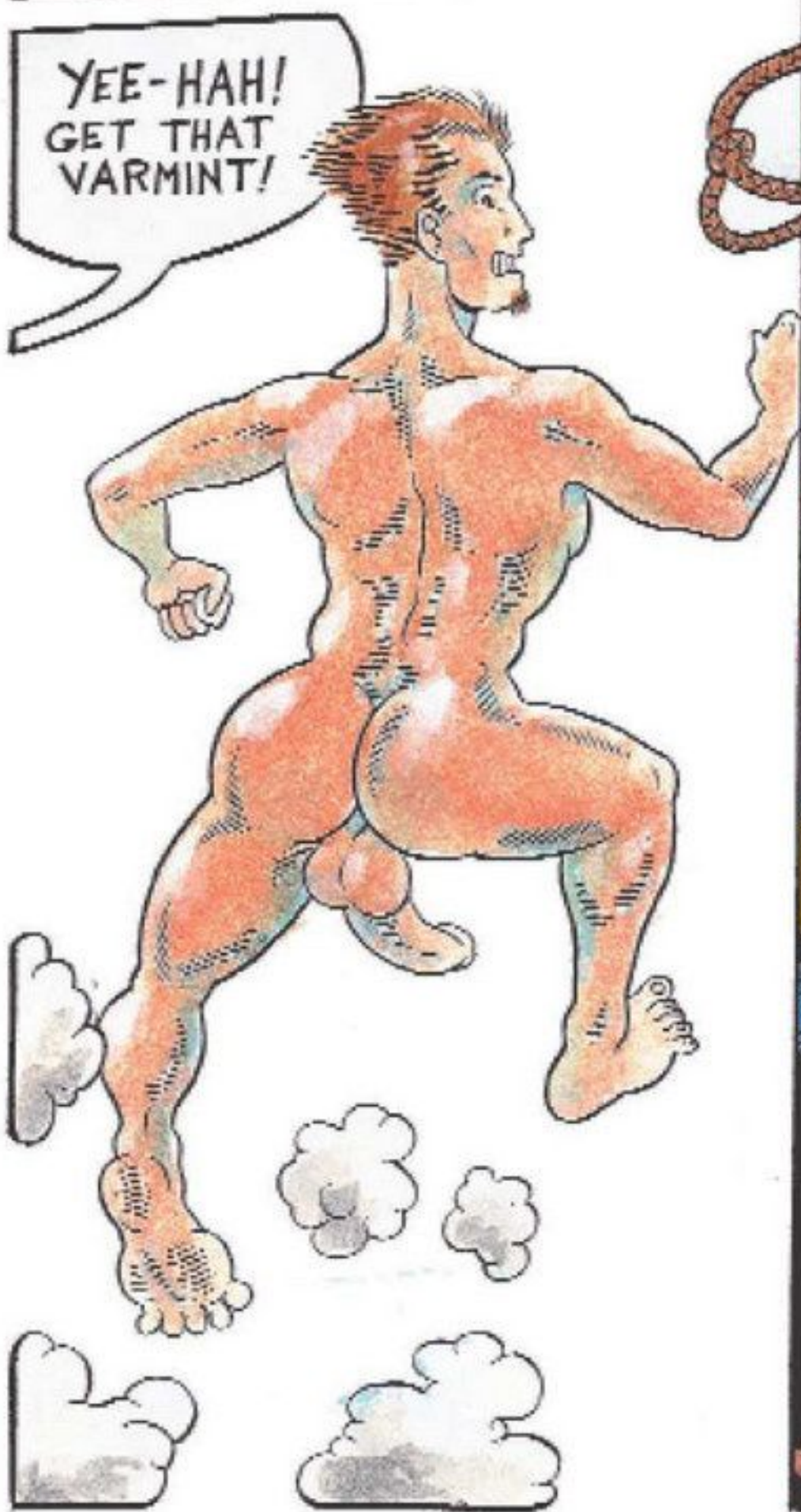
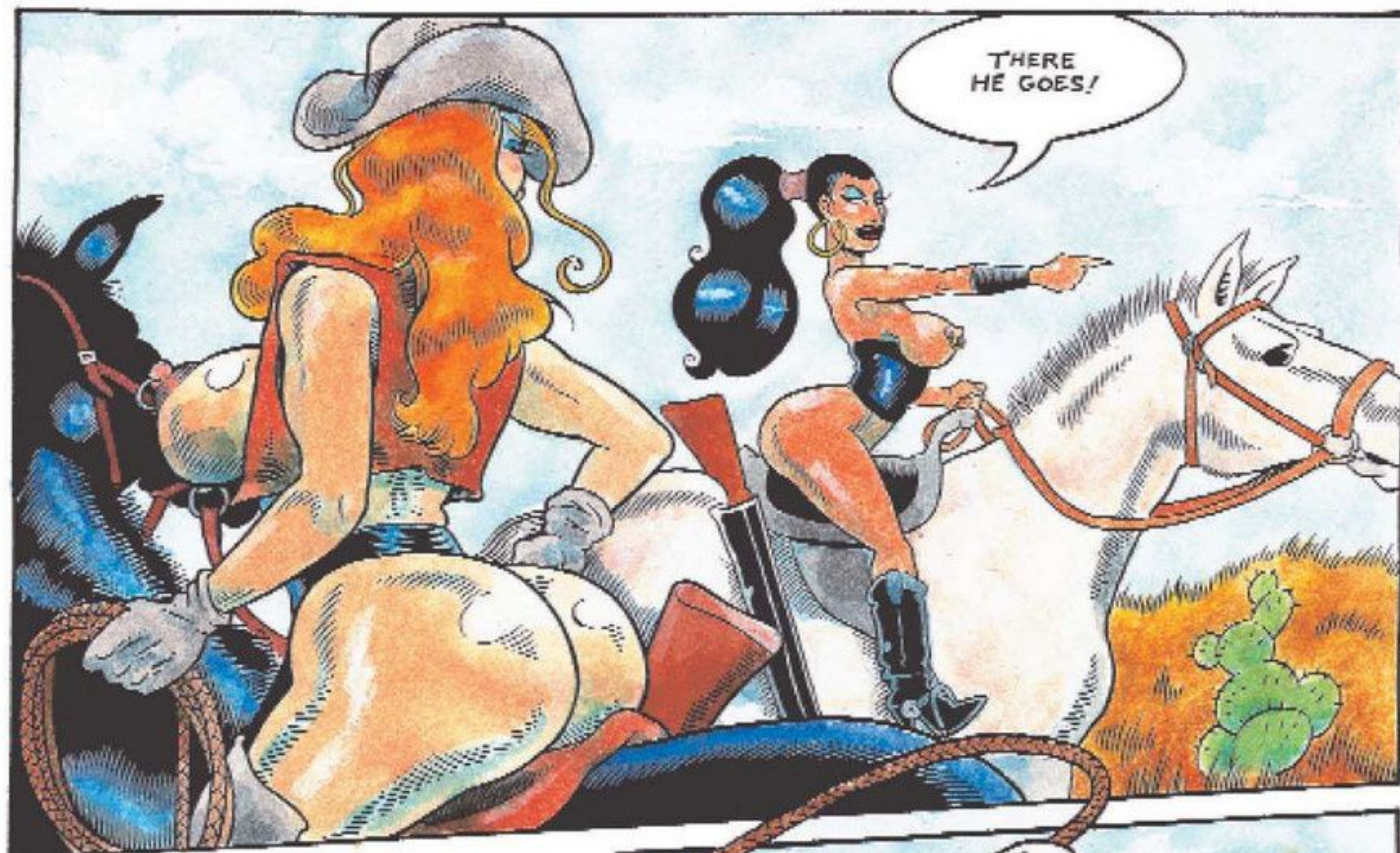
SP: I didn't sleep with her until after you did.

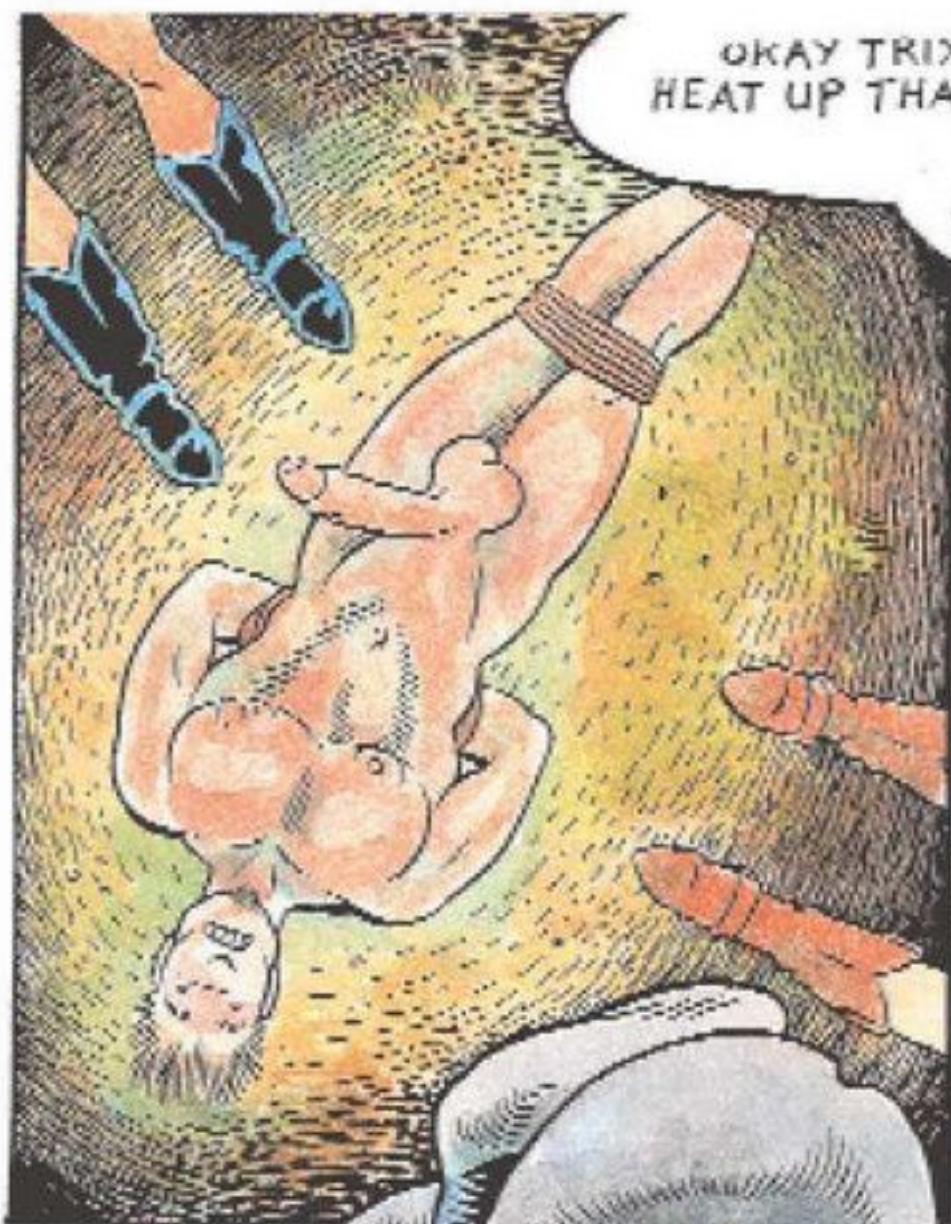
JH: All right. This is a good story because it explains why you and I can never be porn stars. When was it, twelve years ago? You were visiting me in Lexington, and I was seeing this girl, and the story was already kind of depraved, because she was the ex-wife of a good friend of mine. And pretty soon you and me were both sleeping with her, filling her up at both ends –

SP: Didn't she ask you for permission to fuck me? Danelle and I were out running around one day - and she wasn't wearing panties, because she showed me - and we stopped by the place where you worked. She whispered something to you ...

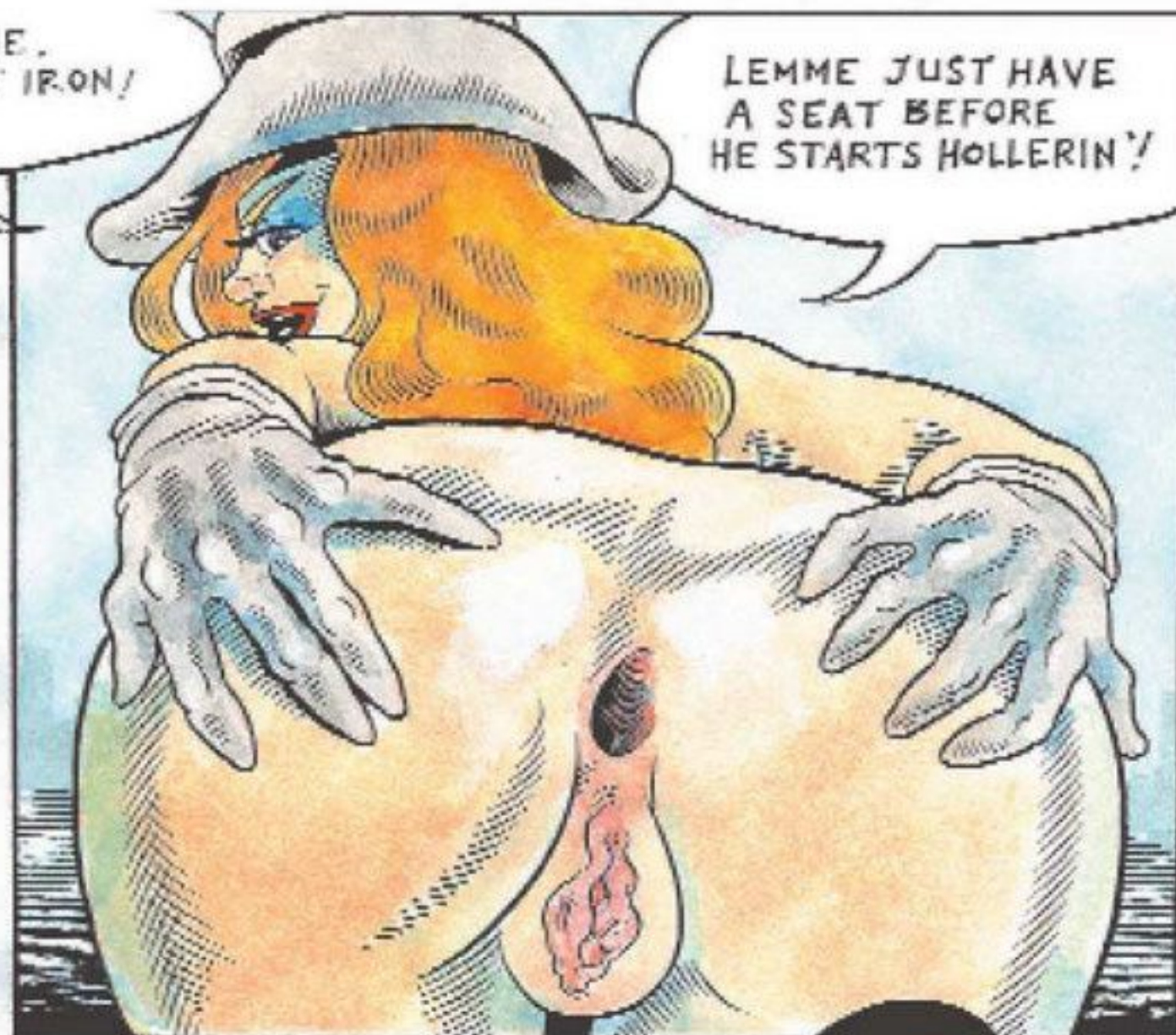
JH: Yeah! You were all upset and depressed over something, probably some other chick, and Danelle and I thought it would cheer you up. And of course I weaseled myself into the mix.







OKAY TRIXIE,
HEAT UP THAT IRON!



LEMME JUST HAVE
A SEAT BEFORE
HE STARTS HOLLERIN'!



MMGGF!
NNGGHH!!

SP: Yeah, it cheered me up until the ugly consequences reared their collective head. So anyway...

JH: So we're both doin' her, and she started not-so-subtly letting us know that she wanted us both to jerk off on her face at the same time, and we half-assedly tried to do it, but we couldn't because we kept getting the giggles.

SP: It's all about overcoming that weirdness of jerking off in front of your best friend.

JH: I guess we've since – oh God, no, I can't say that. Fuck!

SP: What can't you say?

JH: I can't say that we've since overcome that fear. We haven't advanced at all sexually in twelve years. That Danelle, she sure had a big, round ass, though.

SP: And it just got bigger and bigger.

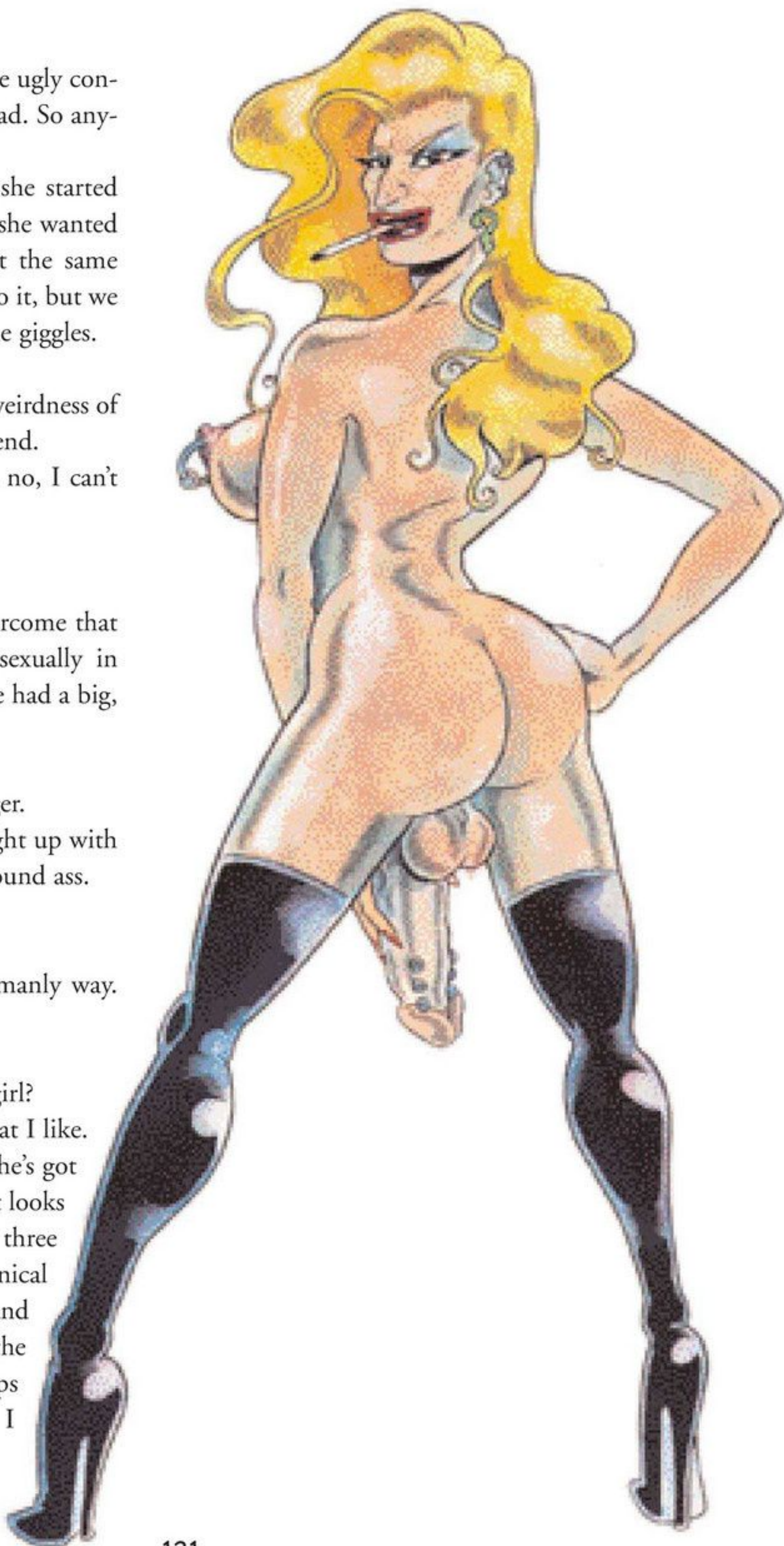
JH: I think the rest of her just caught up with it. Y'know, I've got kind of a big round ass.

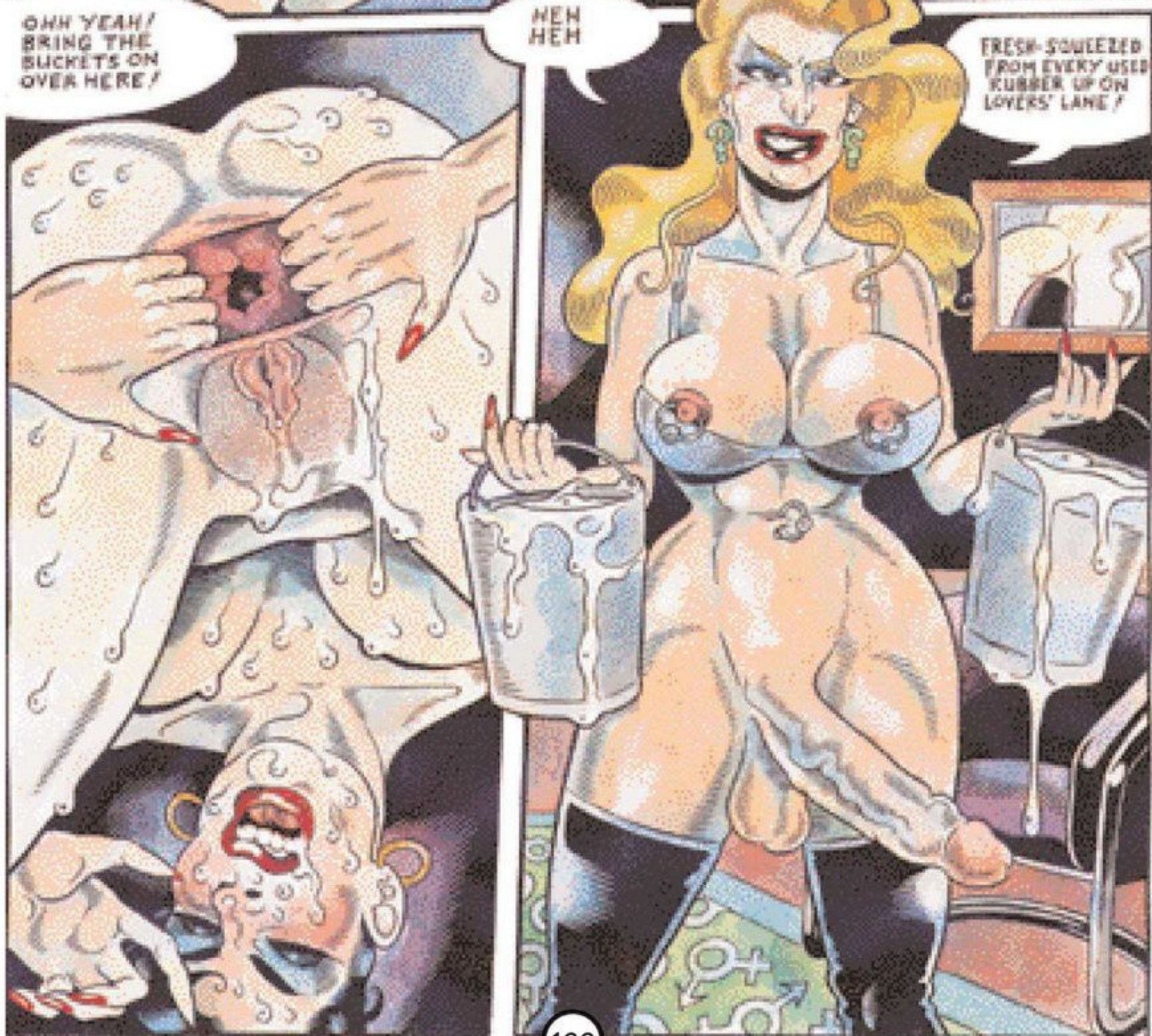
SP: You do.

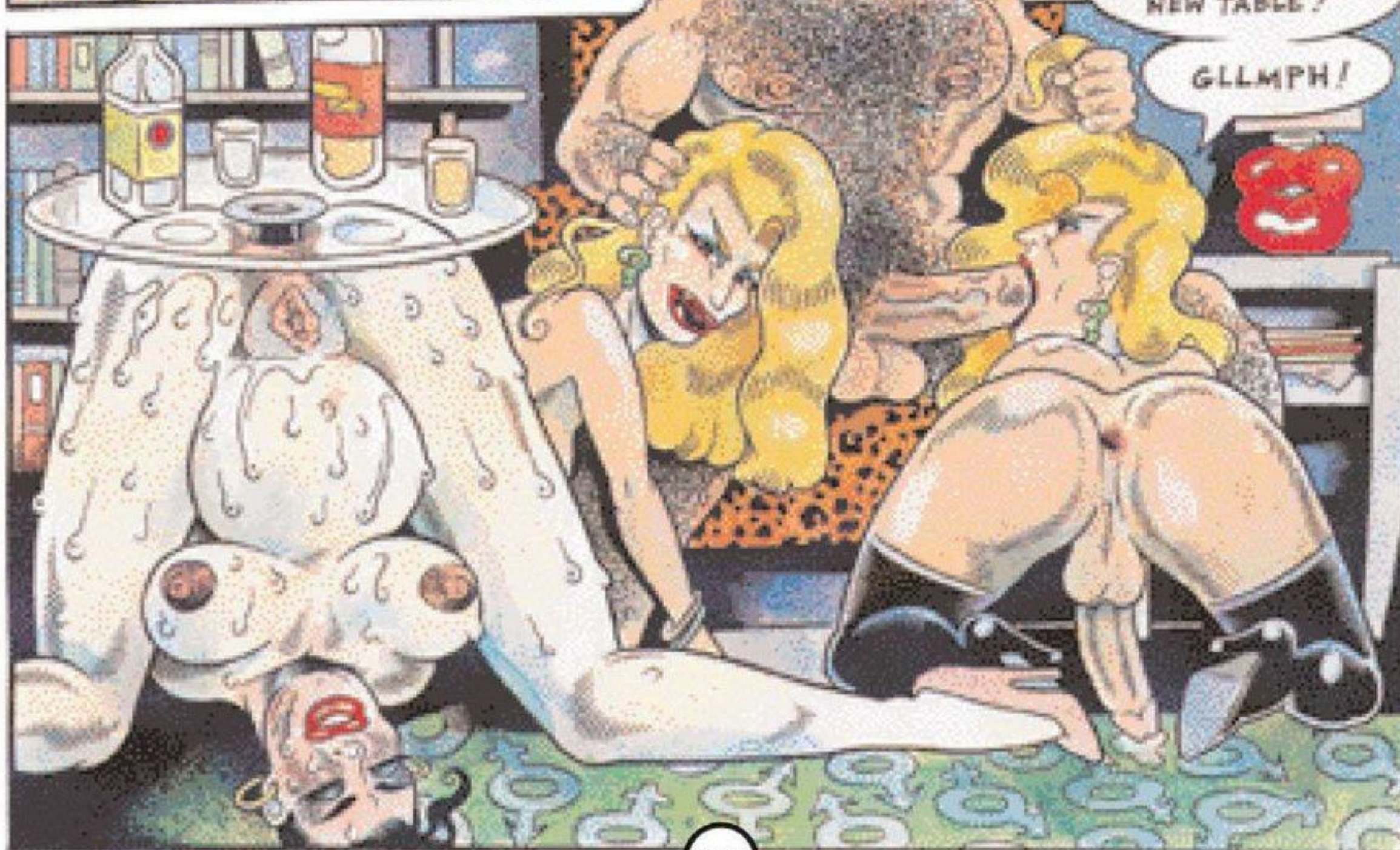
JH: In a good way, though; in a manly way. I've got like a Yaphet Kotto ass.

SP: Who's your favorite Buttman girl?

JH: Aw Jesus, there are so many that I like. I think my favorite is Gina Vice. She's got a huge ass. She takes this thing that looks like a stack of traffic cones, it's like three feet long; this series of big pink conical things one on top of the other, and has a handle like a sword. And the thing goes in her, and just keeps going and keeps going, and I thought I was gonna pass out.







SP: Have you ever used anything like that on a girl?

JH: I don't have the funds for that kind of equipment. But once I was staying in a hotel in New Orleans with my girlfriend, and there was this big queen-sized bed, and right in the middle of the headboard there was a pear-shaped wooden plug-thing. Just fooling around I realized it would come loose, so I pulled it loose and, well, you know me. Right up the girl's butt it went. And I of course; filled the other hole with my wiener. It was great. She dug it, man.

SP: You're a bastard.

JH: Not only that, but I didn't even wash the thing before I stuck it back on the headboard.

SP: Somebody's in that motel room right now going "What smells like ass?"

JH: You know it's been up an ass before that.

SP: Finest ass: Gwen Stefani or Britney Spears?

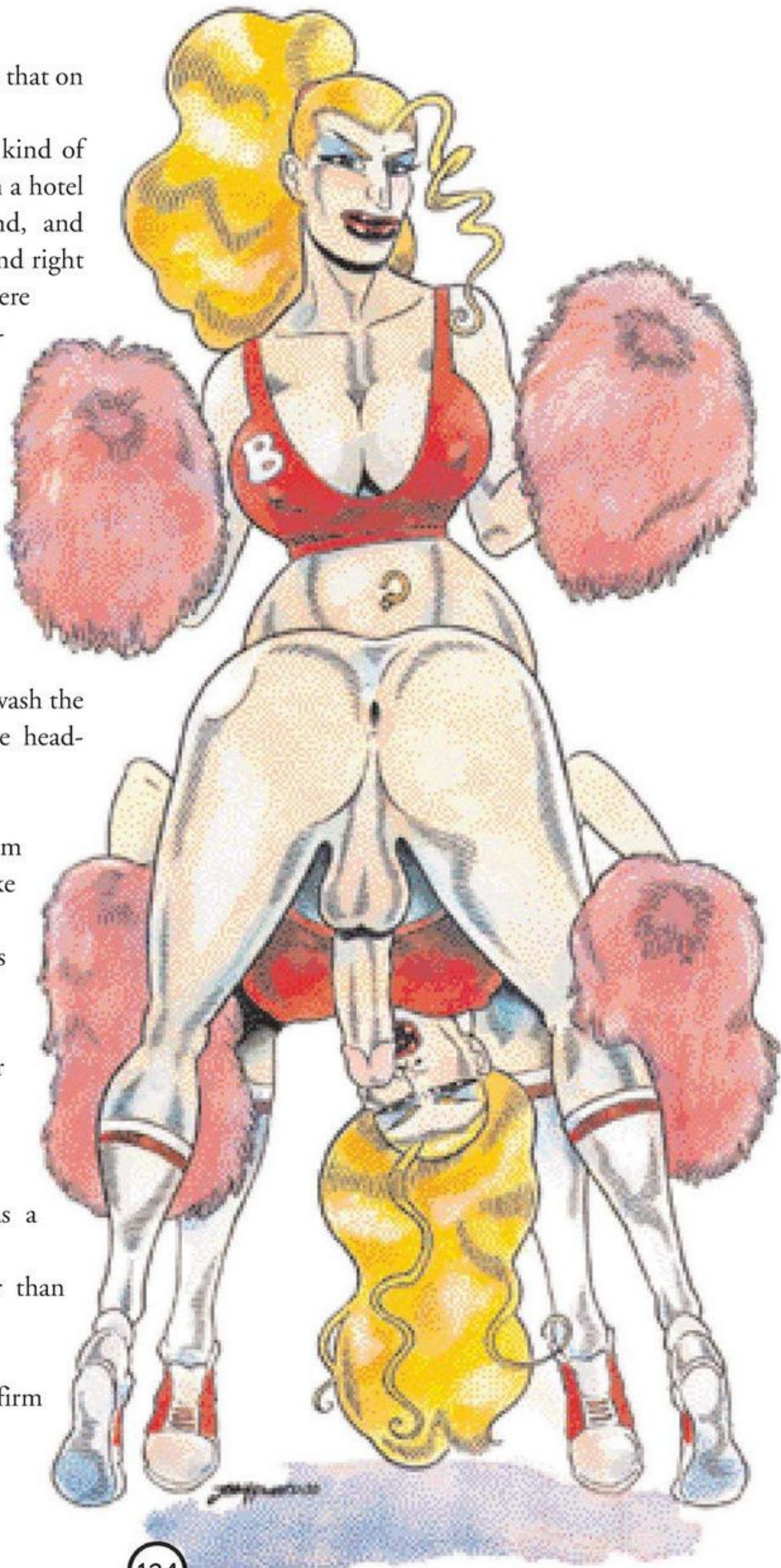
JH: Gwen.

SP: (*stunned*) You think Gwen has a nicer ass than Britney?

JH: Everything about her is better than Britney.

SP: But Britney has that round and firm butt, whereas Gwen is more sleek.

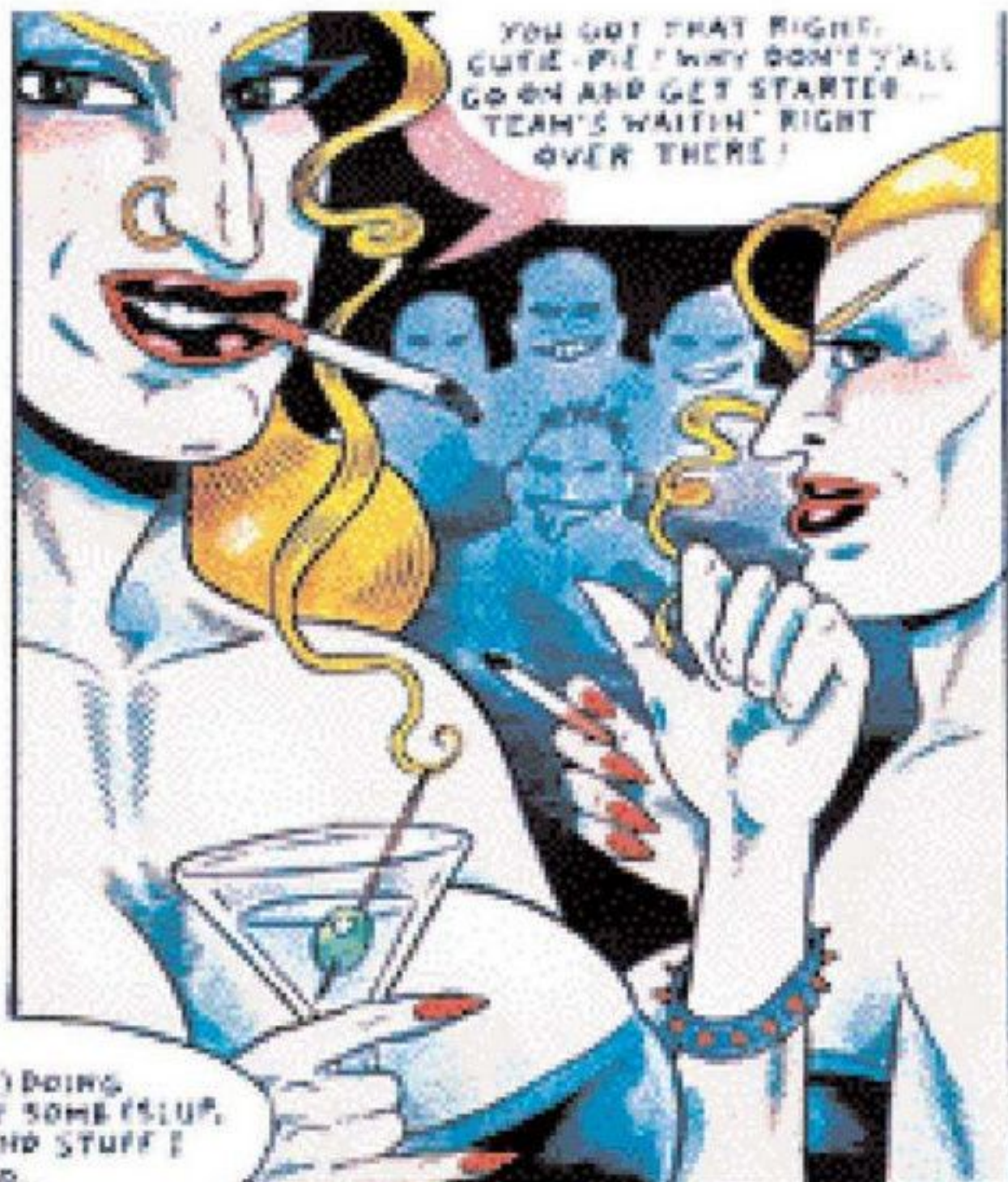
JH: Sleek is okay, though.



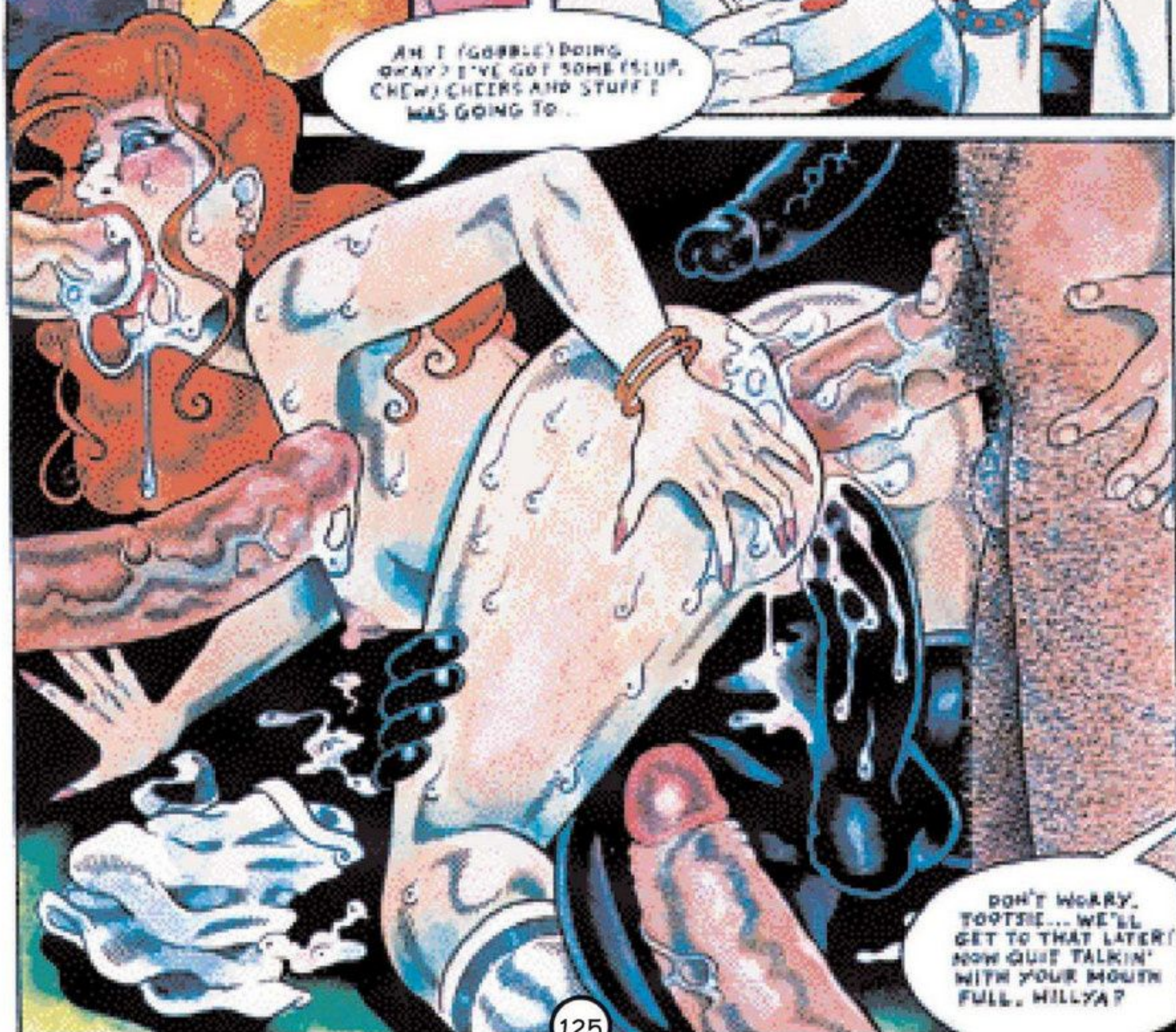
IS IT THIS THE
RIGHT PLACE FOR
THE CHEERLEADER
TRYOUTS?



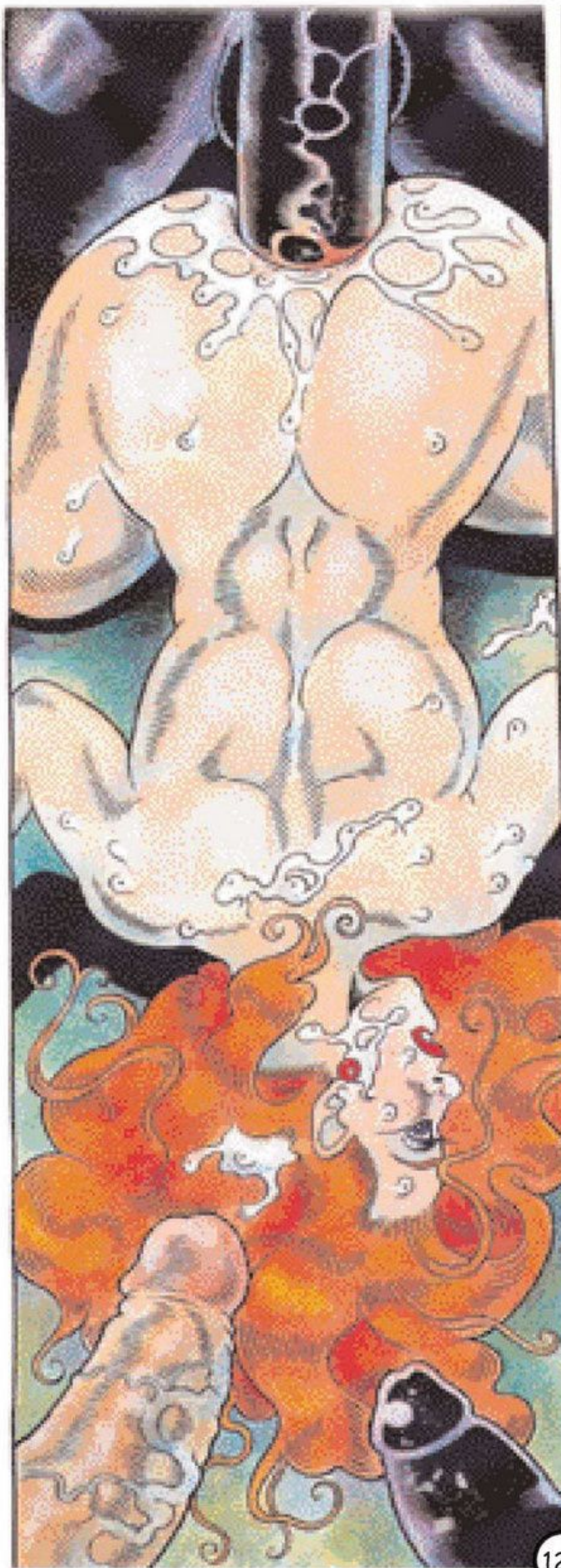
YOU GOT THAT RIGHT,
CUTIE - PI! WHY DON'T Y'ALL
GO ON AND GET STARTED...
TEAM'S WAITIN' RIGHT
OVER THERE!



AM I (GOBBLE) DOING
OKAY? I'VE GOT SOME (SLUR,
CHEW) CHEERS AND STUFF I
WAS GOING TO...



DON'T WORRY,
TOOTSIE... WE'LL
GET TO THAT LATER!
NOW QUIET TALKIN'
WITH YOUR MOUTH
FULL, HILLYA?



SP: Sleek is good, I'm just talking round and firm.

JH: You should've asked me which one has a bigger ass, then.

SP: When you were growing up, did you always like to draw naked girls, or did you start out the Marvel way, with *Spider Man* and all that?

JH: Well, you start out drawing that stuff, but in junior high or something, in a matter of days, I went from superheroes to tits.

SP: You had a piece in a show at the New Museum of Contemporary Art in New York recently, right?

JH: Yeah. That show was called *Picturing the Modern Amazon*. A lot of big names were in that show - Yoko Ono, Judy Chicago, Robert Crumb, a lot of photographers...

SP: Did you score any pussy as a result?

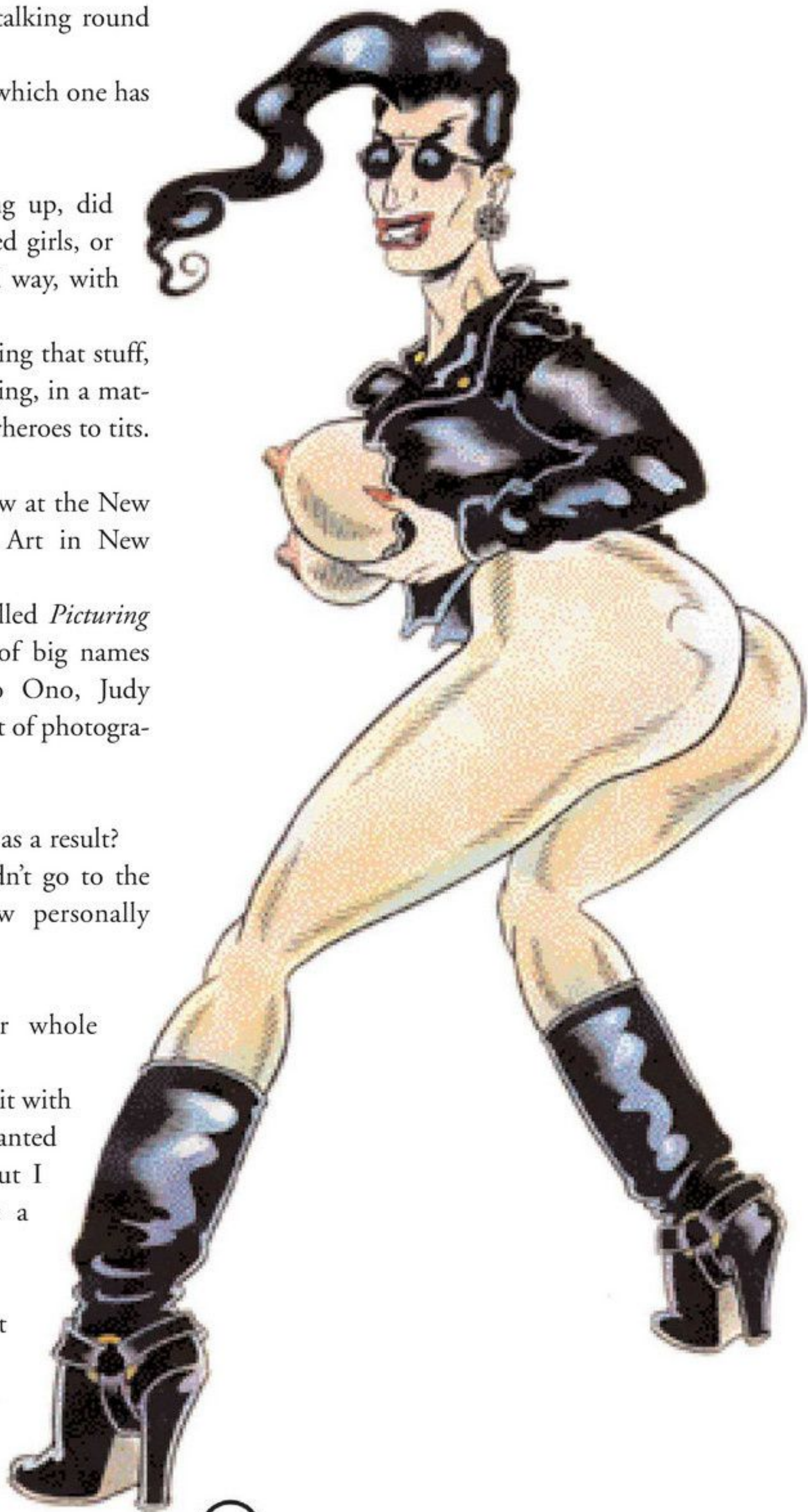
JH: I did not, because I didn't go to the show, and nobody I know personally knows I was in it.

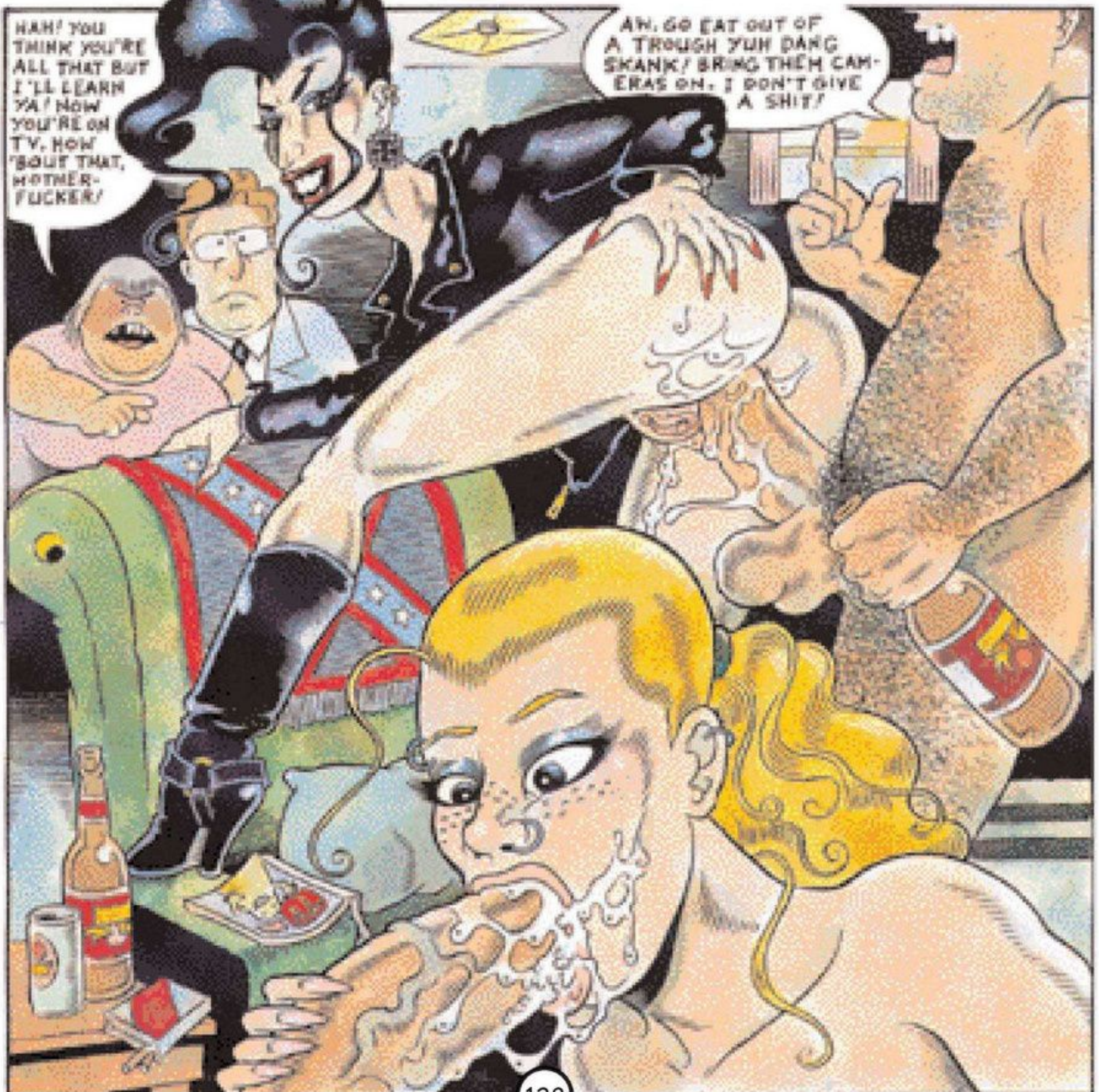
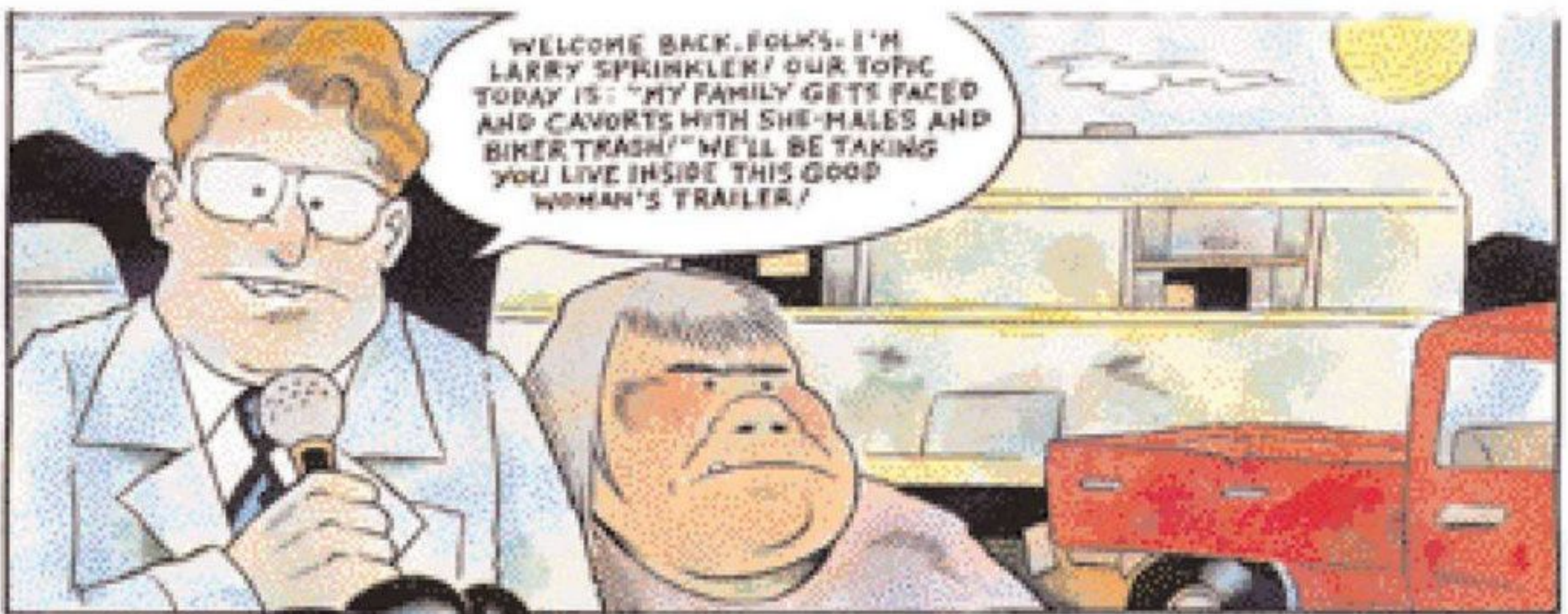
SP: Let's talk about your whole midget and she-male thing.

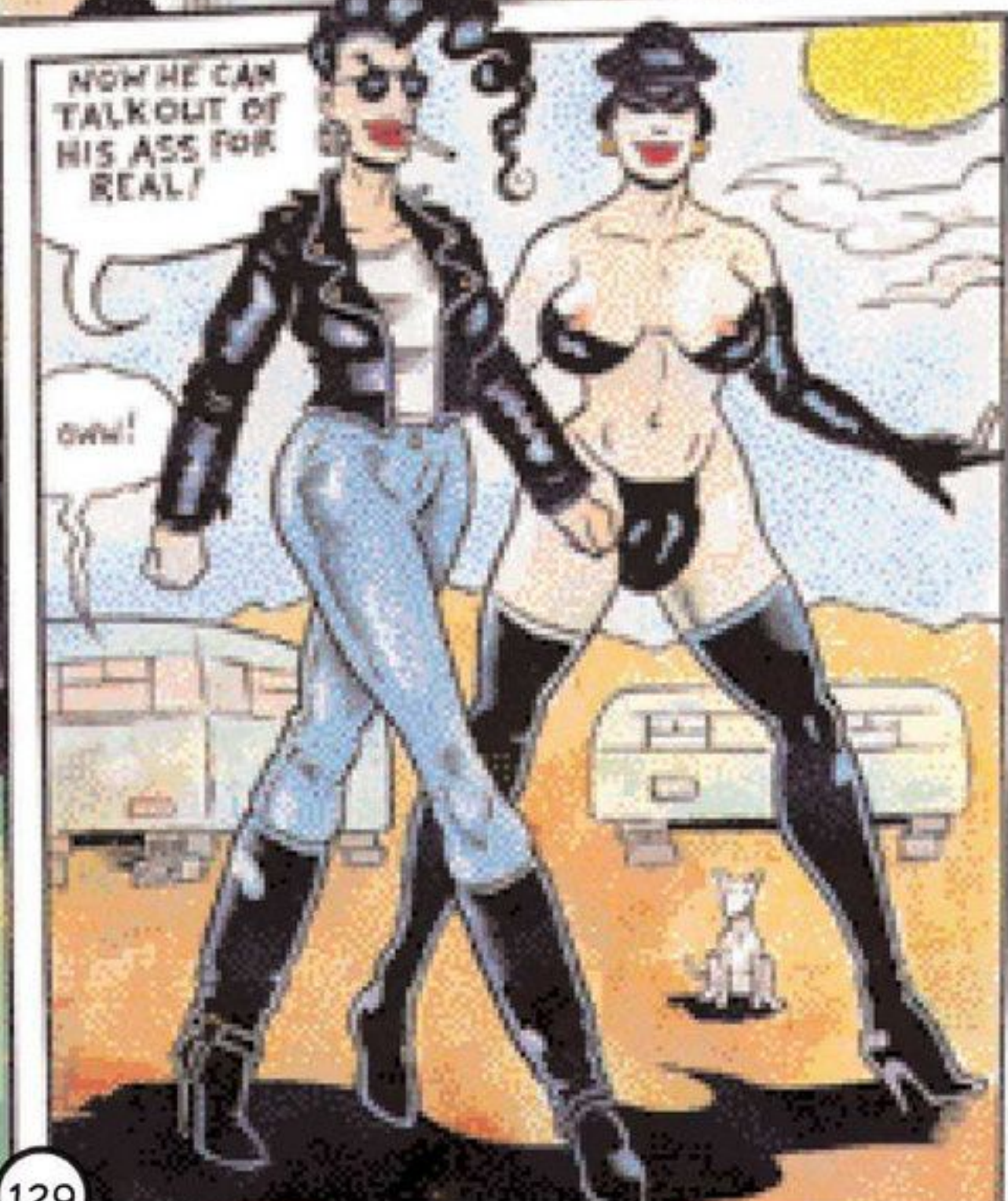
JH: I've always wanted to do it with a midget, and I've always wanted to do it with a she-male, but I don't think I could handle a midget she-male.

SP: You're crazy about Bridget the Midget, aren't you.

JH: Bridget the Midget is so fuckin' hot.







SP: If you were at Fatburger, and Bridget the Midget came in for some skinny fries, what would you do?

JH: I'd be all over that midget. I'd say "Hey baby, how's the weather down there?"

SP: Who's your favorite she-male? It's Fabiola, isn't it?

JH: Fabiola's hot.

SP: What if we had the opportunity to share a girl like Fabiola? How would we work that out?

JH: I guess the taller and thinner of us would have to go down on her.

SP: We need to encourage John Stagliano to have her contact us.

JH: I think Buttman needs a couple of trusty man-servants on his next trip to Brazil, as a matter of fact. We could carry his luggage for him.

SP: Speaking of Brazil, are you excited about our new project, the documentary series *Choads on the Road*?

JH: It's gonna be the shit, man.

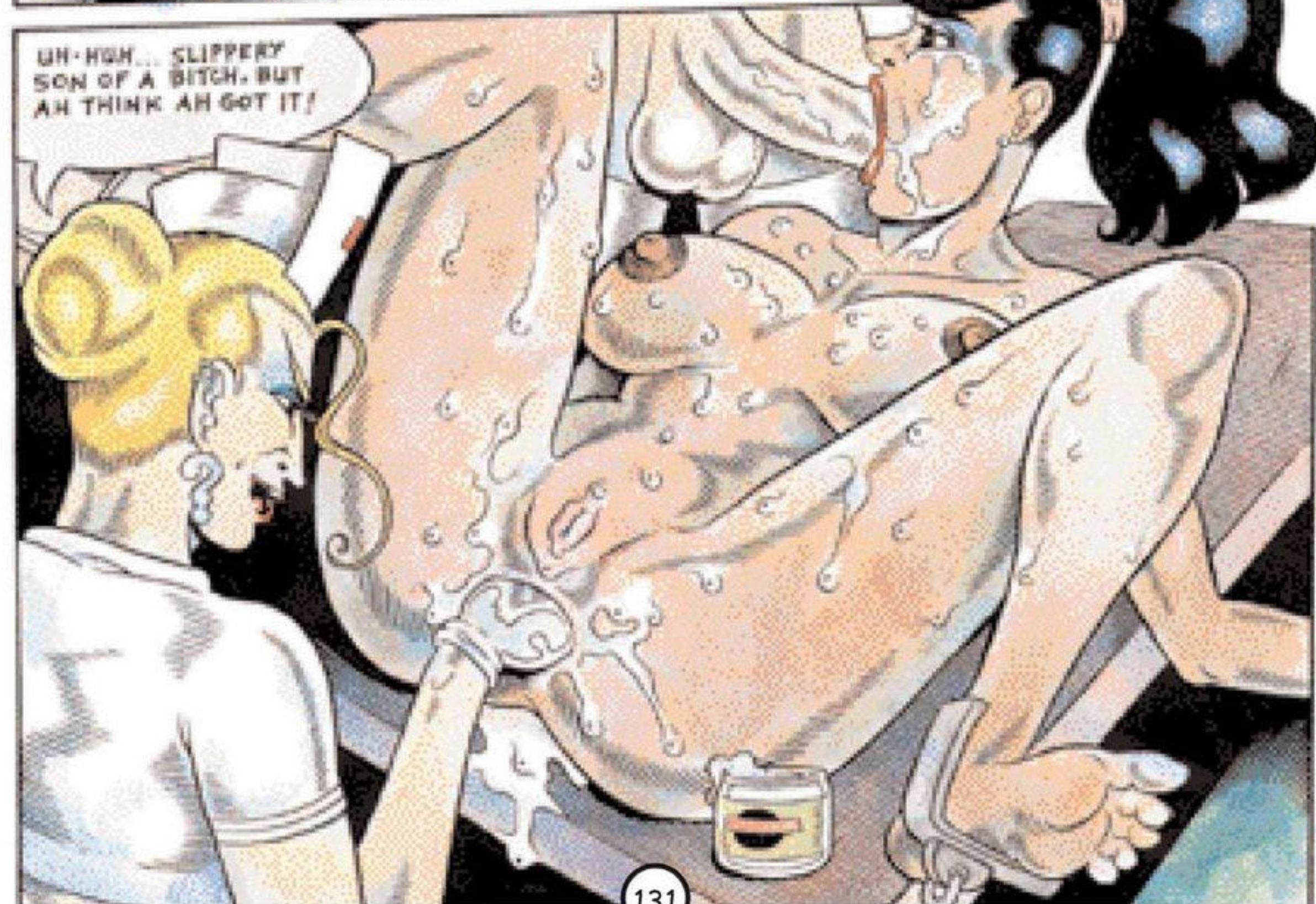
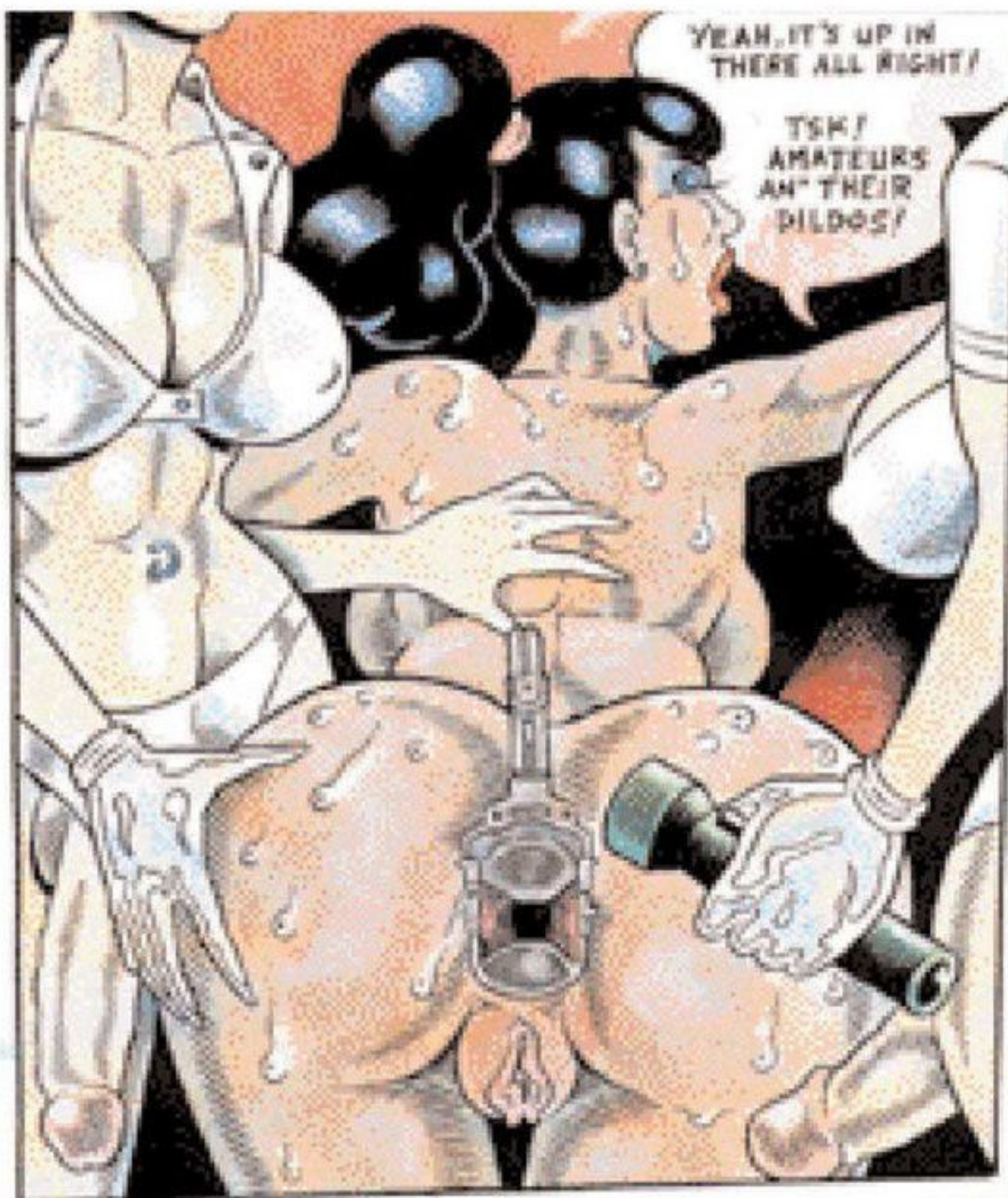
SP: I told you about that human cannonball girl I dated for a while actually made out with one of the chicks from the band Nashville Pussy, didn't I?

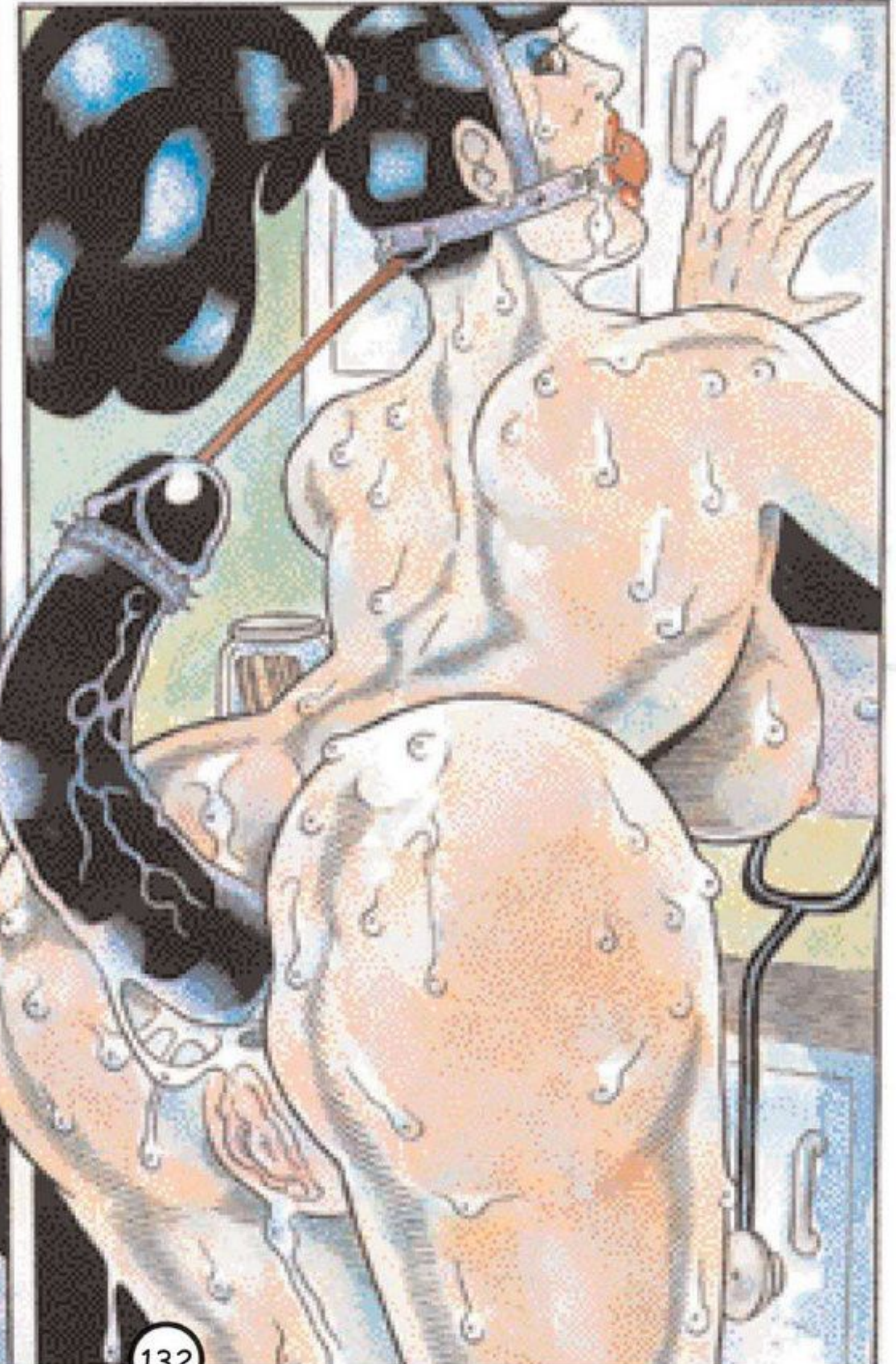
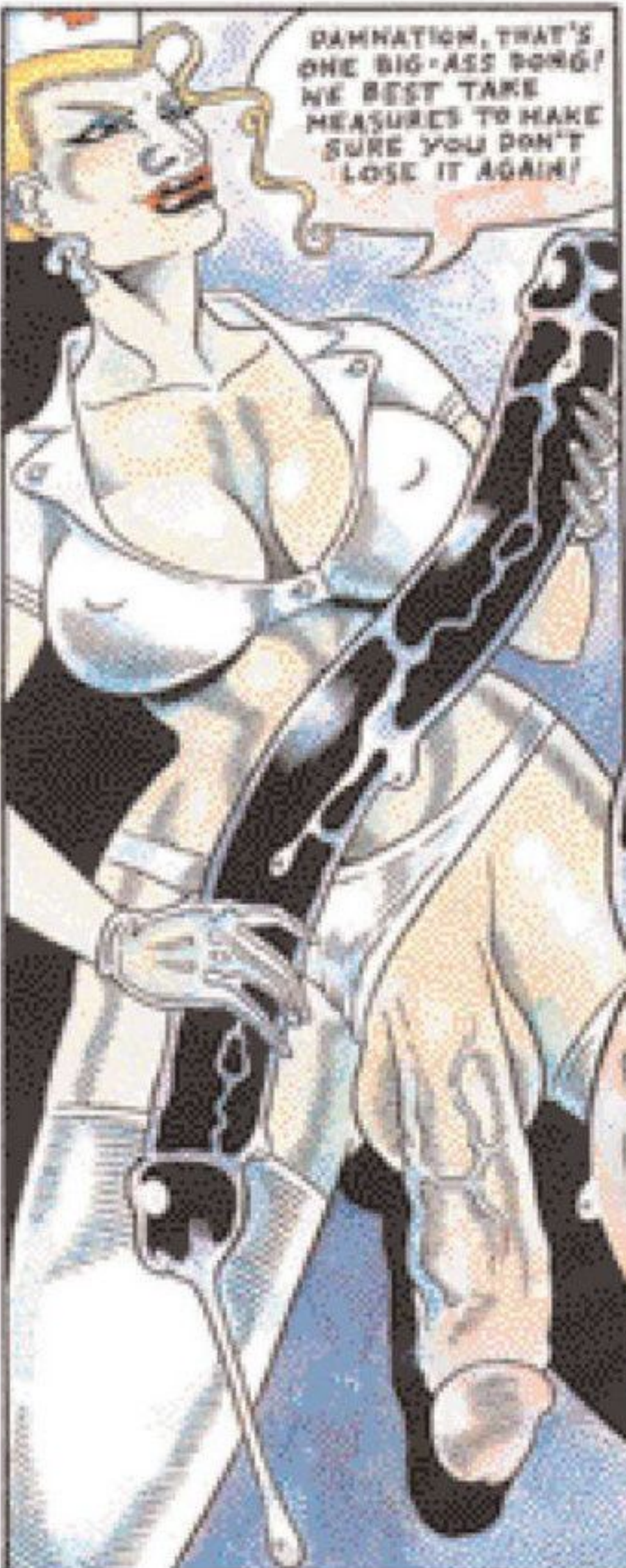
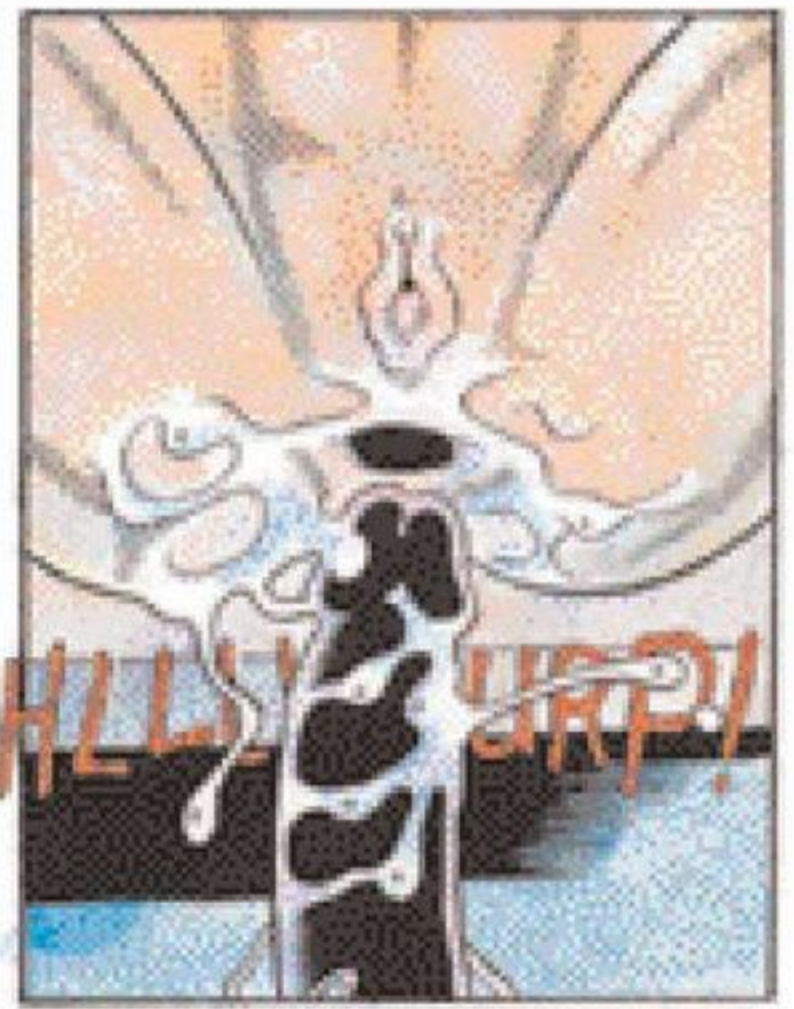
JH: That girl turned out to be crazy, didn't she? A stalker?

SP: Yeah. What were we talking about?

JH: *Choads on the Road*. We're making a series of documentaries about our travels.







The first one will be us at the San Diego Comic Convention in 2001, and the second one will either be our search for Bigfoot or us hanging out in Lexington and eating at White Castle and shit, depending on how much money we have.

SP: If John Stagliano took us to Brazil, we could do one about that.

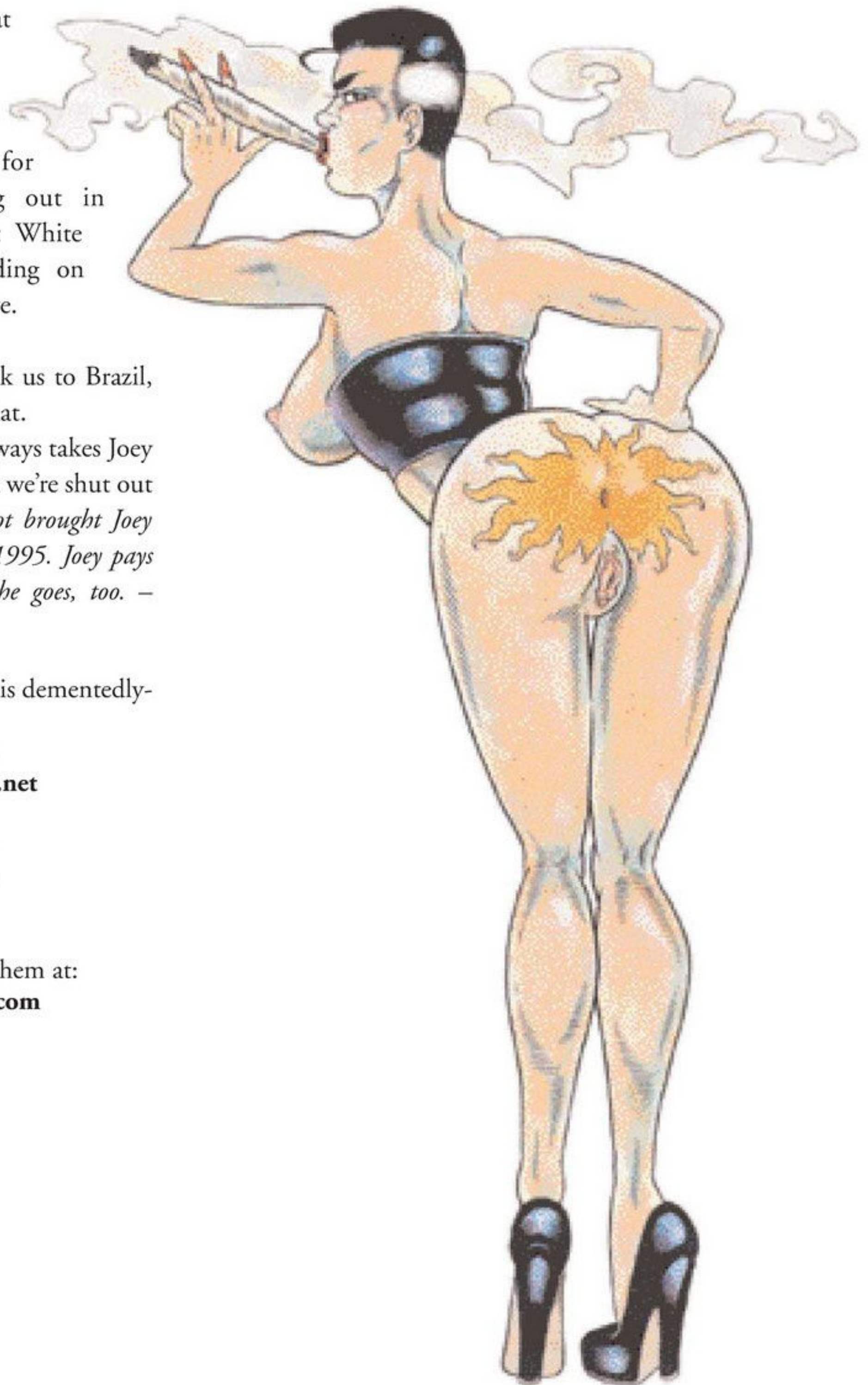
JH: Yes, good idea. He always takes Joey Silvera, though, so I think we're shut out [*Actually, Buttman has not brought Joey with him to Brazil since 1995. Joey pays his own way now when he goes, too. – Editor*].

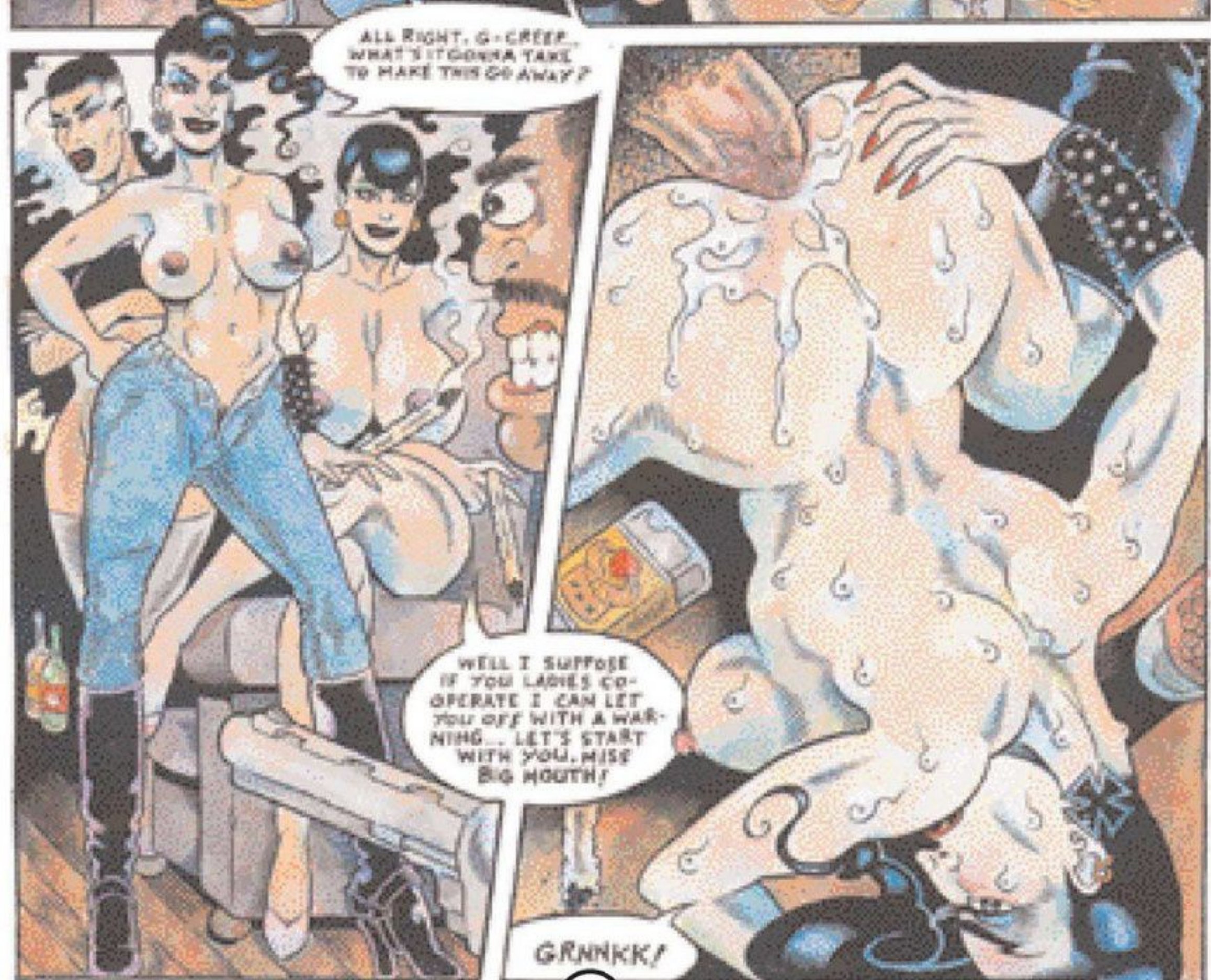
Brave souls can write to this dementedly-talented duo.

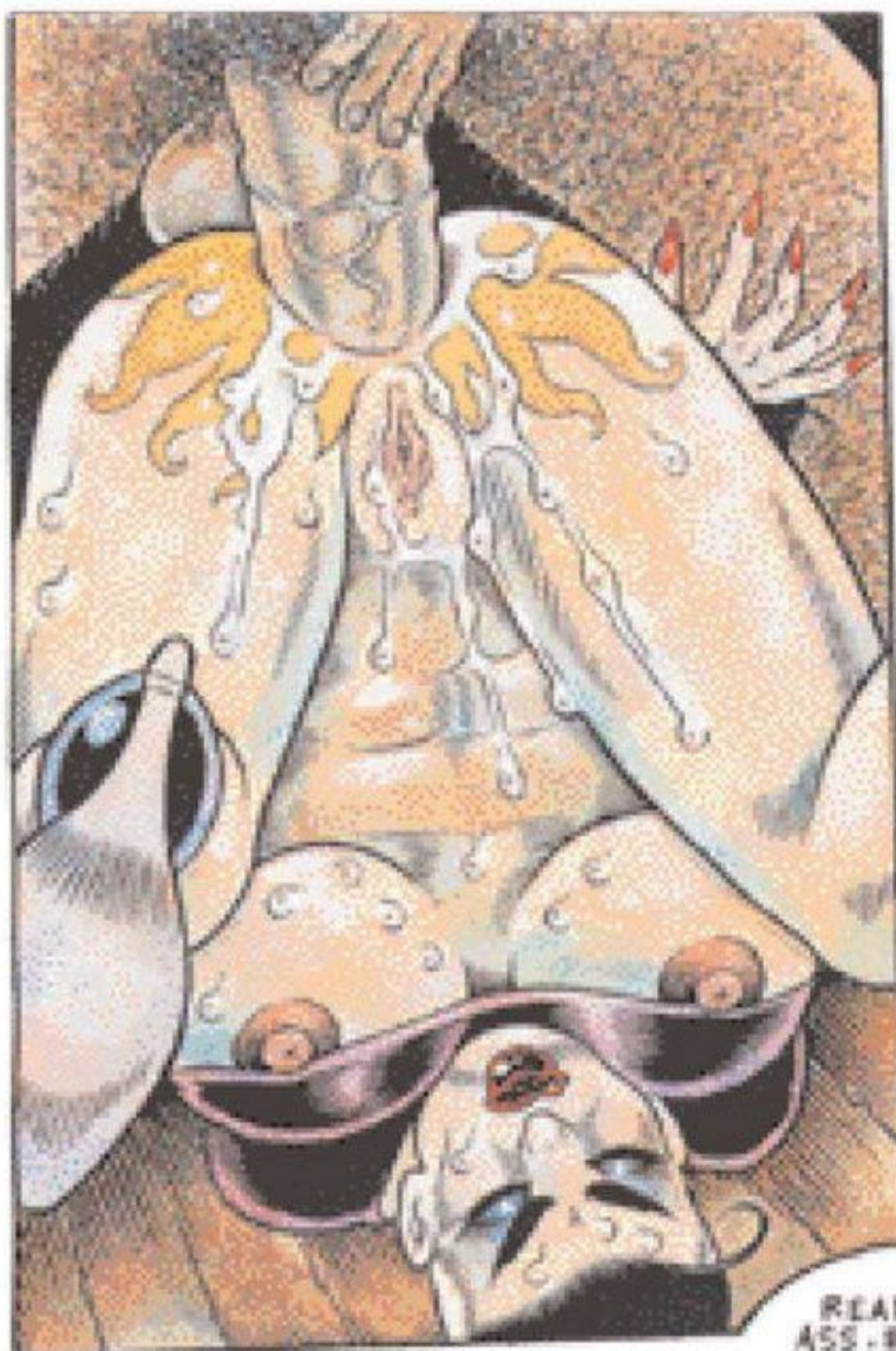
Contact John Howard at:
taylorhoward@earthlink.net

Contact Scott Phillips at:
toober2000@yahoo.com

For more information on
Choads on the Road, visit them at:
www.exhilarateddespair.com









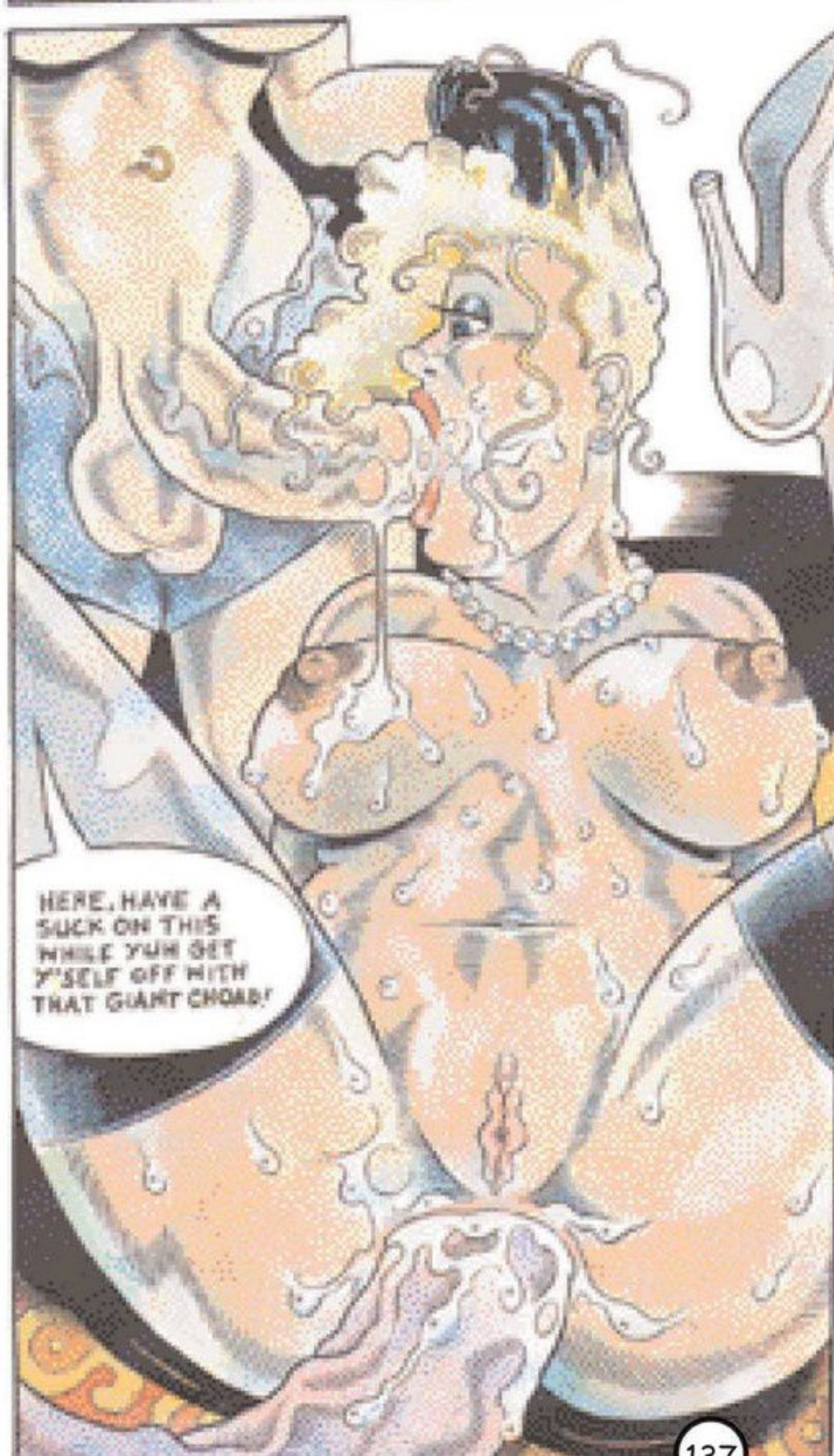
WELL AINT YOU
LUCKY, MRS SCHMITZ!
A BIG OL' SPECIAL DELIVERY
PACKAGE FROM YORE
'SECRET ADMIRER'!

HERE, LET ME GIVE
YUH A HAND WITH THAT!

HEAVENS TUH
BETSY! IT APPEARS
T'BE SOME SORT O'
BIG FAT FLESHY SEX
TOY! WHAT SAY WE
GIVE IT A TEST
RUN, HMM?



FITS A LIL'
SHUG IN
THE OLD
CABOOSE.
BUT THAT'LL
CHANGE IN TIME!



HERE, HAVE A
SUCK ON THIS
WHILE YUH GET
Y'SELF OFF WITH
THAT GIANT CHORD!



HOW'D IT GO?

AM THINK SHE LIKED
IT! C'MON, LET'S MOVE
ON TUH TH' NEXT HOUSE -
YOUR TURN T'PLAY SANTA!

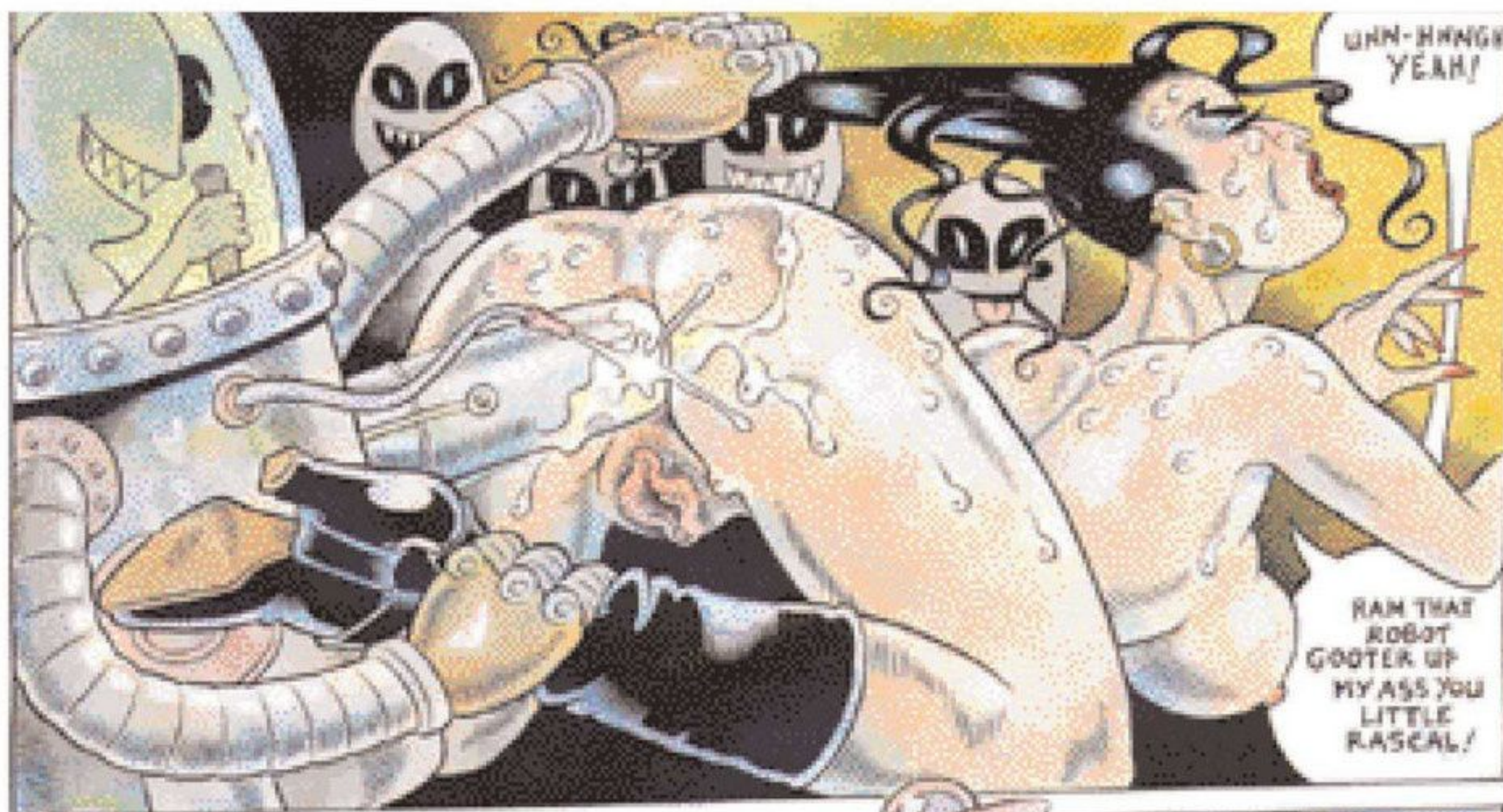
JOHN HOWARD CO
taylorhoward@earthlink.net

DON'T LOOK
NOW, BUT IT
APPEARS WE'RE
ABOUT TO BE
ABDUCTED BY
AN ALIEN
SPACECRAFT!

SHIT.
NOT
AGAIN!

ALL RIGHT,
ALL RIGHT! WE
KNOW THE DRILL.
JUST GET ON WITH
THE ANAL PROBE.
WILL YA?

JEEZUS, ALWAYS
(GRRUNT) THE SAME
THING WITH THESE
(UNNGH) CLOWNS!



Blowing Glass Clowns

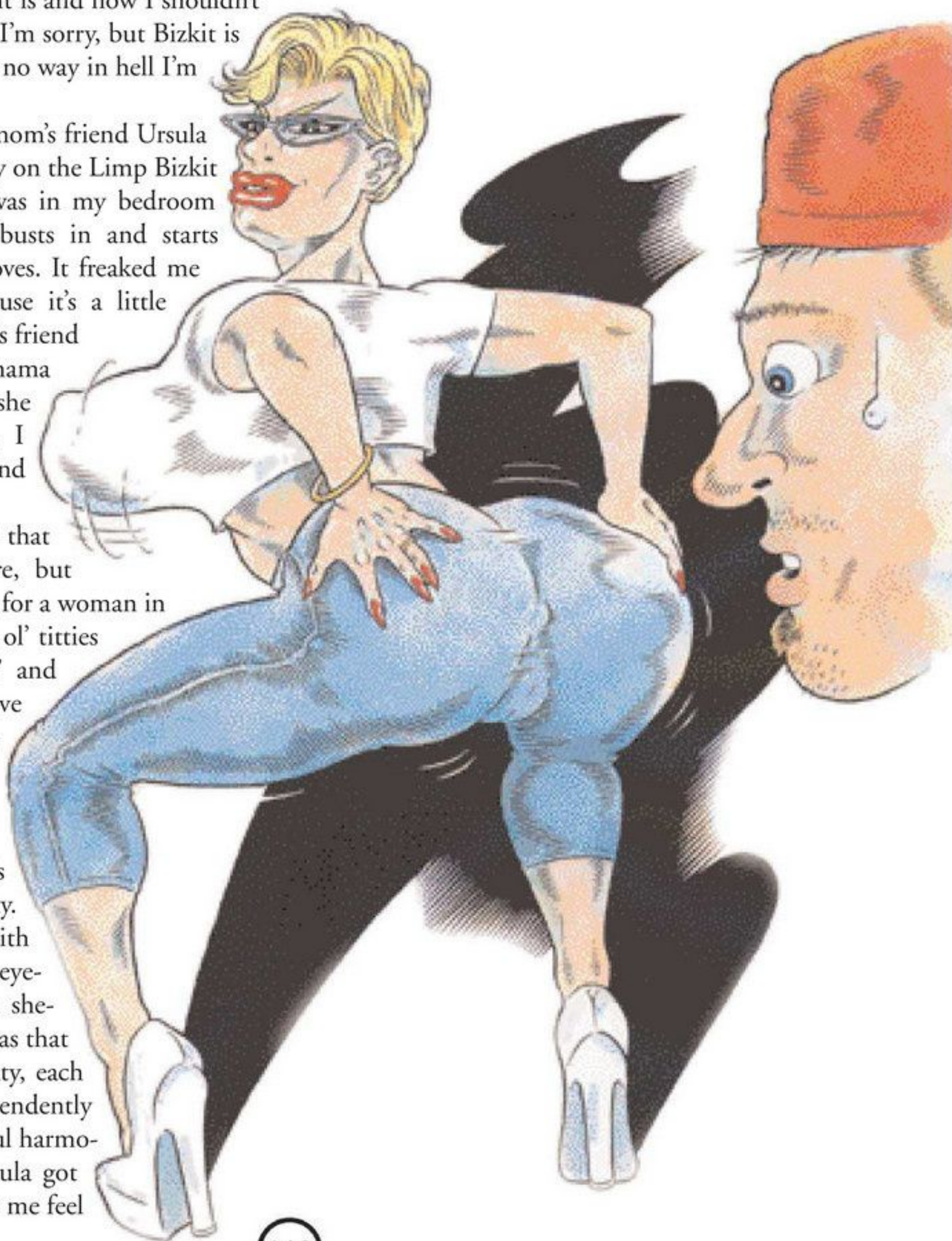
by Cecil Anderson

Illustrated by John Howard

I'm nineteen and I live at home, and I've gotta say, most of the time it sucks ass. My mom rides me about everything, constantly nagging me about all kinds of stupid shit. Like, the other night she gave me this fucking lecture about how obscene Limp Bizkit is and how I shouldn't listen to their music anymore. I'm sorry, but Bizkit is totally off da hook, and there's no way in hell I'm giving up those phat beats.

The weird thing is, my mom's friend Ursula always took my side - especially on the Limp Bizkit thing. About a week ago, I was in my bedroom cranking *Rollin'* and Ursula busts in and starts throwing down these mad moves. It freaked me out at first, you know, because it's a little embarrassing to see your mom's friend dancing like some hootchie-mama on *MTV Jams*, but when she started backin' that ass up, I about flipped. My mom's friend was sporting freakshow booty.

I realized I'd never paid that much attention to her before, but Ursula was pretty hot (I mean, for a woman in her forties). She had some big ol' titties on her, and they were jukin' and jivin' like crazy with every move she made. Her hairstyle was pretty hip, too - blonde and messy, sort of like that chubby Dixie Chick, and her lips were what my friend Dave calls "pie coolers," real fat and sexy. She wore those nerd glasses with the pointy frames and her eyebrows were real severe, like a she-male Mr. Spock. The capper was that ass. It rode real high and meaty, each cheek jouncing around independently of the other, creating a beautiful harmony of undulating flesh as Ursula got her groove on. I swear, it made me feel



all poetic and shit. Not to mention horny.

Before I knew what was happening, Ursula grabbed me and made me dance with her, slamming that giant caboose into my crotch and giving me the most painful hard-on I've ever had. I know she felt my dick jabbing her in the butt, too, because she gave me this sly little look over her shoulder that made me feel really flustered. In fact, I was afraid I was gonna bust a nut in my pants, but my mom saved the day when she came into my room and told us both to stop acting like we were black. Ursula quit dancing (leaving me scrambling to hide my boner) and told my mom she was uncool. Can you believe that shit?

That night I was so turned on thinking about Ursula's mad ass that I jerked my cock like a fucking monkey in the zoo. I don't like admitting this, partly because who wants to cop to spanking, but also because, well, fuck, it was my mom's friend. My slumber was a troubled one that night, you can bet your ass.

I couldn't even concentrate on my job the next day – I work at one of those emissions-testing places, and every time I stuck the sensor up a car's tailpipe... well, I doubt I have to tell you what was on my mind. By my lunchbreak, I was woozy from all the hard-ons I'd been sporting. I knew I was gonna have to take drastic measures to exorcise this derriere demon.

Ursula runs her own business - she's a glass blower, and her specialty is this series of really creepy clowns. My mom has three of the fucking things, and while I appreciate the artistry or whatever, I'd just as soon smash the little bastards with a hammer. Anyway, I poked through the yellow pages until I found a listing for her, then I dialed the number.

"Heart of Glass, can I help you?" Ursula purred, giving me instant wood.

"Um - yes," I grumbled, disguising my voice. "I'm interested in purchasing a large number of glass clowns - can you tell me your address there?"

Ursula hesitated for a second and I thought sure I was caught, then she rattled off the address. Doing my businessman voice again, I told her I'd stop by, then hung up. I was panting and shit, and my dick was making a big circus tent in my khakis. After I thought about Ricky Martin enough to make my hard-on wilt, I went to my boss and told him I was sick and needed to take the rest of the day off. He gave me plenty of grief about it, but let me cut out.

Hopping on my Yamaha, I tooled down to the warehouse district, where Ursula had her shop. The

thought of her shapely rump had me all jacked-up again by the time I arrived, and I had to duck into an alley and arrange my dick in my pants so it wasn't so obvious. It's a good thing I did, too, because when I walked into Ursula's shop, the first thing I saw was my fucking mom.

"What are you doing here, Nipper? Shouldn't you be at work?" Mom insisted on calling me Nipper, even though I've hated that nickname since I was five.

Ursula stepped out of her office, giving me a saucy grin. "Yeah, what's up?" she asked. "Do you have an interest in purchasing a large number of glass clowns or something?"

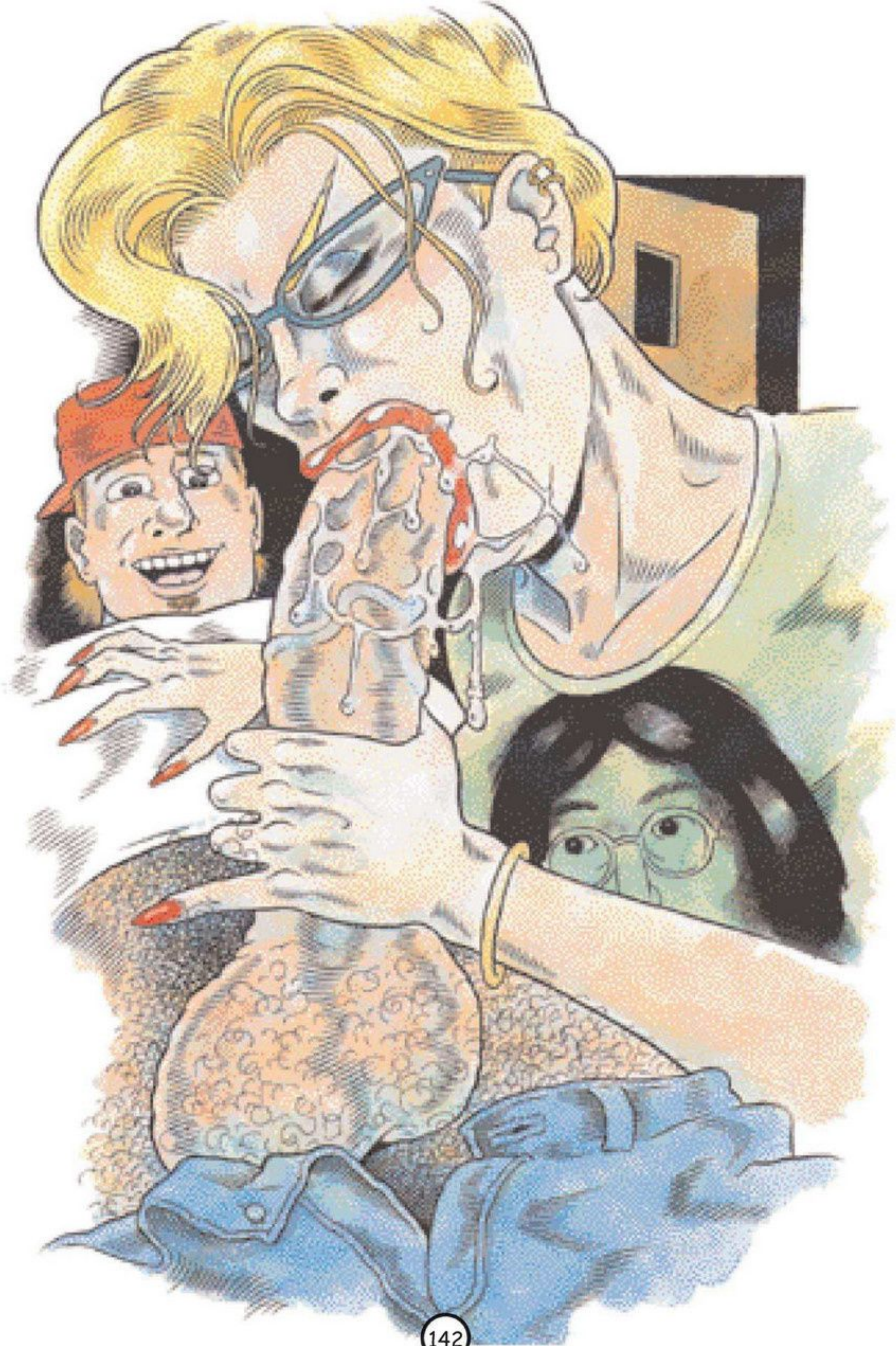
Fuck! She knew! Jesus, what if she told my mom? I started sweatin' it big-time. I made up some shit about having inhaled too much exhaust at work and getting sent home early before I could puke on anybody, and fortunately my mom bought it. Ursula just stared at me with this shit-eating grin, and every now and again her eyes would flick to my crotch. She was wearing a tight belly-shirt with a picture of John Lennon on it, and these red leather hip-hugger pants, real low-slung. I about pissed myself when I realized there was a treasure trail of blonde fuzz leading from her belly-button down into those trousers. I just kind of stood there like an idiot, alternating between gawking at that fucking hottie Ursula and glancing fearfully at my mom.

"Marlene," Ursula finally said, "do you mind if I borrow your son for a bit? I have some heavy lifting that needs to be done."

"Whatever," my mom said, like it was a big pain in her ass. "Don't forget we're supposed to have lunch, though." Ursula beckoned for me to follow her. My dick was so hard I had to walk slightly bent-over to keep my mom from seeing. Ursula led me to the back of the warehouse. There was a bunch of those fucking glass clowns back there, and a big stack of crates. I was beginning to think Ursula really wanted me to lift that shit when she spun around and grabbed my package, giving my cock a good test squeeze.

"I've been aching for this ever since you rammed it against my ass yesterday," she growled. She said it just like that, too, like some porno-movie chick.

"Yeah, well - your ass is so... big," I said, trying to give as good as I got, but just coming off like a moron. It didn't seem to matter, though, because Ursula unzipped my pants and yanked my pecker out, wrapping those fat lips of hers around my crank. She looked up at me over the top of her nerd glasses as she sucked it down her throat. I couldn't believe I was balls-deep in



my mom's best friend's face, especially with my mom, like, forty feet away.

Ursula honked hard on my Johnson, ribbons of spit dribbling down her chin and making wet spots on John Lennon's face. Her tongue thrashed against the bottom of my dick, wagging like an angry snake, and I finally had to push her head back to keep from blowing my load.

When her lips popped off my dick, Ursula moaned "My ass - put it in my ass..." I swear, I've done a fair amount of fucking, but I've never heard a chick talk like that. She had spit and dick-slobber hanging off her chin, so I wiped it up with the head of my cock, kind of slapping her face at the same time. She dug it, too.

Turning her back to me, Ursula untied her hip-huggers and slowly pulled them down, eyeballing me over her shoulder. Her big stoopid ass erupted from her pants like a flesh soufflé, the rotund cheeks covered with fine blonde fuzz. Her pussy was dripping wet and super-funky. I sank a couple fingers in her snatch and wiggled 'em around.

"C'mon, eat it!" she barked. I figured I'd better do whatever she said or she might tell my mom I was a lust-freak or something. Spreading her vast, juicy cheeks, I found myself face-to-whatever with her puckered brown-eye. Hocking up a big one, I spit right in that asshole's face, then plunged both my thumbs inside, pulling it open. Ursula groaned like crazy. I spread her bung wide enough that I could've shoved a golf ball in and it wouldn't have touched the sides, then crammed my tongue in there. Man, did her ass taste fine! I wormed my tongue around like a toilet brush, scrubbing her sphincter until it sparkled.

As I delved deeper into her poop-chute, I stuck a few fingers in her sopping snizz, jiggling her fat clit.

Ursula howled like a fucking spookhouse cat. Worried that my mom might hear, I tried to shut her up by slapping her ass a few times, but that only turned her on more.

By that time, my cock was so hard I thought it was gonna bust like a blister. With her asshole lubed-up good 'n' greasy with my spit, I lined up my crank and shoved it into her crapper. Brother, did she wail then!

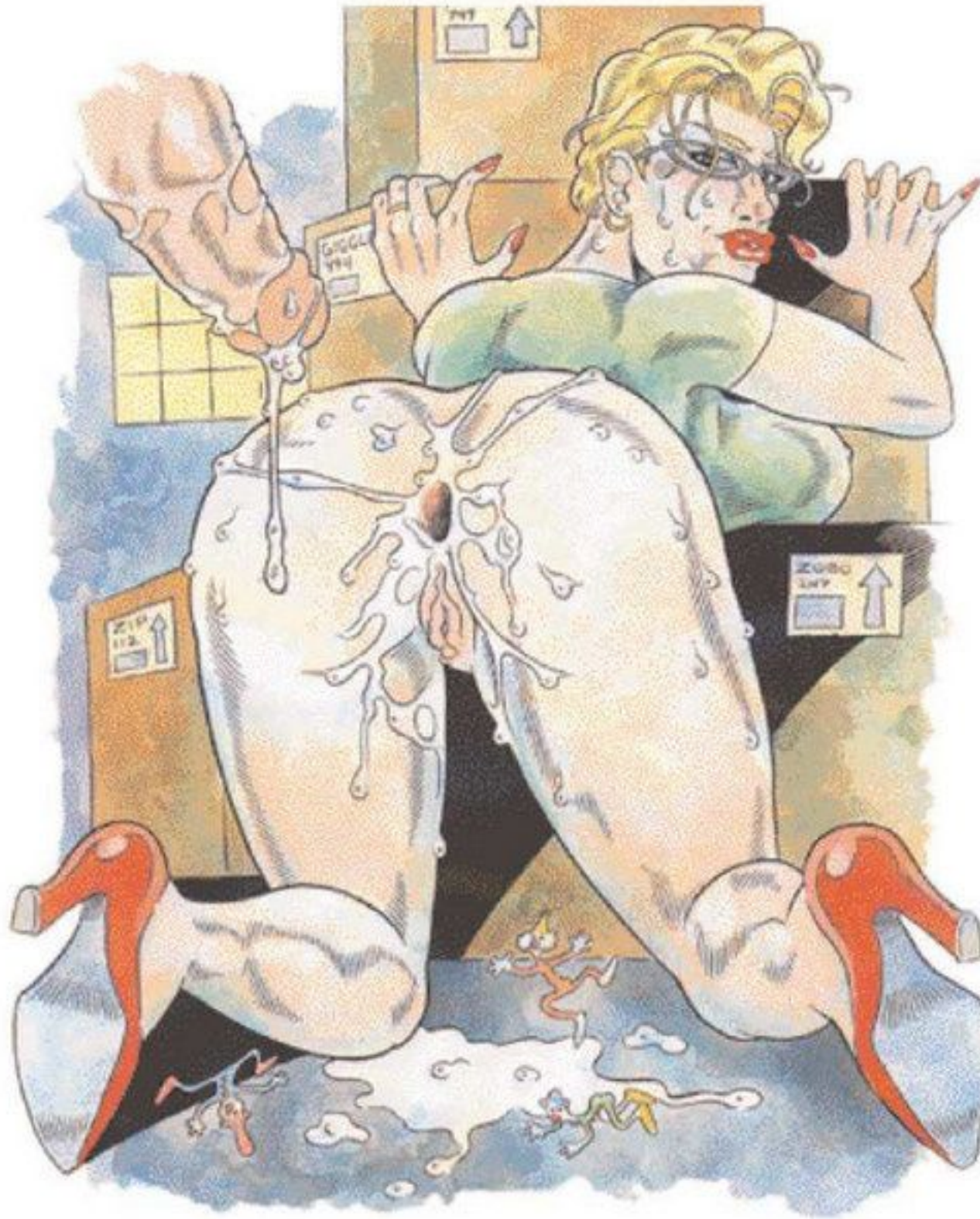
She started slamming that savory booty back against me, driving my wanger further and further up her forbidden fuck-hole, nearly knocking me over backwards in the process. Once I got my rhythm down, I settled in and watched those ass-globes shaking like Jell-O as she rode my cock.

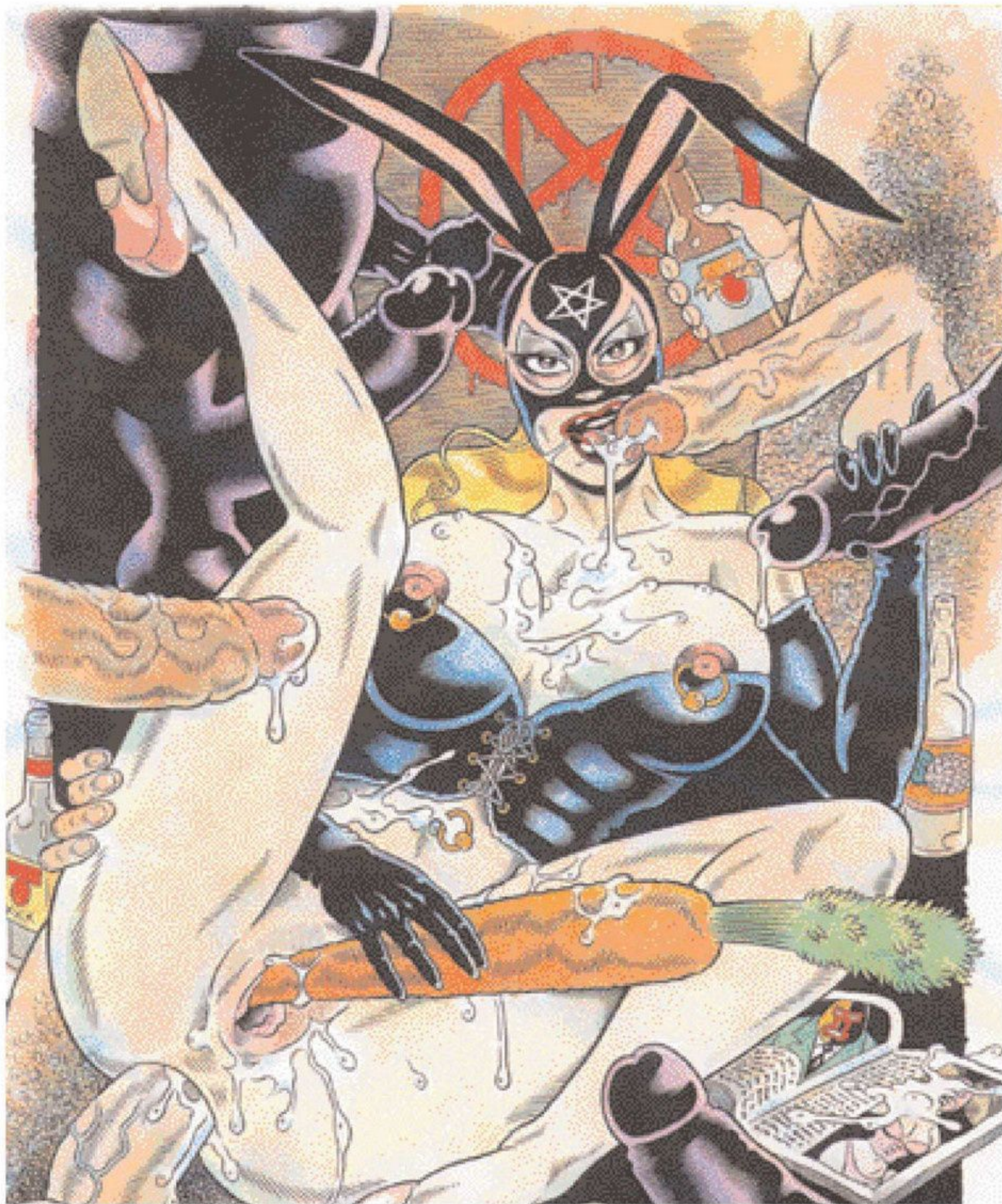
I'm embarrassed to say that I didn't last long, but fuck you if you think you could've done better - that bitch was smokin' hot. Grunting, I pumped a gusher of jizz into Ursula's ass. When I pulled out, her asshole snapped shut, holding most of my spoo inside, except for a wiggly string that led from the head of

my dong to her brown barker like a little rope bridge. She scooped that up and slurped it off her fingertips, giving me a look that made me want to fuck her all over again.

My mom was pissed that we took so long to move those crates, but she didn't seem to have heard any of the ruckus. That night, Ursula called me, supposedly to thank me for helping her out at the shop, but really so she could tell me how turned on she was knowing that her ass was full of my cum the whole time she was having lunch with my mom.

It's one twisted-up situation, but I try to help Ursula out at the shop as much as I can. I still hate those fucking glass clowns, though.





John Howard was inspired to create this piece of a super villainess named Beezlebunny who inhabits the pages of ***From Parts Unknown***, a magazine dedicated to masked wrestling.



"St. Patrick's Day gang bang: I just wanted the most possible contrast between the girl and her fucking buddies. I figure the Irish are about as white as it gets." -John Howard

Bad Cop, No Donut

by Eli Dapolonia

Illustrated by John Howard

I scrape the shit off the streets with a badge and a gun. It ain't romantic. It ain't fun. But I'm a cop; it's what I do. Tonight I'm driving an old Caprice. Most of our department has gone over to Ford Crown Victorias, but we have a few Caprices left. It's the last real police car. Front engine super-charged eight, rear wheel drive. It roars like a cruiser should and power slides like a bitch. I've been busting up domestics and hauling scum non-stop since shift change. The hard molded back seat of my cruiser stinks of puke, blood and human refuse.

The bars have been closed an hour. I glide through dusty streets under blue-white sodium arcs. Nothing is moving. Now is the time of night to catch a breather. I pull the big Chevy into a donut shop. You know the one. It rhymes with Punkin'.

The lot is dead empty. I drop it in park and pop the accelerator one more time just to hear the supercharger whine. I lock down my shotgun to the dash, and drop my PR-24 baton into its loop on my belt. It's been a long night, and my duty belt's hanging heavy.

The donut shop welcomes me, doorbells ringing. Flickering pale fluorescents that make everything look like a week-old corpse and cigarette-scarred, vinyl-topped tables. Injection-molded plastic seats precisely calculated by ergonomics engineers to be sufficiently uncomfortable that sitting in them for more than ten minutes will cause excruciating pain.

The seats are as empty as the lot, and I don't see anyone at the counter. I hit the counter buzzer and survey the rows and rows of multi-colored donuts. Crullers, twists, old-fashioned, cake, frosted, chocolate, crème filled, jelly filled...

"What?" My focus is jarred back to reality.

A tall young woman, perhaps 23 years old, with spiky short hair the color of flames is looking at me with sullen disgust. Light freckles dust her nose and even her lips. Glitter sparkles on her eyes and cheeks. Her left eyebrow and ears are pierced with a dozen silver rings. She's wearing a tiny T-shirt covered with vulgar Japanese anime. Perky upturned breasts

press out at me. Another ring flashes from her navel. Giant blue jeans; pants so big you could fit five girls her size into them, hang off her hips. I can't even see her shoes. She's covered with cheap colorful plastic jewelry. I remember seeing her type at some

of the parties we raided. They call themselves candy ravers. They are party people. Synth-riders, living on Xtasy, Special-K, Mitsubishis, GHB, sex and obnoxious electronic music

called techno. Just one more kind of shit for me to clean up. But yet... I'm looking at her and I can't look away.

"What?" She's playing with her tongue stud, and looking bored.

"You want something, cop?" She says "cop" like it's obscene. I ask for an old-fashioned and a large coffee. She puts the coffee on the counter with a sneer, and bends over to get the donut in a side cabinet. A patch on her ass says *Bad Cop, No Donut*. She then decidedly drops the donut on the counter, scattering crumbs everywhere.

"What's your problem, Miss?" I'm pissed. And I grab her arm to make the point.

"Fuck you, pig! I reserve the right to refuse service to assholes." She tries to pull away. I let her go.



"Look, I'm just trying to get a cup of coffee, okay? Just because I wear this badge, doesn't mean I'm some kind of monster."

She flashes a sarcastic grin. "Yeah, well, I don't like cops."

I drop a five on the counter. "I'm just like you. Just a guy trying to do his job, that's all. I'm just human." She laughs and spits in my coffee. "If you were really human, you'd come over here and prove it." She unbuttoned the top button of her jeans.

Okay, I'm not pissed anymore, and for some reason, my duty belt is feeling lighter. "Y-you're crazy, Miss. And besides, I'm on duty." A second button pops. The rising sun of the Japanese battle flag emerges below her navel. A tattoo in red on pale Irish skin.

"What's the matter, cop? You scared?" I can hear the stainless steel ball of the tongue stud clicking against her teeth. Suddenly the colors under the fluorescents don't seem quite so dead.

"I..." She flips open the counter gate and pulls at my duty belt.

"What you got there, cop? Is that a gun in your pants?" I should stop this. This girl. This girl ... I should arrest. She's unbuckling my gunbelt, and pulling at my pants. She slips the buttons and I hear ten pounds of gun, cuffs, clips, and baton hit the floor. She runs her fingers over my boxers, and whispers in my ear. "I like it rough. Push it."

She bites my ear hard, and it throws a shiver down my spine with such force that I almost fall down. I pull her head back by the hair. She sneers at me. "I said rough, you fucking cop. Are you a pussy or something?" She thumps a fist into the trauma plate in my vest, and slips her hand into

my boxers. My cock is on the verge of ripping out of them. Her hand closes on it. Cool and soft.

Okay, rough. I rip that anime tiny-T off her like it was paper, and push her up against the wall. Something squeaks on the radio rattling around my ankles, but my mind is on her breasts. Perfect B-cup. Upturned just the right amount, with small pink nipples. Like her cheeks, her tits are powdered with Irish snow.

She pulls at my cock, and I push her to her knees. My boxers meet my gunbelt around my ankles. Ten inches of what feels like steel slaps her in the face.

"Suck it."

She squeezes the shaft and cups my balls. "You can do better than that. Call me a slut."

I pull her hair and look into light brown eyes "Suck my cock, you filthy slut." I push the head of my dick between her lips and feel it scraping the entrance to her throat. She gags and spits. I pull back. "Are you okay?"

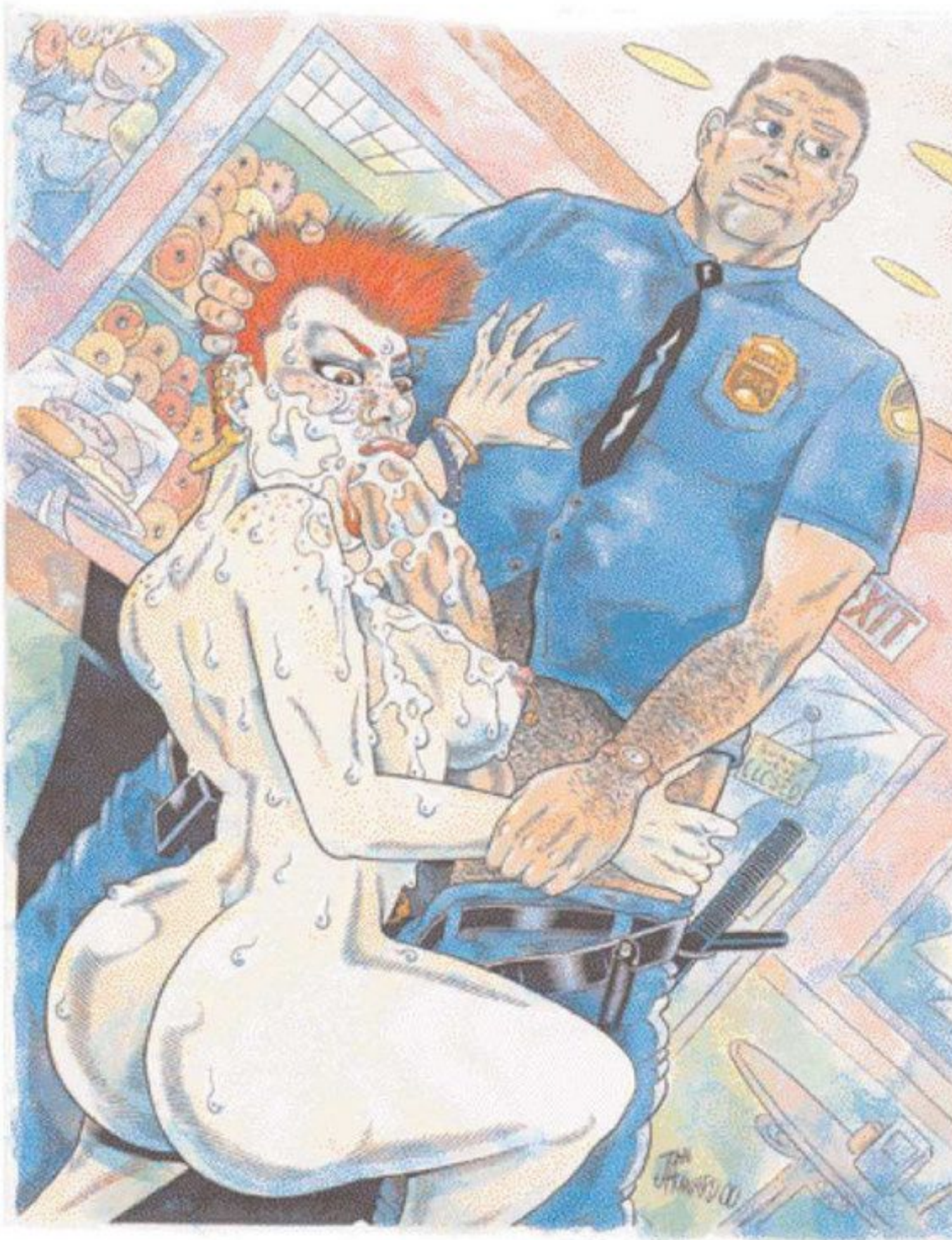
She growls at me. "Harder, you bastard."

I push the full length down her throat. Red curls wisp through my fingers at the back of her head. Saliva runs down her chin and drips, first on pink nipples -- bouncing with each thrust--then falling to shine the black leather of my boots and gunbelt.

I pull her to her feet, yanking at the last three buttons on her pants. Her nipples scrape the surface of my IIIA ballistic vest, and harden.

"Damn cop." She pulls at my cock. Her giant jeans and underwear are kicked aside. She's a natural red. A tuft of fire curls sits just below her rising sun tattoo. Her lips are swollen and slick. I slip in a finger and make her taste her own wetness. She smiles evilly, and whispers, "Aren't you going to fuck me, pig?"

I push her to the floor, knocking over a tray of powdered donuts. We're on our knees, covered with crumbs and



sugar. Her ass is soft and round. I lick powered sugar from it, burying my face between her cheeks. She squeaks as my tongue glides over her labia and anus. She tastes like fresh strawberries dipped in sugar. I bite her ass, and she starts giggling. She lays her face on the sugared linoleum, reaching back with both hands to open herself up to me. As I push into the pink wetness of her cunt, I hear her exhale hard. It's so tight. And when I'm sure it can't get any tighter, she squeezes me hard with her vaginal muscles.

"Harder, you shit-head!" She's gasping, and bucking to meet my thrusts. "Fuck me like the nasty little slut I am!" Pussy juice is dripping down her legs and off my balls. I slap her ass hard and lift her, still attached to my cock, onto the long glass counter. I pull out and make her suck me, while I stretch and pull at her asshole. There's a bottle of vegetable oil on a shelf below the counter. I pour some on her ass, and start rubbing it into her anus. She pushes back against my fingers, urging me deeper. I dribble some more oil on my PR-24 baton. Hard black plastic squeezes into her rectum. She squeals and pushes back against it.

"You like to see your big stick in my butthole, don't you, cop?" Her asshole sucks at the greased baton as I pull it out.

I climb up on the counter behind her, gunbelt rattling against the glass; I shove my dick up her ass, I press the baton against her lips. "Suck it." She licks and sucks every inch of the hard plastic that I've just pulled from her butt. Her ass is tight and slippery from the oil. I pick up the pace, hammering into her butt as hard as I can. She's screaming now, and spitting obscenities.

"Harder, motherfucker. G-god... Fuck my shit-hole!" I keep hearing bells.

I can't stop thinking about how perfect she is. How nasty. How extreme. I push all the way in, and bend down to kiss her. She sucks and bites my lip. Bells. I push harder. Her ass swallows me. Has there ever been a more perfect moment? I can feel the cum rising. Closer. Bells. I look up.

The store had been dead empty, but it isn't now. Two construction workers in dirty jeans and Day-Glo orange vests are standing not six feet from us. One of them is holding a rolled-up newspaper. An old woman in her seventies, bedecked in house dress and curlers is smiling and adjusting her bifocals. Perhaps to improve the view. A yuppie couple in crisp gray Armani are watching from behind a pillar and

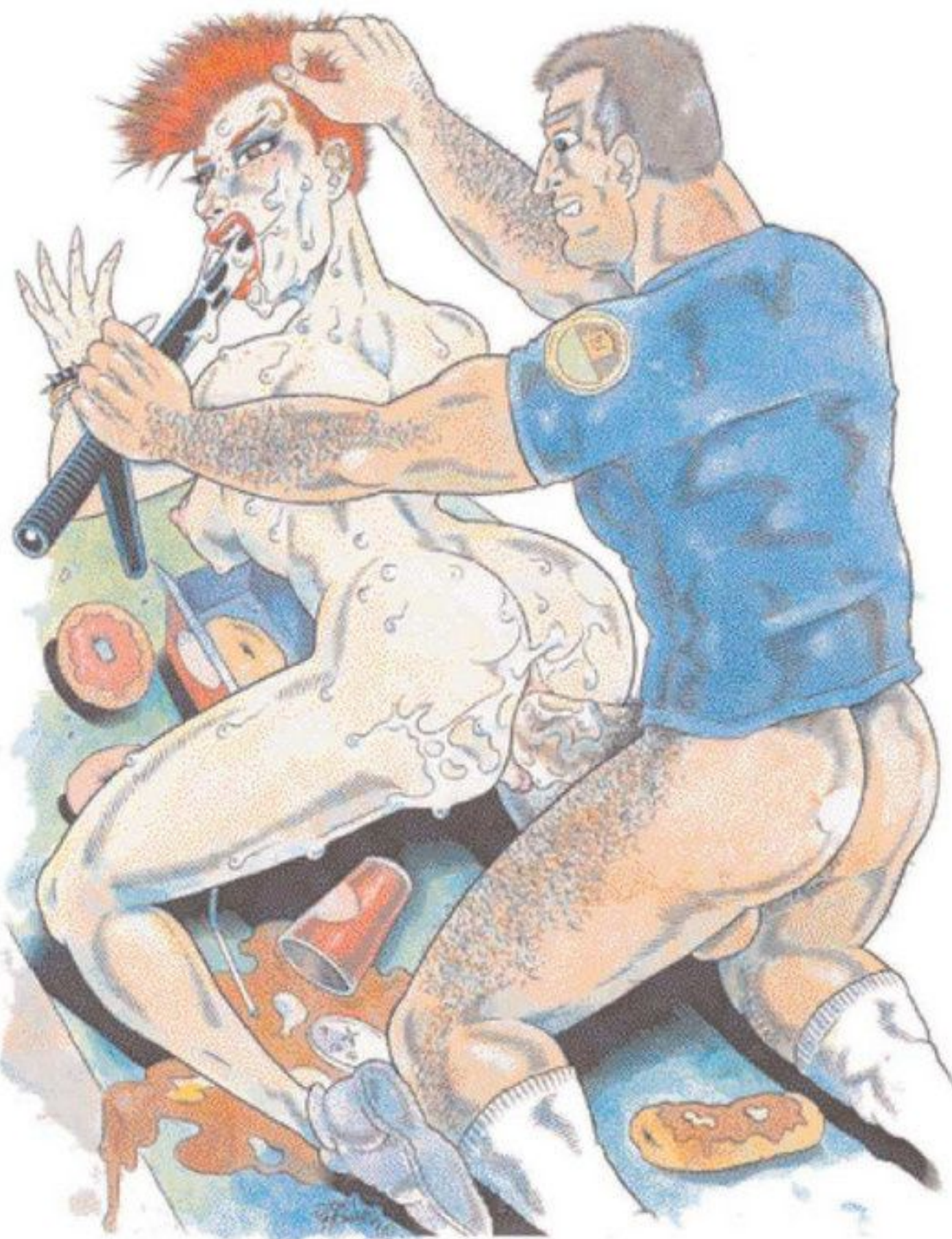
whispering to each other with knowing amusement. Bells. A mailman walks in. It was the bells on the door. I straighten up hard. My job. I'm going to lose my fucking job. I'm going to get fired, there's just...

She pulls me down to her, hissing. "Don't you stop, you fucker. Don't you dare stop." Squeezing my cock with her butthole so hard it almost hurts. And for that moment, for that supremely perfect moment, I forget about my job. I'm fucking her ass, and she's screaming and bucking. Shaking with orgasm as I push into her. The tension of her orgasm crushes my dick, and I pull it from her butt, dripping. She rushes to it. First licking. Then sucking. Pushing the full length down her throat. At this moment, I would die for her. I would give up my career, my life, my soul.

My cum erupts volcanic into her throat. She pulls back and I spray her face and tongue. I collapse.

When I look up, one of the construction workers is clapping. I stumble off the counter, pulling up my gunbelt, and fumbling to the door. I can feel her still lying there on the counter covered in cum and powered sugar, looking at me. I don't look back. I find the safety of my cruiser, and lay rubber all the way out of the parking lot. My career is finished. I wait a week. A month. No office talk with Internal Affairs. No funny looks from the brass. It's almost two months before I realize nobody is talking.

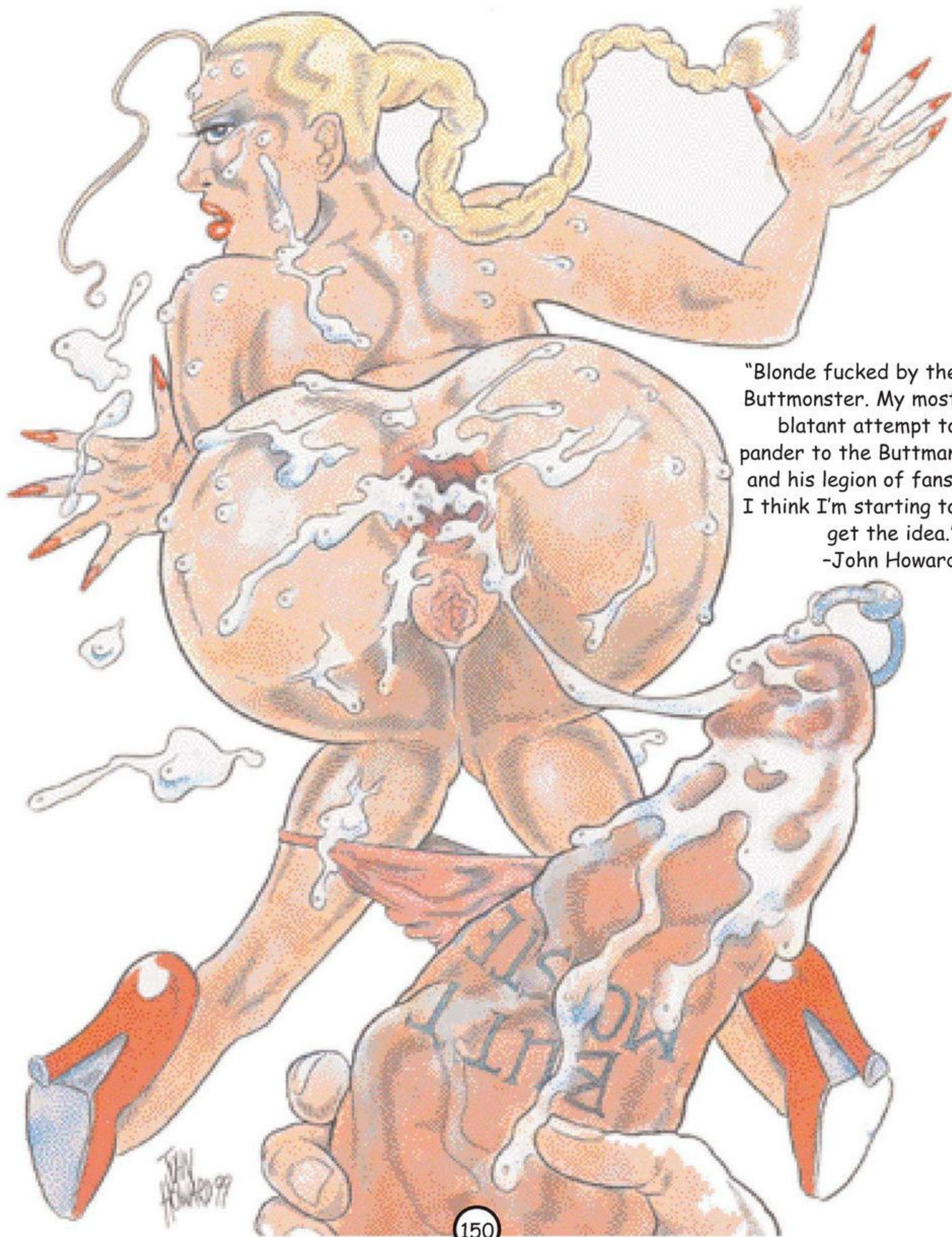
I still drive past the donut shop after the bars close and things cool down, but I never saw her again. Maybe this job isn't so bad after all.



"My ex-wife still creeps into my drawings now and then. This one's a pretty good likeness and is probably what she's up to even now."

- John Howard





"Blonde fucked by the
Buttmonster. My most
blatant attempt to
pander to the Buttman
and his legion of fans.
I think I'm starting to
get the idea."
-John Howard

"I drew this basically to get practice drawing blacks."



"A little social commentary here. Everybody likes this one."



"That one I really like. The one favorite of all my fetishes is represented here, freckles."



"I just find Nazis strange."



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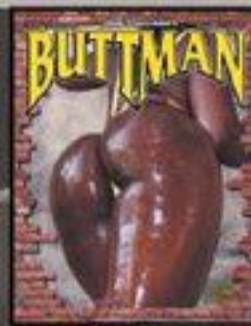
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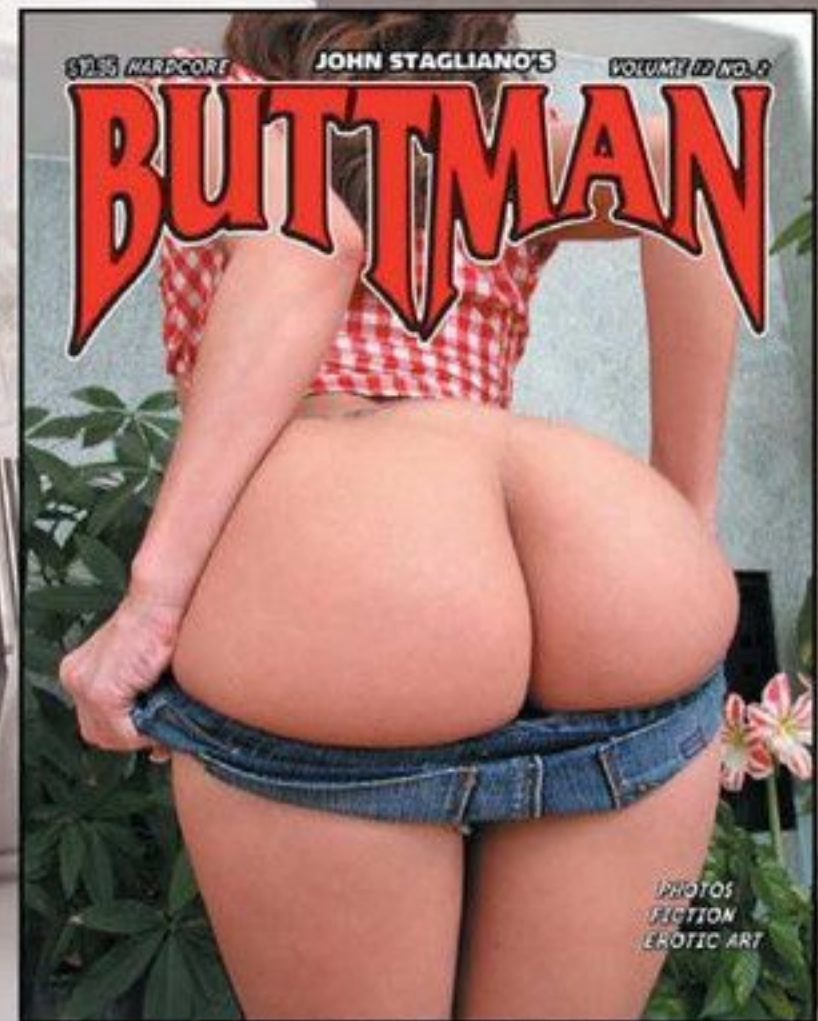
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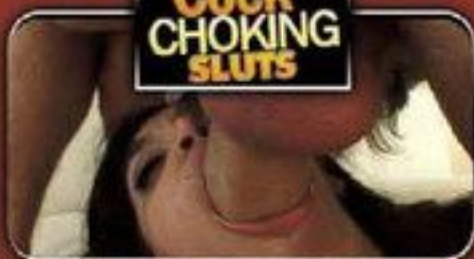
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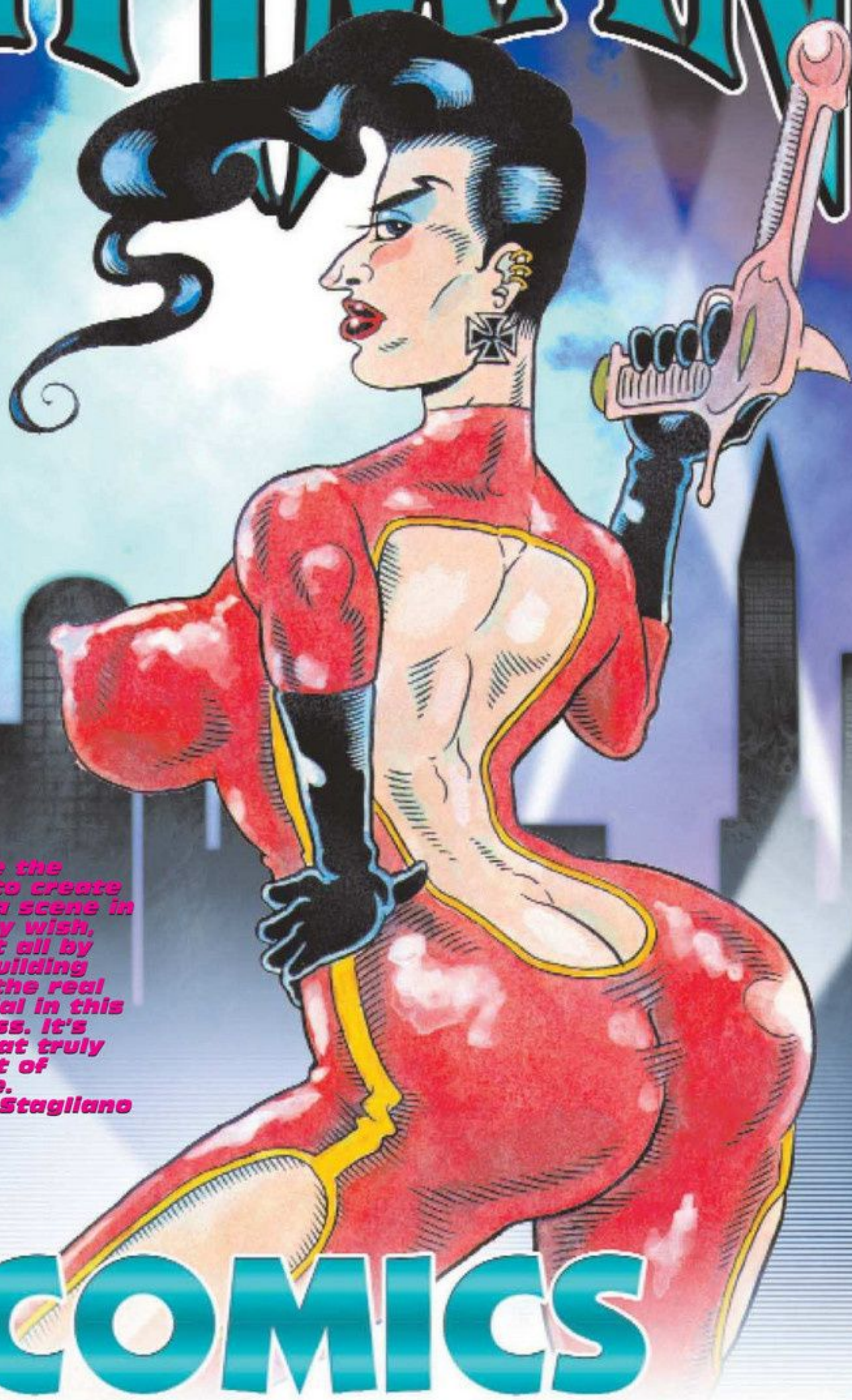


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